t1 POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST APRIL 20 • 1963 20c

Birth Control
A Catholic doctor speaks out

The soft sell in Japan
by Vance Packard

A MAJOR EXCERPT FROM A NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF EXODUS

LEON URIS

Armageddon

A POWERFUL STORY OF THE AMERICAN OCCUPATION OF GERMANY

Also: HIGH SOCIETY DANCE BANDS / NEWS MANAGEMENT IN WASHINGTON

Felix Topolski

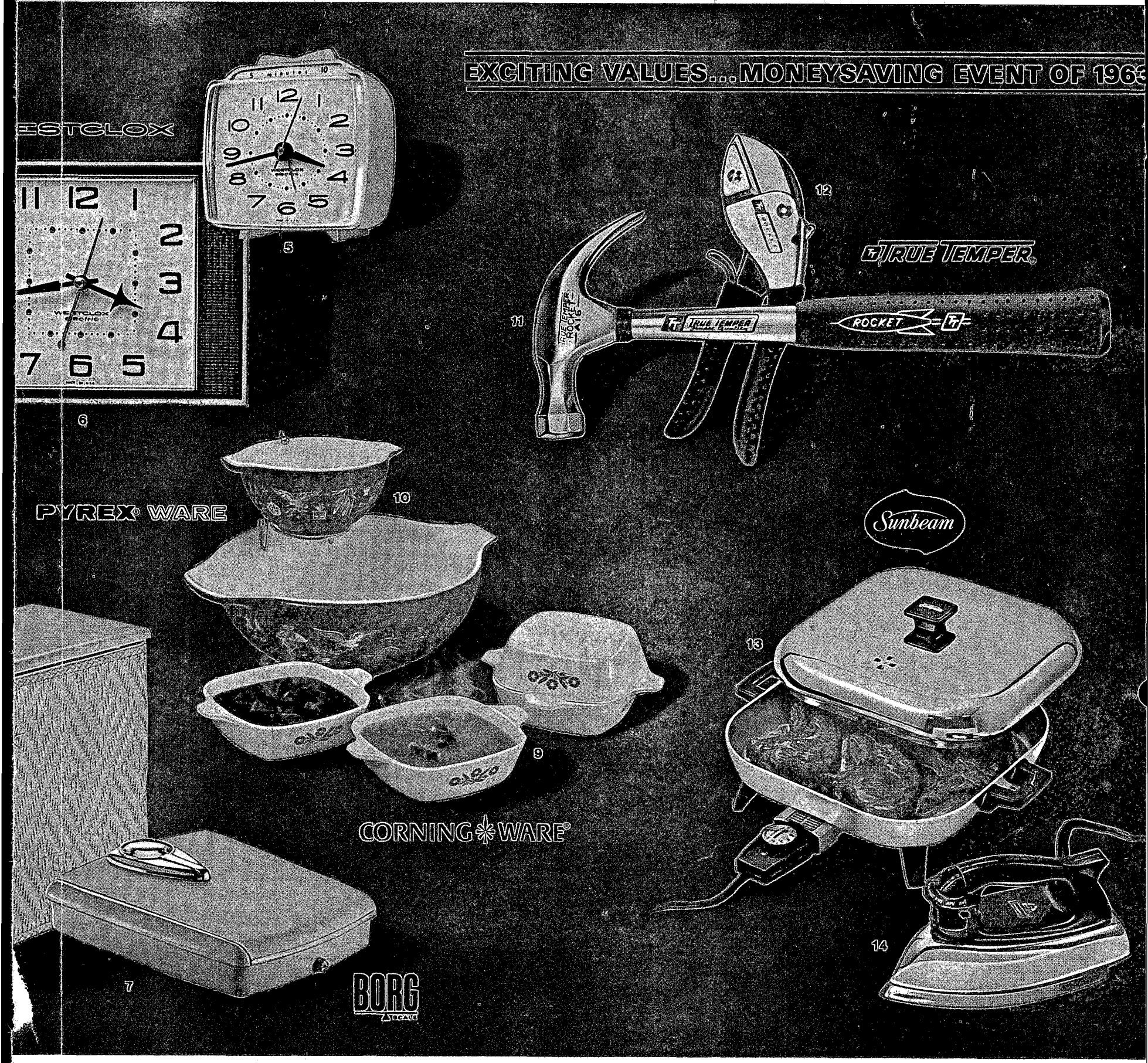
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An
American Army officer
searches for the answer to a terrible riddle
in the wreckage of
Nazi Germany.

ILLUSTRATIONS FOR ARMAGEDDON BY FELIKS TOPOLSKI

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EXCITING VALUES...MONEYSAVING EVENT OF 196



BORG SCALE

7 — The Borg scale is so popular 6,000,000 have been sold. Stainless-steel dial head, with easy-to-read magnified dial. Solid rubber mat, non-slip feet. Black, white, pink, yellow. (East) Reg. $7.95, now $5.99. (West) Reg. $8.45, now $6.29.

Vogue HAMPERS **8** — Pearlescent coated top. Kiln-dried hardwood frame. Fiber sides give four-way ventilation. Comes in black, white, pink, yellow. Size: 16 x 10 x 18" high. Only $10.95.

CORNING WARE®

9 — Get these handy "Petite Pan" freeze-cook-serve dishes. Individual-size (1½-cup) dishes made of PYROCERAM® space-age ceramic for cooking on range top or under broiler. Fry an egg or a chop, heat baby foods, stew. Serve hot directly at the table. Only $5.95 per set of 4.

PYREX® WARE

10 — New, versatile PYREX WARE combination with popular Early American decoration. Use for chip and dip, salads, mixing, baking. 4-qt. and 1½-pt. bowls. Only $3.95 per set.

TRUE TEMPER

11 — Get a Rocket Hammer — first choice of millions! Tubular-steel handle gives "live" power, nonslip cushion grip, absorbs shocks. Reg. $5.49, now only $4.29.

12 — True Temper Rocket Pruner is unmatched for comfort and cutting power. Flared cushion grips won't slip. Powerful cutlery-steel blade. Reg. $3.25, now only $2.49*.

Also specials on True Temper Lawn Rake, Grass Shear, Hedge Shear.

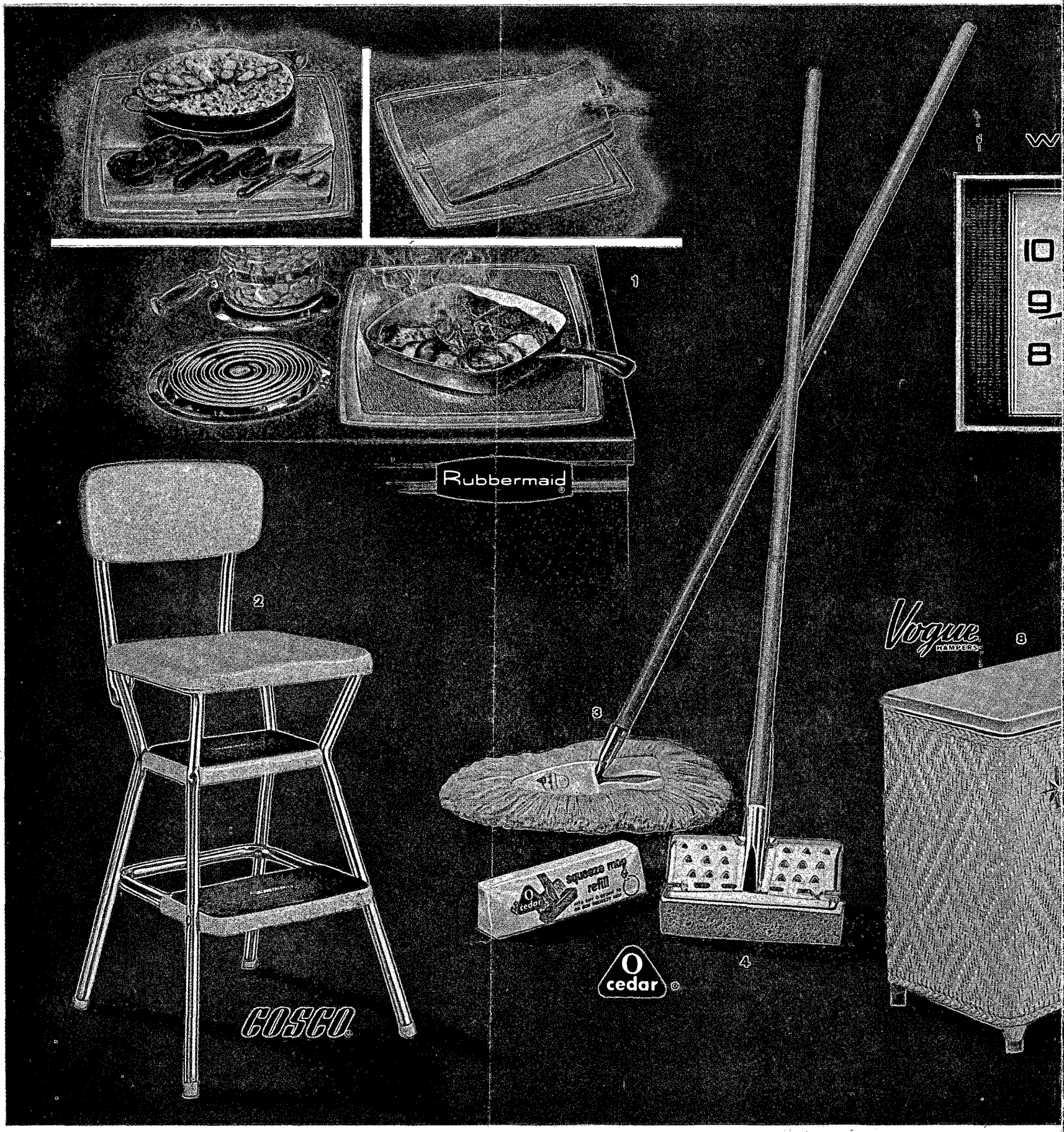
*Mfr.'s suggested retail price — not necessarily price charged at retail stores.

Sunbeam

13 — Wonderful Automatic Electric Frypan cooks right at the buffet table. Great for party serving! Large-size, satin-finished pan. Polished-aluminum vented cover. No problem with washing — Frypan's completely immersible when control is removed. AC only. 110-120v. Model 61B-C.

14 — Glide through ironing chores with this Sunbeam Steam and Dry Iron. Reduces fatigue because it floats on cushion of rolling steam. Stainless steel tank. Heats up fast. Irons better. Maintains proper temperature for any fabric. Model S4D.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Rubbermaid

1 — *Special Get-Acquainted Offer* on Rubbermaid Stove 'n Counter Mats saves you up to 30%.

Heatproof aluminum top saves your costly stove and counter tops . . . makes a safe spot for hottest pans. Nonskid rubber base lies flat. Completely safe from oven heat. Full range of attractive kitchen colors.

Regularly $1.49 to $3.98 . . . now specially priced at only $1.09 to $2.99. With handy hardwood cutting board, regularly $5.75 . . . now $3.99.

COSCO

2 — Step right up! This Cosco step stool is the safe way to be seven feet tall. Just raise the seat and walk up those roomy, rubber-treaded steps. Now, switch from step to stool and you'll find Cosco seats you just counter-high . . . wonderfully relaxed as you work in comfort. You can choose from six different upholsteries and three frame finishes (chrome, tan and brown). Cosco is not only the "height of convenience" but the height of economy, too. Just $12.95 ($13.95 Far West).

O cedar

3 — O-Cedar "Every-Which-Way" Cotton Dust Mop has many exclusive work-saving features. Pretreated with "endust" to make it a "dust magnet". Pads last longer, are washable; finest 100% cotton yarn with strong nylon center. Just a twist moves the "swivel-action" socket.

4 — The O-Cedar Squeeze Mop has a "wonder-working-angle" that digs up dirt as it cleans. Soft bumper edge won't scratch baseboards or furniture. Unique forward squeezer. Handy refills available.

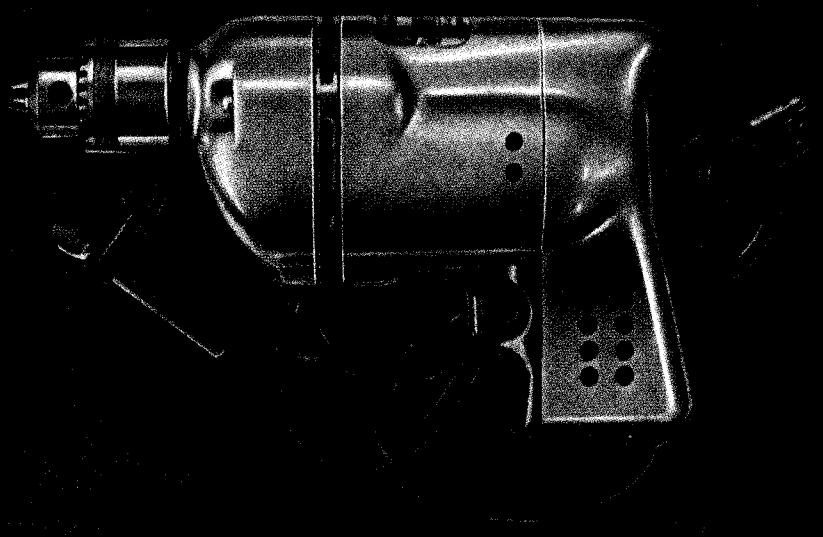
WESTCLOX

5 — "Drowse" — the alarm with the exclusive "Sleep Selector". Wakes you gently, lets you select 5 or 10 minutes' extra sleep, then wakes you again. Guards against oversleep. Sweep second hand, sweep alarm indicator. 3¾" high. Doeskin Plain Dial — reg. $5.98, now $4.99.

6 — "Glendale" — finest electric kitchen-clock design. Metallic-tone side panels. Excess cord neatly concealed. Sweep second hand. 5¾" high, 7¾" wide. Comes in pink or white. Reg. $7.98, now only $5.88.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Happy Home Values Sale



WIN

BERNZ O MATIC

5 — World's most compact portble electric refrigerator. Take it in our car, boat, trailer. Plugs into igarette lighter, operates on either 2-volt battery or 120-v. home curent. Weighs only 15 lbs. Holds 18 of food, beverages. 3-year waranty. UL approved. Only $64.95.

3 — Do 101 household jobs that equire heat with this BernzOmatic 'ropane Torch Kit. Solder tools and oys, sweat copper tubing, remove aint, repair gutters, light charcoal res. UL approved. Complete torch it. Reg. $6.95, now only $5.95.

SUPER KEM-TONE®

17 — Why do more people use Super Kem-Tone® than any other wall paint? They know they get better results! It flows on quickly, easily, smoothly — never too thick, never too thin. You save money — one coat covers; a gallon does the walls of average room. Guaranteed washable. Hundreds of colors — you can get exactly the shade you want.

18 — Kem-Glo®, world's leading enamel for finest woodwork, kitchens and bathrooms. Looks and washes like baked enamel. Subdued or velvet flat lustre. Needs no undercoater.

Black & Decker®

19 — This husky Black & Decker ⅜" Utility Drill (U-120) gives you higher torque, bigger capacity. Double-reduction gears for extra power and terrific stamina. Drills up to ⅜" holes in steel; ¾" in wood; ½" in masonry; 1½" with Hole Saws. This is one the pros choose!

You can slip on a Black & Decker Screw Driving Attachment for really tough screw-driving jobs — or quickly set it up in a drill press. During this special sale you can save $7.00 on this great drill. Regularly $26.95, now only $19.95. A great value!

"Take my Shopping List and Entry Blank to your nearest Hardware Store."

Hardware-Housewares Week sponsored by National Retail Hardware Association and its 35 affiliated hardware associations through more than 22,000 member stores in 10,278 communities.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JUST ANNOUNCED—EXTRAORDINARY NEW LONGINES HONOR

Longines Breaks All Accuracy Records

in 1962 Wrist Watch Competitions at Neuchâtel Observatory—Wins All Wrist Watch and Pocket Watch Events

100% Clean Sweep—a First in History

Just Announced! Results of the 1962 Accuracy Competitions at Neuchâtel Observatory reveal that for the first time in history *a single watch manufacturer, LONGINES, made a 100% clean sweep—winning all events in wrist watch and pocket watch classes and establishing new accuracy records by decisive margins.*

It has never been our policy to exploit the results of individual Observatory Accuracy Competitions. During more than 50 years of participation, Longines has achieved an unsurpassed position, won thousands of prizes, established many new accuracy records. But, the extraordinary Longines triumphs in the 1962 Neuchâtel Competitions deserve special mention.

More Facts of Interest: The 1962 results at Neuchâtel Observatory differ from the 1961 results only in degree. In 1961, at the same Observatory, Longines won 59 First Prizes and established two new all-time records. From 1958 through 1960, Longines won 225 Observatory Prizes at Neuchâtel as compared to 115 for its nearest competitor.

The World's Most Honored Watch: These unparalleled Longines achievements add new honors to *The World's Most Honored Watch*. At World's Fairs and International Expositions, Longines is the only watch ever to win 10 Grand Prizes and 28 Gold Medals. Longines watches have been classified *First* in the competitions of the four great observatories—Washington, Neuchâtel, Geneva and Kew Teddington. In aviation and exploration, Longines watches enjoy a position of exceptional significance; Longines were used for timing and navigating by such historic personages as Byrd, Lindbergh, Amundsen, Wilkins, Post and Chamberlain, to name a few. In sports, Longines timekeeping is accepted as *official* by all National and International Sports & Contest Associations.

LONGINES

THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH

Longines "Grand Prize" Automatic with Calendar
this year's most popular timepiece for a man. From $105

Official Results 1962 Accuracy Competitions at Neuchâtel Observatory

WRIST WATCH CATEGORY

LONGINES wins Prize for Best Individual Watch and establishes new all-time record.
(Amazing fact—two Longines wrist watches made identical record-breaking score.)

LONGINES wins Prize for Best Series of Four Watches and establishes new all-time record.

LONGINES WRIST WATCHES WIN TOTAL OF 52 FIRST PRIZES.

POCKET WATCH CATEGORY

LONGINES wins Prize for Best Individual Watch • LONGINES wins Prize for Best Series of Four Watches.

LONGINES POCKET WATCHES WIN TOTAL OF 23 FIRST PRIZES.

LONGINES-WITTNAUER WATCH COMPANY

MAKER OF WATCHES OF THE HIGHEST CHARACTER FOR ALMOST A CENTURY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

MATTHEW J. CULLIGAN, *President*

CLAY BLAIR JR., *Editor-in-Chief*

Editor-at-Large:
ROBERT SHERROD
Managing Editor:
DAVIS THOMAS
Executive Editor:
DON A. SCHANCHE
Assistant Managing Editors:
WILLIAM A. EMERSON JR.
HANK WALKER
Washington Editor:
STEWART ALSOP
Art Director:
ASGER JERRILD
Art Editor:
FRANK KILKER
Chief of Copy:
JOHN HUNT
Senior Editors:
JOHN BIRD
WESLEY PRICE
ROBERT L. JOHNSON JR.
WILLIAM K. GOOLRICK
GERALD ASTOR
OTTO FRIEDRICH
DON McKINNEY
JOHN MONG
JEFF BROWN
ROGER KAHN
Contributing Editors:
BEVERLY SMITH JR., *Special Assignments*
STEVEN M. SPENCER, *Science*
HAROLD H. MARTIN, *Special Assignments*
JOHN KOBLER, *Special Assignments*
BILL DAVIDSON, *Special Assignments*
PETER MAAS, *Special Assignments*
ROUL TUNLEY, *Special Assignments*
BEN H. BAGDIKIAN, *Special Assignments*
ROBERT K. MASSIE, *Special Assignments*
RICHARD ARMSTRONG, *Special Assignments*
JAMES ATWATER, *Special Assignments*
JOHN SKOW, *Special Assignments*
LEWIS H. LAPHAM, *Special Assignments*
WILLIAM R. SHELTON, *Special Assignments*
GILBERT MILLSTEIN, *Special Assignments*
Assistant to the Editor:
MORTON D. HULL
Associate Editors:
RICHARD L. LEHMAN
THOMAS B. CONGDON JR.
BENTON R. PATTERSON
JOHN R. WELLS
ZEN YONKOVIG
DAVID A. LYLE
MARSHALL LUMSDEN
WILLIAM TROMBLEY
JEANETTE SARKISIAN
WILLIAM EWALD
DON GOLD
DON OBERDORFER
NANCY MAHONEY
TREVOR ARMBRISTER
MacLENNAN FARRELL
Assistant Editors:
HAROLD P. HOSTETLER
LINCOLN HAYNES
THOMAS R. MARVEL
SALLY A. REUKAUF
ROGER VAUGHAN
ANDRÉE L. ABECASSIS
Editorial Assistants:
GLADYS ANN MÜLLER
JANE DENIS SMITH
ELIZABETH R. DEMPSTER
LIA SMITS
JUDY GUROVITZ
DAVID MOLLER
RONALD MEYERSON
STEPHEN PERRY

Publisher:
C. L. MacNELLY

© 1963 The Curtis Publishing Company in U.S. and Great Britain. *All rights reserved.* Title reg. U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries. Published weekly except alternate weeks during July and August and at year-end; forty-five issues per year. Second-Class postage paid at Phila., Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada. **Subscription Prices:** U.S. and *Possessions*, 1 Yr., $5.95; *longer* terms $5.00 each additional year. Canada add $1.00 per year. Pan American Countries, 1 Yr., $8.45. All other countries, 1 Yr., $10.95. **Unconditional Guaranty.** We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed. **The Curtis Publishing Company.** Matthew J. Culligan, *President*; J. M. Clifford, *Executive Vice Pres.*; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Ford F. Robinson, Sr. Vice Pres. and Manager, Business Department; Clay Blair Jr., Vice Pres. and Editorial Director; G. B. McCombs, Vice Pres. and Director of Circulation; James W. Ley, Vice Pres., Curtis Magazine Division; Calvin A. Nichols, Secretary-Treasurer; Jesse L. Ballew, Vice Pres. and Advertising Director of *The Saturday Evening Post*. *The Company also* publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Jack and Jill, Holiday and The American Home. **The Saturday Evening Post** editorial offices are located at 666 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N.Y.

Changing Your Address?
Don't Forget Your Post

The Post Office will not forward copies unless you pay extra postage and we cannot replace lost copies. SO PLEASE . . . at least six weeks before the first issue to go to the new address, send us your new address, including postal zone, your old address and a label from a back copy. With *SERVICE ADJUSTMENT requests send us latest* mailing labels, including those from duplicate copies.

POST Subscription Service, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

Postmaster: Send form 3579 to Subscription Service Division, **The Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia 5, Pa.**

In This Issue

Volume 236, Number 15

Articles

The Birth-Control Fight Should End *(Speaking Out)* . . *By Dr. John Rock* 10
The News Managers . . . . . *By Ben H. Bagdikian* 17
Music for Million$ . . . . . *By Beth Day* 20
Spoofmaster Allan Sherman . . . . . *By Maurice Zolotow* 26
This Is the New Japan . . . . . *By Vance Packard* 28
New Boom in Indoor Track . . . . . *Photographs by Neil Leifer* 76
The White Sultan of Wind's Whisper . . . . . *By Charles Miller* 80
The Strange Case of Lee Lawrence . . . . . *By Thomas Congdon* 85

Fiction

Armageddon. . . . . *An excerpt from the novel by Leon Uris* 40

Departments

Letters 8
Post Scripts 78
Hazel 82
Editorials 90

The End. Does it justify the means? Can a free nation thrive under a government which takes a father-knows-best position on the release of news? These are questions being asked by congressmen and journalists faced with a White House and Pentagon trend toward false information and half-truths. Many veteran Washington hands have begun to distrust Government spokesmen, and some newsmen take for granted that Government agents snoop in their offices and tap their phones. (When *Post* contributing editor **Ben Bagdikian** telephoned one Pentagon reporter at home, clicking was heard on the line. "Oh, that's just the FBI," he was told.) In preparing his article, Bagdikian followed the practice common in Washington nowadays: He was careful to stay away from his personal friends in the Pentagon hierarchy so that they can't be blamed for what he has written. His report is a significant analysis of the Government tendency to let the voters know only what the Government wants them to know.

Other Bylines. To get her story of high society's music makers, free-lancer **Beth Day** had to adjust her workaday hours to fit the up-all-night schedule of orchestra leaders. . . . Novelist **Maurice Zolotow,** whose books on show business include a biography of Marilyn Monroe, writes about His Friend the Folksinger, Allan Sherman. . . . Famed social critic **Vance Packard,** who started Americans talking about status seekers, assesses the impact of Western-style advertising on Japan, where aggressive salesmanship was once considered unpardonably rude. . . . Sports photographer **Neil Leifer** took 50 pounds of equipment and boundless energy to track meets in four states to get the action pictures on pages 76 and 77. . . . During several months spent in Africa, New Yorker **Charles Miller** encountered only one savage animal: a black dachshund which charged him in a Mtwara hotel lobby. . . . When associate editor **Tom Congdon** began collecting facts about the rehabilitation of critically injured Lee Lawrence, he discovered that no one seemed to know how she had been hurt. Neither Mrs. Lawrence, who is a television executive, nor her doctor nor the police could explain how she landed in a battered heap in a Manhattan courtyard. It was only because of Congdon's determined sleuthing that the truth emerged and Mrs. Lawrence learned after more than a year in the hospital how she got there.

The Cover scene depicts a panorama of action in war-ravaged Germany and illustrates this week's excerpt from Leon Uris's latest novel. The cover and the drawings which accompany the text are by the celebrated British artist **Feliks Topolski,** whose paintings include a mural in Buckingham Palace.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BODY BY FISHER

Seat fabrics elegant enough to inspire a famous fashion designer

Pauline Trigère created this stunning gown — using the fabrics from a 1963 Chevy II with Body by Fisher. The look is luxury. The feel is quality. The wear is like iron. (Children in wet bathing suits and shaggy dogs are always welcome on Fisher Body seats.) Just one more of the extra-value features you'll enjoy in cars with Body by Fisher — the most solidly built, most carefully crafted, longest-lasting car body ever. Remember: so much of the buy is in the body. And Body by Fisher makes it a better buy.

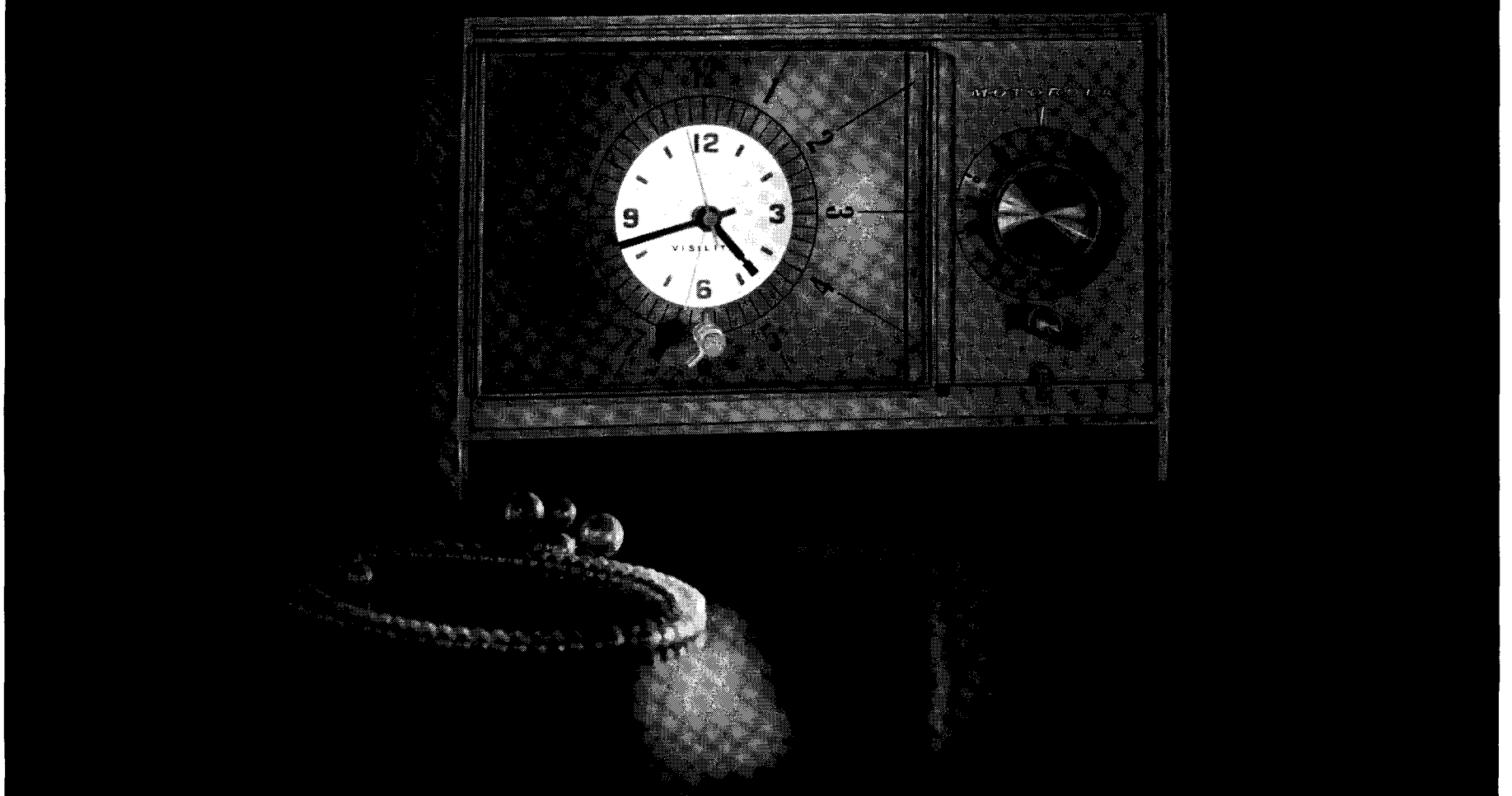
Body by Fisher

The exclusive extra in General Motors cars: CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · BUICK · CADILLAC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A timely gift for Mother's Day

(or any other special occasion)



MOTOROLA

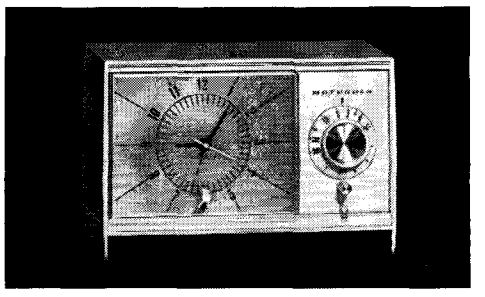
new leader in the lively art of electronics

Motorola's newest clock radio has Visilite, a soft-glowing clock face that's electrically illuminated, costs only $22.95*

Motorola's Visilite softly illuminates the whole clock face from behind, electrically. Now you can tell time any time, even in a pitch-dark room. There's no need to turn on a light to see the clock.

Yet, Visilite is only one of the good things you'll find in this clock radio. The length is a scant 10¼". The Wake-to-Radio automatically wakes you with a gentle tone through a fine Golden Voice® Speaker; a reliable PLAcir® chassis and a built-in antenna that work together to bring in a clear, clean signal. And it's available in a choice of Pink, Beige or White colors that fit in beautifully with any room decor.

All this for just $22.95 (*manufacturer's suggested list price, optional with dealers). Wouldn't this Motorola C31 clock radio with Visilite be just right as a gift for Mother's Day or any other special occasion? See and hear it for yourself soon, at your Motorola dealer's. It's an eye opener.



MOTOROLA

Price and specifications subject to change without notice.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Valor in Vietnam

Dear Sirs:

Glory and tragedy, all caught in the story of the brave men at war in bloody Vietnam.

Your cover story, "I'M HIT! I'M HIT!" [by Jerry A. Rose, Mar. 23] is definitely war reporting at its best.

GEORGE M. WEITZEL
Wayne, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

It was with a great deal of interest and pride that we read Jerry Rose's story of the war in Vietnam in the March 23 issue of *The Post*.

Gerald Grant (Doc) is our oldest son, and I'm sure we don't need to tell you how proud we are of him. Not only of him—but also of all the thousands of young men like him who are doing a difficult job under impossible conditions in all the forgotten corners of the world.

Congratulations to Jerry Rose on a splendid piece of writing!

MR. AND MRS. CLIFFORD GRANT
Elgin, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

I'll never forget that 11,000 Americans are fighting a war in Vietnam, as long as there are writers like Jerry Rose. A fine job, well done.

RICHARD ANTHIS
Guthrie, Okla.

School Aid

Dear Sirs:

As a school administrator, I thoroughly approve of the content of the article by Dr. Sterling McMurrin, WHY WE NEED MORE FEDERAL AID FOR OUR SCHOOLS [Mar. 23]. I certainly appreciate the publication of this information in a medium such as *The Post* which reaches so many people.

ROBERT W. COPE
Schwenksville, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Doctor McMurrin seems to forget that federal money comes from individuals, not some unknown source in Washington. States and cities and even townships can handle their own schools with 100 percent of the tax dollar better than the Federal Government after every bureaucrat deducts his penny. All the brains aren't in Washington either.

WAYNE NELSON
Leland, Mich.

Self-Defense

Dear Sirs:

Thanks to Don Oberdorfer for a timely but overdue article on civil defense [SURVIVAL OF THE FEWEST, Mar. 23].

I believe lead responsibility should come from the White House and that one of the most important phases of our civil-defense program today is education on radiation and fallout. There must be enough leaders in the ranks of the general public to take the necessary training to help carry out an appropriate civil-defense plan which could save millions of lives in the event of a nuclear attack. If this many lives are at stake, then a good civil-defense program is worth whatever it may cost.

ROBERT GLYNN
Medicine Lodge, Kans.

Dear Sirs:

A great civil-defense program would not protect us. Shelter construction is a form of militarism, neutralizable by an equivalent expenditure by the opponent in preparing to use a larger number of nuclear weapons in the attack. Civil defense increases the danger of outbreak of war by giving the people a false feeling of security; it is a cruel deception of the American people. We are in the age of overkill; no protective measures or changes in the nature of weapons can secure either the United States or the Soviet Union from complete destruction if a nuclear war occurs. Only by international agreements leading to disarmament can the danger be lessened.

LINUS PAULING
Pasadena, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Your article about civil defense in the March 23 issue is the most factual and informative that I have read on the subject in quite some time.

Your criticism of the program is well warranted and accurately presented; yet the article carries none of the ridiculous statements and half-truths that are so often found in criticism of civil defense.

PETER C. MCGILLIVRAY, *Director*
Office of Civil Defense
Detroit, Mich.

Canonization Explanation

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for the very informative article THE MAKING OF A SAINT [by Thomas Congdon, Mar. 23]. For some time I have wondered about the whole canonization process—who investigates, for how long, what they look for and what the stages of the process are. I'm afraid too many Catholics, including myself, have ignored the details of this interesting process.

WALTER A. MURPHY
Holliston, Mass.

Illegitimacy Ordeal

Dear Sirs:

MOTHERS WITHOUT JOY, by Jonathan Rinehart [Mar. 23] is a positive, human presentation of one of our nation's critical social problems—unwed mothers.

The Post is to be congratulated in calling for the establishment of compassionate and professional programs to care for these troubled individuals.

Communities need more social workers and psychiatrists to provide the services. But they won't get them until the wall of prejudice is torn away from this grave problem. Congratulations on taking a giant step toward trying to step up the breakthrough.

There is no question in my mind that articles like this will in the long run help achieve the positive action that is so essential.

IRVING RIMER
National Association of Social Workers
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

How can you publish two articles like MOTHERS WITHOUT JOY and LADY JANE FONDA in the same issue [Mar. 23] and expect anyone to believe that you are even remotely interested in the welfare of our young people? The story about unwed mothers was well done and pointed directly to America's preoccupation with a false image of sex; yet a few pages earlier you print an undisguised endorsement of this false image. Regardless of the veracity of either article, which one is going to make the deepest impression on immature readers?

JANE LAMB
Brunswick, Maine

COMING...in next week's Post

Queen Elizabeth visits New Zealand

4 pages in color

My last safari
By ROBERT RUARK

HUNTINGTON HARTFORD
a millionaire in paradise

Confessions of a bookie

Post Picture Credits *Reading across pages, then down:*

10–Wide World. • 20, 23–Ted Russell. • 24–From Meyer Davis. • 25–Ted Russell. • 26–From John Springer. 27–Bill Bridges. • 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34–John Launois. • 39–Ray Fisher. • 40 42, 43, 44, 47, 48–Feliks Topolski. 76, 77–Neil Leifer. • 80–Charles Miller. • 85–N.B.C. • 86, 87–William Rosenbluth. • 88, 89–Nancy Sirkis.

Ascendant Actress

Dear Sirs:

Enjoyed your issue of March 23 so much—splendid from cover to cover—especially the Jane Fonda piece [LADY JANE FONDA, by Alfred Aronowitz].

It's easy to predict a great future for this charming and gifted girl. I saw *Period of Adjustment* four times and will go again when it gets around to the smaller theaters.

CHARLES DICKINSON
Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sirs:

Alfred Aronowitz's story on Jane Fonda left me embarrassed for her father, sorry for a talented, emotionally impoverished girl, and exasperated at the writers who see themselves as psychiatrists, and strippers-away of anything private or personal.

PATRICIA M. WADE
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Epic Fiction

Dear Sirs:

THE SINGING SILENCE [by Eva-Lis Wuorio, Mar. 23]—a kind of epic grandeur emanates from this exquisite, brief story. The carefully chosen words appropriate to each phase of it have the precision of chisel strokes on marble—always one senses the ultimate purpose.

The redeeming touch in the story is that the dedicated searcher, little, old and bent, never knew the futility of his efforts. It is a tale masterly drawn, done by a true philosopher.

LUCRETIA E. HEMINGTON
Washington, D.C.

Death in the Ring

Dear Sirs:

I am a boxing fan who enjoys the sport as much as the next person. But I agree with Roger Donoghue [I KILLED A MAN, Mar. 23] that boxing deaths are needless and stupid. Everyone has read of the recent death of Davey Moore here in California. Now Governor Brown wants legislation to abolish boxing in California. Why not give the boxers the protection of a national leader, as Donoghue mentioned, with legal powers to look into the welfare of local fighters?

GEORGE SILLMAN
Santa Ana, Calif.

Power of the Press

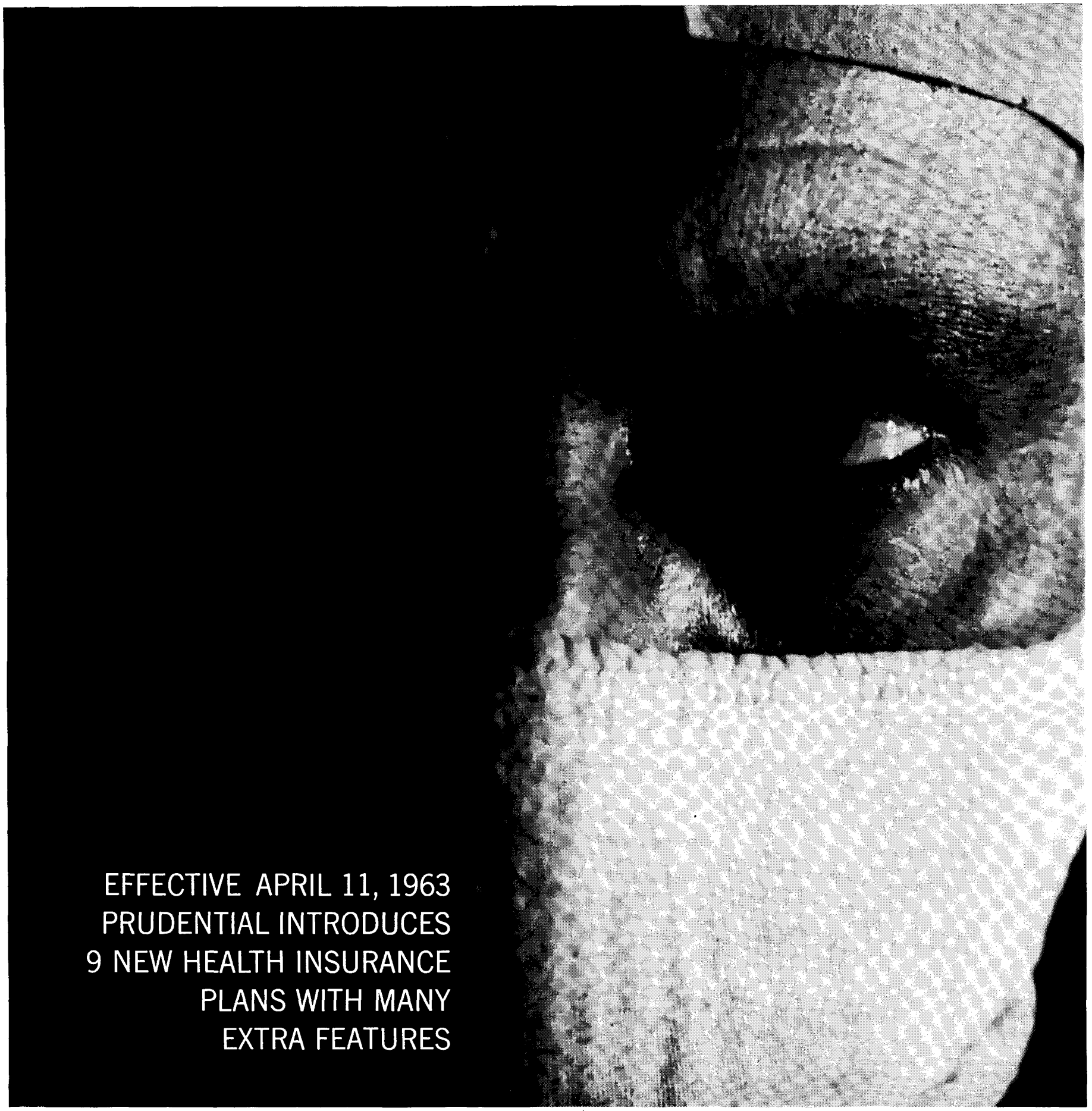
Dear Sirs:

I would like to express my appreciation and the appreciation of Gerald Anderson for the fine reporting accomplished by *The Saturday Evening Post* [INNOCENT'S GRIM ORDEAL, by James R. Phelan, Feb. 2]. I was amazed that such an accurate reflection of Anderson's treatment by the Air Force could be accomplished in the few pages dedicated to it.

I think it goes without saying that the *Post* article was extremely influential in accomplishing the release of Airman Anderson from the ordeal, and reaffirms my personal feelings in the importance of the freedom of the press.

ROBERT F. MCLAUGHLIN
(Anderson's lawyer)
Mountain Home, Idaho

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



EFFECTIVE APRIL 11, 1963 PRUDENTIAL INTRODUCES 9 NEW HEALTH INSURANCE PLANS WITH MANY EXTRA FEATURES

PRUDENTIAL'S **9** NEW PLANS:

5 New Income Protection Plans, including a new Policy for Women—these plans provide you with an income when you are unable to work because of sickness or injury. All 5 plans offer new features that help make them outstanding in their field.

2 New Lifetime Hospital and Surgical Expense Plans—to help pay the bills resulting from hospital and surgical care. One of the plans is specially designed for single persons and couples who need hospital expense protection, but do not need maternity benefits.

1 New Lifetime Major Medical Expense Plan—to help pay the staggering bills which so often result from prolonged sickness or injury. Maximum benefit amounts are $5,000, $10,000 and $12,500.

1 New Lifetime Accidental Death and Dismemberment Plan—designed for men who travel or commute—providing low-cost protection 24 hours a day against the accidental loss of limbs, sight or life. Maximum benefit amounts are $25,000 or $50,000, and these are doubled if loss results while a passenger on public transportation.

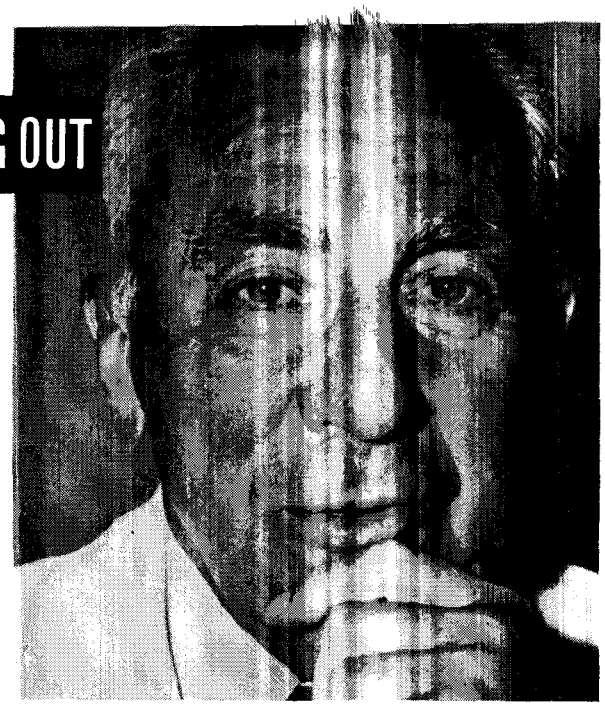
9 New Plans: One man knows the right Prudential Health Insurance program for your family's needs and budget. He is your Prudential Agent—welcome him when he calls . . . or write The Prudential, Box 36, Newark 1, N. J.

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA
THE PRUDENTIAL HAS THE STRENGTH OF GIBRALTAR
A MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

TO OVER 35 MILLION PEOPLE—
INSURANCE MEANS PRUDENTIAL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPEAKING OUT



Clinical professor (emeritus) of gynecology at Harvard, Dr. John Rock started a fertility clinic at a hospital in Brookline, Mass., in 1924. Director of the Rock Reproductive Clinic, Inc., at present, Doctor Rock helped develop the first oral contraceptive pill. His book, The Time Has Come, is to be published this month, by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

It is time to end the birth-control fight

By DR. JOHN ROCK

A noted Roman Catholic gynecologist calls for a public policy on birth control that meets the needs of all religions.

The essential doctrinal differences between Catholics and non-Catholics hardly justify the acrimonious battles we have witnessed in recent years over birth control. These conflicting policies have broken out in disputes over public hospitals and welfare agencies, over laws restricting birth-control practices, over the question of foreign aid for population planning and federal funds for medical research in fertility control.

As a physician and researcher who has spent most of his long professional life dealing with the great mysteries of human reproduction, I believe the time has come to end this harmful struggle. As a Roman Catholic, I also feel strongly that my church has not deserved all the blame for blocking public action on the population problem, although there is certainly enough history of interfaith conflict on birth control to lend plausibility to this interpretation. This facile explanation for the nation's failure to support population control should be freshly evaluated.

It is illuminating to go back to the scriptural admonition. God blessed whales, fish, birds and finally man, saying, "Be fruitful and multiply." In biblical times, when life expectancy was an estimated 25 years, man's awareness of his precarious tenure caused him to interpret this as an instruction rather than a blessing. But now modern sanitation and medicine have so sharply curbed death rates as to double or nearly triple the average life span in most regions. The consequent explosive increase in human numbers would suggest that God's words would now be better received with gratitude simply as a Divine gift of power that ought not be abused. In this respect a noted theologian said, "The expected growth of the world population, even according to minimum estimates, is of a kind that puts before humanity great problems, the like of which it has never known before."

This assessment was made, not by a Malthusian writer or an advocate of birth control, but by one of the most respected of Catholic scholars, Prof. George H. L. Zeegers. The practical consequences of the rapid population expansion in many parts of the world are glimpsed in a trenchant statement by President Kennedy in his 1961 foreign-aid message to Congress.

"In Latin America . . . population growth is already threatening to outpace economic growth—and in some parts of the continent, living standards are actually declining. . . . Latin America will have to double its real income in the next thirty years simply to maintain already low standards of living. And the problems are no less serious or demanding in the other developing areas of the world."

From different vantage points, both Catholic thinkers and Catholic statesmen—or at least some of them in high places—are worried about population quite as much as are the "doom and gloom" Malthusians.

Some 800,000 years were required for humanity to achieve a current population of three billion. But at current growth rates, the second three billion will be added in the next 40 years. There are those who still say we should not be frightened by these figures, that modern agricultural and industrial technology can easily keep ahead of human fecundity. But this blithe attitude ignores the plain facts.

World food production increased by less than 15 percent during this century's first four decades—while population grew twice as much.

An estimated one and one half billion people in the world are underfed today.

Despite heroic agricultural progress in many areas of the world, we are authoritatively told there will be more hungry millions in 1970 than in 1960.

A symbolic reflection of the population-versus-productivity dilemma is Egypt's Aswan High Dam. Egypt's population is rising as fast as the dam's ramparts, and by the time the structure becomes fully operative in 1972, there will be 13 million more Egyptians than when the project was conceived in 1952. It is therefore unlikely that Aswan's great power and irrigation capacity can do more than merely ensure the nation's present subsistence living level.

Government leaders from many lands have frequently expressed their eagerness for technical assistance from the United States to help develop adequate programs of voluntary fertility control. But their pleas for help go all but ignored by our Government—despite the fact that seven out of ten U.S. adults, according to a recent poll, believe our Government should help those nations that request our aid in population control.

What Catholics think

Refusal to grant this help is traceable, to some extent, to traditional fear of Roman Catholic influence. However, the popular stereotype that Catholics and non-Catholics are locked in an irreconcilable conflict over birth control is not borne out in much recent Catholic writing. These modern Catholic scholars, of course, adhere to the church's condemnation of artificial contraceptive techniques. But they also make clear that quality of offspring, not quantity, is the moral objective—that responsible parenthood is the Catholic ideal. They employ virtually the same values and terminology in approving family limitation as do non-Catholics—and such Catholic scholars obviously realize that the religious conflict today regarding birth control is really confined to *methods* and not *objectives*.

The authoritative Catholic doctrine of responsible parenthood was given great impetus in 1951 by the late Pope Pius XII, when he affirmed that the obligation of husband and wife to bear children is subject to the rule of reason and moderation. "From the obligation of making this positive contribution," he said, "it is possible to be exempt, for a long time and even for the whole duration of married life, if there are serious reasons, such as those often provided in the so-called 'indications' of the medical, eugenical, economic and social order. It therefore follows that observance of the infertile period may be licit from the moral point of view. . . ."

The *Catholic Marriage Manual* says a couple would be justified in limiting family size if they cannot reasonably support more children. Social "indications" include, as an informative example, overcrowded housing conditions.

The church's Canon 1013 defines the primary purpose of marriage not as procreation alone, but as "*the procreation and education of children.*" To many theologians it has become clear that this must be read to mean the *proper rearing of children*—and that the old admonition to parents to have large families is now tempered by the difficulty, if not the impossibility, of many parents to procreate without limit and to accomplish the coordinate primary purpose of rearing their children properly.

The Rev. William J. Gibbons, S. J., professor of sociology at Fordham University in New York, decries the overemphasis on procreation in certain Catholic texts and says such teachings have led some Catholic families to try to rear more children than they could properly take care of.

"The education and welfare of the children are equally important as the primary end of marriage," Father Gibbons says. "You have to take into account the physical and mental health of the parents, their economic conditions and the society in which they live. When you have such problems as crowding, lack of jobs and so forth, you need to retreat."

When Catholic couples themselves are consulted, as in a recent national survey, few really want large families, and most approve the idea of family limitation.

Both in doctrine and in practice, there is a widening area of agreement among the major religious groups. Yet conflict persists, in part because of the distortion of doctrinal principles which has often

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MODEL WA1050X

MINI-BASKET washes all the things you now wash by hand

(General Electric's 12-pound washer has a small, extra washbasket. It is for little loads and uses little water.)

The exclusive MINI-BASKET* washes frilly frocks, nylons, woolen socks, unmentionables—all the things you separate from the laundry and labor over at the sink. Leftover loads. Last-minute loads.

The MINI-BASKET is ever so gentle. It has no fingernails and wears no rings to snag delicate fabrics. It uses about the same amount of water you do when washing by hand at the washbowl.

It washes separately, as part of the MINI-WASH* system, with its own speed, water needs, controls. Indeed, it is a washer within a washer. When MINI-BASKET is not on duty, lift it out and put it away. Now you're ready for a mammoth wash . . .

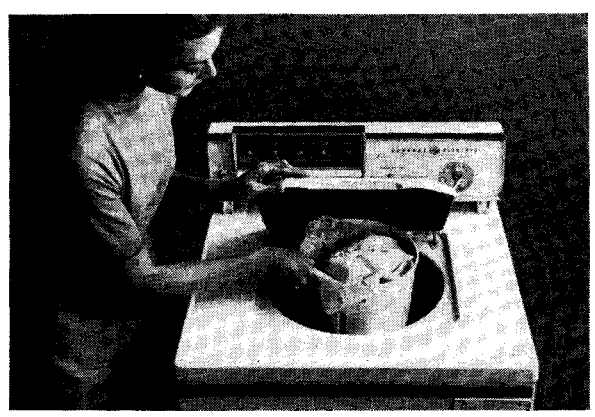
Huge, 12-pound capacity

The big washbasket gets great big 12-pound family loads truly clean. How can it wash so much, so thoroughly? The whole washing system is so powerful, and the action is so relentless, that dirt cannot survive. Hard as it works, this washer can be trusted: in General Electric laboratory tests, it has worked the equivalent of 40 years without lying down on the job.

Filter-Flo® Washing System traps lint fuzz in the filter, not on your clothes. Filter-Flo cleans and recleans the wash water—it works for both MINI-BASKET and 12-pounder.

More helpfulness: This General Electric multi-cycle washer can be set automatically for any size load, any kind of fabric.

Only General Electric has both mammoth 12-pound capacity and thoughtful little MINI-BASKET. See your General Electric dealer soon—and you may never wash anything by hand again—except yourself. **Trademark of the General Electric Co.*



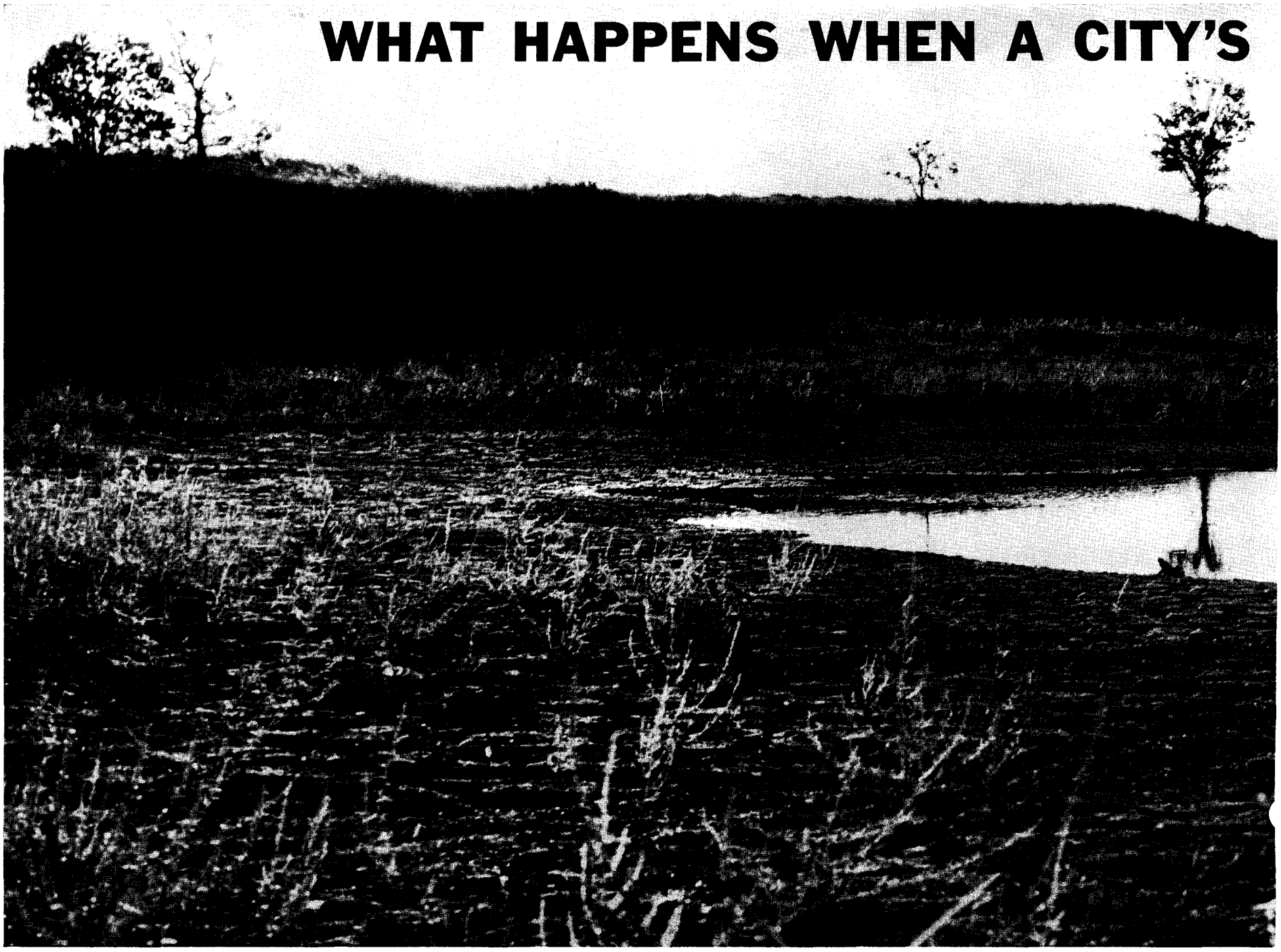
MINI-BASKET, *an exclusive little washbasket, fits inside the big 12-lb. washer. Available on certain models.*

By any measure...There is nothing just as good as General Electric

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A CITY'S



The people of Duncan, Oklahoma, found out a few years ago when a succession of droughts threatened the health—and the future—of the city. Ironically Duncan, a city plagued with water shortages, is located in a county which has suffered through 70 floods in just 20 years. Today—with abundant water assured—Duncan is one of the fastest growing communities in the Southwest.

Back in the long, hot summer of 1955, Lake Duncan, the city's chief reservoir, became little more than a mud flat. At one point reserves were down to a day and half's supply. The city's largest employers were notified that if the drought continued, water supplies would have to be cut.

To civic leaders like Lawrence L. Humphreys, banker and part-time rancher, the drought was bitter irony. Every spring Wildhorse Creek surged beyond its banks, ripping through the countryside near Duncan. It destroyed roads and bridges, covered rich bottomland with tons of silt and sand. Over the years it wiped out millions of dollars of oilfield equipment.

"YOU CAN'T FIGHT THE WILDHORSE ALONE"

"I found out a long time ago that you can't fight the Wildhorse alone," remembers Mr. Humphreys. "Everything I ever tried was ruined by flood." The droughts of the fifties convinced him that the people of Duncan and the farmers of Stephens County had to act—and act together.

The Stephens County Soil Conservation District—under the leadership of businessman Nolen J. Fuqua—had been working on a flood prevention plan to protect oilfields and ranches. With Humphreys and Fuqua leading the way, the plan was expanded to protect the entire 400,000-acre Wildhorse Watershed *and* to provide water storage for Duncan.

A BIG CHALLENGE FOR DUNCAN VOTERS

The cost of the plan for Duncan—including land cost, dam construction, building a new water plant and mains—totaled $2,500,000. It was the biggest bond issue ever submitted to Duncan voters. An intensive person-to-person campaign was organized to alert every citizen to the critical nature of the problem.

Results were dramatic: 13 to 1 in favor of the plan.

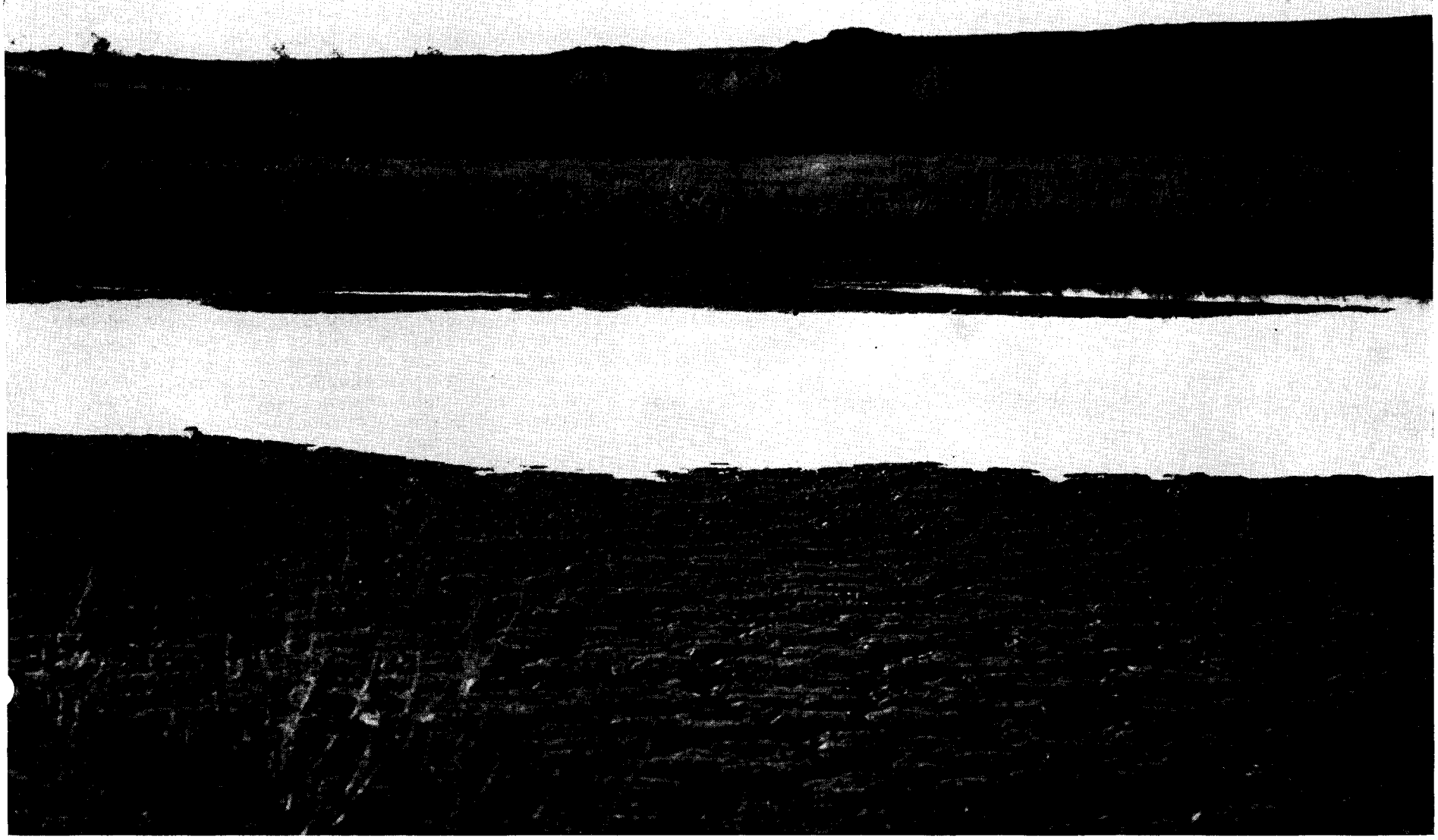
With abundant water assured, Duncan's industries began investing heavily in plant expansion. Refineries have spent more than $2,500,000 in the past few years for added capacity. Duncan's No. 1 employer, a world-wide oilfield service company, recently announced a $6,500,000 local expansion program.

Last year Duncan's cash registers rang up $42,000,000 in retail sales—7th highest among Oklahoma's cities, despite the fact that Duncan is only 16th in population. City property values are up. So are payrolls, bank deposits and personal savings. New home construction is at a high level—including some de luxe suburban developments which would have been labeled "too risky" a few years ago.

Flood protection, irrigation and sound soil conservation practices have increased the area's agricultural income by an estimated $1,000,000 annually. Crops are growing on more than 10,000 acres of previously willow-infested flood plain.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RESERVOIR BECOMES A MUD FLAT?



THE CRUCIAL TEST

Last spring 17 inches of rain poured down on the Wildhorse Watershed in just 10 days. Once this rush of water—half of the area's total annual rainfall—would have caused severe flood damage. But Wildhorse Creek never rose above its banks in the protected area. If these 22 dams had been built years ago, 45 minor floods would have been eliminated and 18 of the watershed's 25 major floods would have been minor ones.

Demonstrating their approval of the program—the first cooperative project between the Soil Conservation Service and a municipality—Duncan voters approved a second similar project. This will provide Duncan with a water supply large enough for a city of 40,000, twice the current population.

IS YOUR CITY PLAGUED WITH WATER PROBLEMS?

By 1980, we will need, as a nation, over twice as much water as we are using today. The water problem is one that must be attacked and solved community by community. The people of Duncan found out that individual citizens *can* do something to solve local water problems. But it takes energetic, civic-minded people like L. L. Humphreys and Nolen Fuqua.

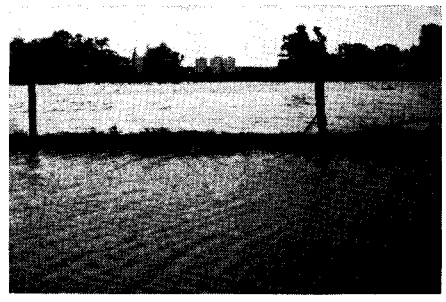
Are you concerned enough to be the first voice for action in *your* city?

For information on our nationwide water problem, send for the booklet, "WATER CRISIS, U. S. A." Write Dept. P, Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U. S. A.

CATERPILLAR

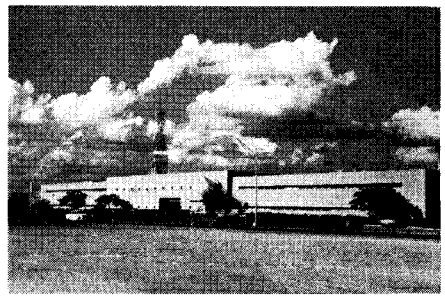
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

MACHINES THAT BUILD FOR A GROWING AMERICA

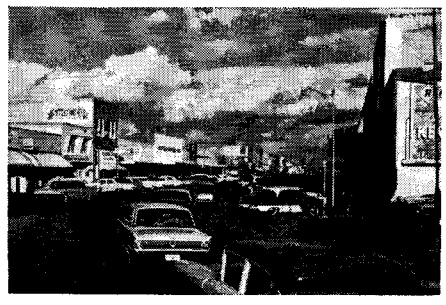


In the big 1950 flood, damage to oilfields and ranches in Stephens County alone exceeded the total cost of all of the new protection structures. Area flooded by the rampaging Wildhorse: 55,000 acres.

Nolen Fuqua and his "partner" in the Duncan-Wildhorse project, L. L. Humphreys, inspect progress on the second phase of Wildhorse construction. The dams have a benefit-to-cost ratio of 4 to 1.



Duncan's No. 1 employer, an oilfield service firm, recently announced a $6,500,000 expansion program. The city's refineries have already spent $2,500,000 for expanding and modernizing their facilities.



Last year cash registers in busy Duncan rang up $42,000,000 in retail sales—7th highest among Oklahoma cities, despite the fact that Duncan is only 16th in population. Future outlook? Even better.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Emerson

MODEL 1840—16"* TRUE LIGHTWEIGHT PORTABLE

WITH PRIVATE LISTENING JACK

- Full Power Super Distance Chassis
- AGC Control for Steady Picture
- Scratch-Proof Glass Safety Lens
- Top Front-Projected FM Sound
- One Knob Control
- Front Illuminated Channel Indicator
- Hideaway Telescopic Antenna
- Tru-Slim Decorator Cabinet

Any way you look at it,
Emerson is America's best buy!

*125 sq. in viewable area. †Suggested list. Slightly higher in some areas.

AT YOUR LOCAL EMERSON DEALER

Emerson 680 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK MANUFACTURERS OF: RADIOS TELEVISION, STEREO HI-FI, STEREO FM, TAPE RECORDERS PHONORADIOS, AIR CONDITIONERS & HEALTH APPLIANCES

SPEAKING OUT

accompanied the church's attack on artificial birth-control methods. Catholic spokesmen usually explain that the church's position is derived from the natural law which is binding on all, Catholics and non-Catholics alike. Non-Catholics tend to be angered at the idea that they are bound by the resulting rules of a church to which they do not belong.

The conventional Catholic position on the question is well expressed by Msgr. George A. Kelly, director of the Family Life Bureau of the Archdiocese of New York, who states that Roman Catholic opposition to artificial contraception is not merely church doctrine but "a matter of God's natural law and binds Jews and Protestants as well as Catholics.... Many people like to believe that the Catholic teaching on birth prevention can be changed. This error rests on the confusion between the moral and ecclesiastical law. A thousand years from now we may be eating meat on Friday, but at the same time murder, adultery and contraception will still be sins. These latter involve God's law, and not even the Pope or a large number of sinning couples can turn wrong into right."

Catholic scholars, however, might find Monsignor Kelly's discussion of natural law somewhat inadequate. For while it is true that the natural law does not change, the church's understanding of it has been and continues to be subject to prudent refinement. Doctrinal adjustments that augur well for religious harmony in this field are suggested by recent Catholic natural-law scholarship.

For example, Dr. Frederick E. Flynn, a long-time professor of ethics at the Catholic College of St. Thomas in St. Paul, Minnesota, has turned to the writings of St. Thomas Aquinas, the man usually considered most responsible for the concept of natural law. Professor Flynn concludes that much of what is proclaimed today as natural law would be unrecognizable to Aquinas, who, he asserts, held that "natural law is the work of practical reason, or what we would call common sense.

"Man has always frustrated nature," Doctor Flynn observes, "from the time he invented the first tool and will continue to do so, until on his last day on earth he lays down his latest invention. . . . Frustration of nature is often necessary for man's very survival."

In Aquinas's view, says Professor Flynn, the mode of existence which is "natural" for man is to utilize his reasoning faculties to solve the problems with which a blind and irrational nature confronts him. Such frustration of nature is morally evil only when man acts contrary to *his* nature as a rational being—when he behaves unreasonably.

"Married persons are guided by natural law," he adds, "when they use sex reasonably—that is, when they use it to beget children or when they use it to promote and strengthen love." Focusing on the importance of moderation, he says, "The married partners have an obligation . . . to each other to avoid the example of the rabbit. . . . And both have an obligation to the children they already have not to dilute the care and love they have for them by overdoing a good thing."

The statements from eminent Catholic scholars indicate that the continuing interfaith conflict need not be irreconcilable. The battles over specific issues are not required by Catholic doctrine—although they are often rationalized in doctrinal terms. I have been taught to believe that the church's mission is to teach and to utilize persuasion and reason in doing so. Attempts to impose the church's teachings by political fiat stem from an unwarranted extension of the church's duty, as well as from a sad misunderstanding of what constitutes a democratic, pluralistic society.

In spite of the bitterness of these disputes, however, a process of negotiations and dialogue has been under way and can lead toward a satisfactory public policy. A workable arrangement lies in a *public policy of toleration* which accepts the fact that differences exist between the religious groups on birth-control methods. In the face of such disagreements, the only democratic solution is enactment of laws and adoption of policies for each public body which respect the deeply held convictions of all groups.

Such a policy rests on an honest and forthright examination of where family planning fits into publicly financed programs. In those situations, all restrictions on birth control, written or unwritten, should be removed; no one should be compelled to accept birth control, or to participate in a birth-control program, against his will. And all methods of family planning, including the rhythm method, should be offered so that the adherent of any faith will be able to choose a method that is in accord with the dictates of his own conscience.

New methods are needed

Such a public policy would help speed the day when the major religious groups finally settle the remaining doctrinal differences over fertility-control methods. For there is little likelihood of doctrinal agreement on the family-planning methods now available. As long as the rhythm method fails two or three times as often as the best medical techniques of contraception, non-Catholic physicians and health authorities will be guided by the practical superiority of the medical methods, while Catholic advisers are restricted to the comparatively imperfect rhythm—or "safe period"—method.

The eventual resolution of doctrinal differences probably will come only after the expansion of the arsenal of birth-control techniques. This will include not merely refinements of current methods but also entirely new approaches. It is not unrealistic to expect that among these techniques will be effective methods which all religious groups can accept.

I have personally hoped that the recently developed oral pill, the first effective *physiologic* means of fertility control, would be accepted by the Catholic Church as a fully permissible method. The pill, a synthetic steroid, was developed by Drs. Gregory Pincus and M. C. Chang at the Worcester Foundation for Experimental Biology in Shrewsbury, Massachusetts, before I became associated with the clinical aspects of this investigation.

The pills prevent reproduction simply by modifying the time sequences in the body's own functions. The rhythm method, sanctioned by the church, depends precisely on the secretion of progesterone from the ovaries, which action the pills merely duplicate. Therefore the physiology underlying the spontaneous "safe period" is identical with that initiated by the steroid compounds. I have felt therefore that when properly used for conception control, the pills serve as adjuncts to nature.

However, apart from approving the pills for therapeutic purposes, and permitting their use to establish menstrual cycles of uniform length with the intention of making the rhythm period more certain, Catholic moralists have not found sanction for the compounds in fertility control.

I am convinced that the church has not concluded its examination of the morality of the progestational steroids when used for fertility control. The complex questions involved are still being studied, and the results are not clearly predictable.

The oral pills cannot be regarded as the only answer to the population problem. What is needed is an increased *variety* of techniques, suitable for use among peoples of many different social levels, cultural patterns and religious beliefs. A comprehensive federal research program needed to discover these new methods has the support of informed Americans of all faiths, including authoritative Catholic spokesmen. Moreover, officials responsible for the Government's huge medical-research establishment, budgeted this year at $880,000,000, indicate that they recognize the new climate of political feasibility for intensive fertility-control research.

I say this in spite of my disappointment over the recent handling of the Government's "Survey of Research on Reproduction Related to Birth and Population Control." Initiated in August, 1961, this National Institutes of Health study—prepared by 19 consultants, including myself—was suppressed last August.

Upon order—and much to the credit of the new Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, Anthony J. Celebrezze—the report was finally issued, but with revisions incorporated to avoid "misunderstanding." Regrettably the revisions deleted the consultants' conclusions on how much more federal money is required for research on fertility control: We felt a *minimum* program demanded an additional $16.6 million a year for detailed investigations of reproductive physiology, including projects to make the rhythm method more reliable.

Is it worth $16.6 million a year to develop new means of family limitation, including methods acceptable to Catholics and non-Catholics alike? Is it worth this relatively modest sum to move toward solution of the population problem throughout the world—and, incidentally, to advance religious harmony? My answer is a resounding "Yes."

I would hope that progress on all phases of this controversy could be made during the administration of America's first Catholic President. Certainly the Kennedy administration has already demonstrated a more sophisticated grasp of the population problem than any previous administration. Instead of attempting to block progress in this field, Catholics would be better advised to confer with their Protestant and Jewish colleagues and work out the details of a sound public policy for all publicly financed programs—hospitals, health departments, welfare services, foreign-aid programs and medical research. Most Catholics would be quite relieved to find their religious and their civic beliefs at peace with each other.

Our nation still has time to throw its rich resources and skills into a constructive and comprehensive program to help mankind bring its overabundant fertility under the limits of rational control. The more rapidly we exercise our option, the better for all of us. THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

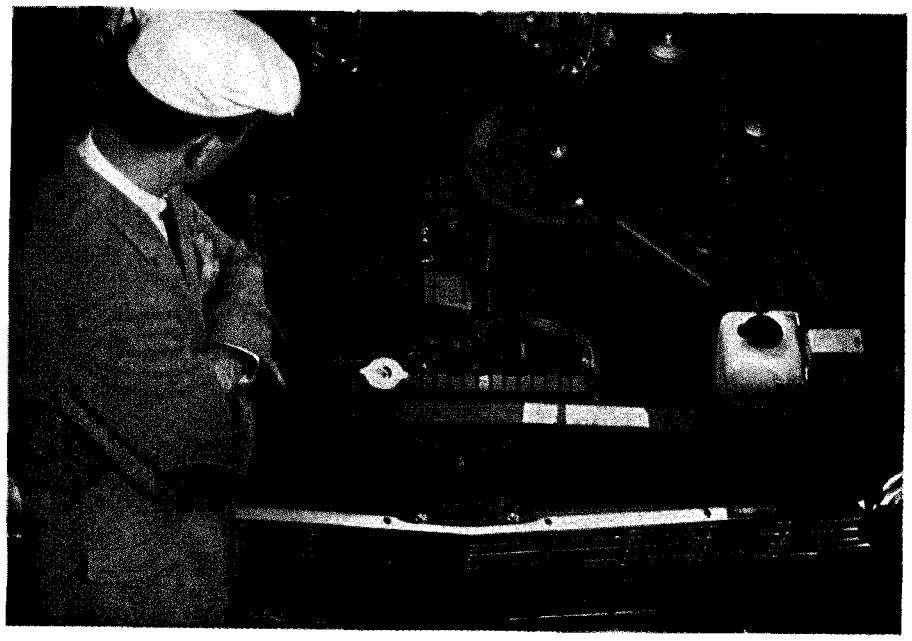
Diamonds will tell her, as only diamonds can, the meaning of your anniversary. This year let a diamond gift make memorable that special anniversary, or important birthday, a debut, the birth of a child, or any significant event.

DIAMONDS WILL RECALL YOUR FINEST MEMORIES

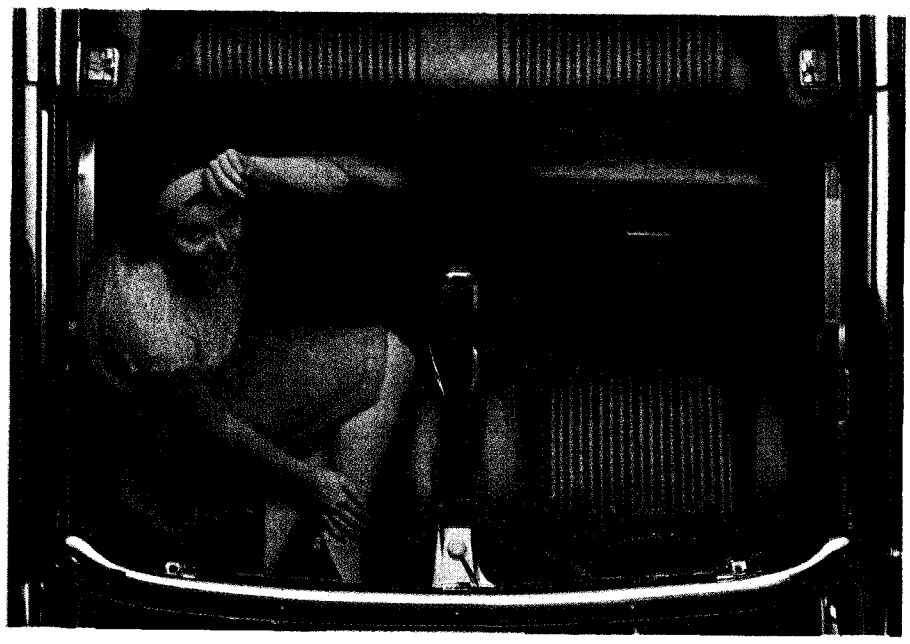
A trusted jeweler can help you choose a lovely diamond gift—a pin, earrings, a dinner ring or bracelet. Or, he can design a one-of-a-kind original. Whether you spend $100, $500, or more, diamonds give your gift significance, enduring value. A diamond is forever.

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

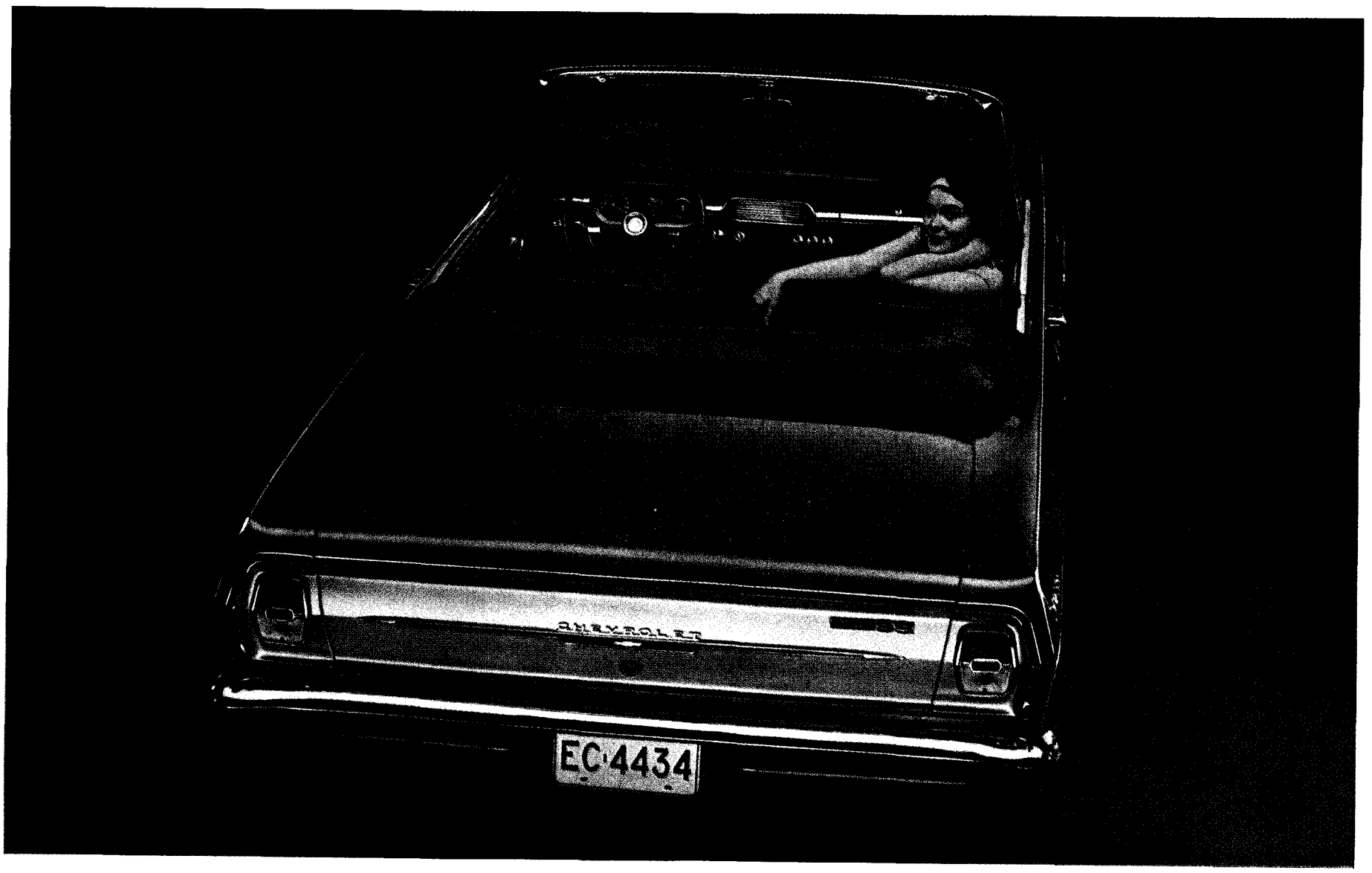
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Thrift like this is nothing new



sport like this is nothing new



Chevy II Nova Super Sport Convertible

but both in one car . . . that is new

A happy combination? No doubt about it from the way these Chevy II Super Sports are catching on. ☐ Under the hood you've got a peppery 6-cylinder engine. Smooth, dependable, eager to do about everything but run through a gallon of gas. (From the way it nurses the stuff, in fact, you're likely to suspect that it goes around making its own.) ☐ With this goes our Super Sport package*—front bucket seats, all-vinyl trim, special instrument cluster, sports-minded styling accents and (with Powerglide* transmission) a floor-mounted range selector. The package comes on either convertible or hardtop. Either way you've got a spruce easy-handling machine that gives you plenty of ginger—without a lot of needless gingerbread. Matter of fact, that pretty well describes our sedans, station wagons and the rest of the ten Chevy II models you've got to choose from, too. Drop down to your dealer's and take a long, close look. Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan. *Optional at extra cost.*

CHEVY II
SUPER SPORTS
CHEVROLET
THE MAKE MORE PEOPLE DEPEND ON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED BY Ben Franklin

THE NEWS MANAGERS

■ CONGRESS AND REPORTERS FEAR VITAL FACTS ARE HIDDEN, AND WONDER IF THEY CAN BELIEVE THE GOVERNMENT.

By Ben H. Bagdikian

One of the fiercest battles in the cold war today is raging right in Washington, with loyal Americans fighting other loyal Americans. It is the battle to keep the Government talking honestly to its own citizens while it maneuvers against national enemies. In the past this has been a largely silent war between reporters and officials. But now it has burst into flame under President Kennedy, who is accused of "managing the news." It has reached the stage where not only reporters but also members of Congress, including Kennedy Democrats, openly express the suspicion that they are being deceived by their own government.

Last month, in fact, Rep. John E. Moss Jr. of California, a Democrat and chairman of the House Subcommittee on Information, opened formal hearings on the subject. Eleven newsmen attended the initial session on March 19, and the chief target of their displeasure was Arthur Sylvester, assistant secretary of defense for public affairs. The consensus—despite a mild dissent from James Reston of *The New York Times*—was that the Administration had been not only managing but overmanaging the news.

The present crisis of confidence in government news dates from last fall's Cuban emergency, and the opening bell sounded in the office of New York Sen. Kenneth B. Keating. In late August the senator received a disturbing telephone call from a friend outside of government. The friend reported that a mutual acquaintance, a second-echelon government official, had told him a considerable force of Russians was moving into Cuba.

Keating promptly asked the departments of State and Defense for confirmation. They gave him either vague responses or outright denials. Nevertheless, after rechecking the report through his friend, Keating felt certain the story was true; and on August 31 he made the charge in a speech on the floor of the Senate. By this time, however, elections were near, Cuba had become a political issue, and most Democrats in Congress quite sincerely thought Keating, a Republican, was only playing politics.

Then, about five weeks later, the senator's friend called again. His original source—and this time several other people—had now told him that the Russians were building intermediate-range ballistic-missile sites in Cuba. Again Keating checked with State and Defense, and again he got evasive answers. He then made his spectacular speech of October 10, the most credible public mention up to then of offensive weapons in Cuba.

The Administration claimed it had no evidence to support Keating's charge; and many people throughout the country called the senator wrong and irresponsible. But it turned out, of course, that the senator was right. The sites were there, as photographs later proved, and the threat they posed vitally concerned every American—as the President's subsequent actions acknowledged. Less than two weeks later he risked armed conflict by ordering Cuba blockaded.

During the showdown with Russia in October, while the President maneuvered adroitly along the brink of nuclear war, few people begrudged him the use of official secrecy and even deception. But when the tension over Cuba had relaxed, the Pentagon not only admitted that it had used news as a weapon, but went on to impose even more drastic news controls.

No responsible reporter wants access to genuine military secrets. In fact newsmen concede that many reforms Secretary McNamara has imposed on the Pentagon were long overdue. But they have gravé misgivings about the lengths to which he has pushed internal censorship. One new rule, for example, forbids any Pentagon official to talk with a newsman unless a third person is present, or unless the official subsequently submits a report on the interview.

Bugs in the Pentagon

According to Lloyd Norman, a veteran military correspondent, "People have been intimidated, and I'm not sure any longer that I'm getting a full and frank discussion of anything." And a Democratic congressman with a record of unfailing support of the President confided to me, "I went out on a limb over Cuba on the basis of official word, and then looked silly. Now I'm beginning to wonder if what I'm told today is the truth."

In all fairness to President Kennedy and Secretary McNamara, it must be admitted that they face an appalling dilemma. The lives of millions of Americans depend on the skill with which they maneuver against a ruthless enemy; yet the way of life which their maneuvers seek to preserve requires them to discuss their policies frankly with the voting public.

While McNamara's news controls are not basically different from those used by previous Secretaries of Defense, he has applied them more efficiently than any of his predecessors. And while he himself is more available to reporters than previous secretaries, he is correspondingly less tolerant of independent public utterances by his subordinates. The result in Washington today is this:

A surprising number of Pentagon officials take for granted that their offices are "bugged"—monitored by hidden microphones. Almost every defense correspondent I talked to assumed his telephones, office and home, are tapped by some government agency. Some reporters have been trailed, investigated and interrogated by FBI or military intelligence agents because of stories they have written.

Today it is possible to walk through the wide corridors of the Pentagon, and see this scene: A reporter walks by an office doorway, catches the eye of someone inside and gestures with his head toward the corridor. The occupant of the office emerges, and the two men walk slowly down the corridor, talking quietly. This is the way many interviews are conducted these days, to foil possible microphones—or official flesh-and-blood monitors from the press office.

Another correspondent uses a different technique: "I've sat in a man's office discussing the weather while he and I exchange written questions and answers on a note pad."

Robert Hotz, editor of the magazine *Aviation Week & Space Technology*, sitting in his downtown office in the National Press Building, said, "I assume they have these phones bugged." And another military reporter in the capital said, "I'm pretty sure they go through the office regularly."

To some people, all this sounds hysterical. The reporters and government employees may all be wrong. But there is reason to believe that the hidden microphone has for some years been standard equipment in many Washington offices.

In 1953 Secretary of Defense Robert Lovett led a friend, columnist Joseph Alsop, to a Pentagon corridor to avoid a microphone in his own office. And in 1956, when Air Force Brig. Gen. Robert L. Scott was accused of violating rules against interservice rivalry, Air Force investigators played back to him a tape recording of his recent telephone calls.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EACH WEEK THE PENTAGON'S CENSORS CLASSIFY ENOUG

These and other controls center on the Pentagon, where most of the crucial and dramatic news originates. After the Cuban crisis Pentagon information chief Sylvester said candidly, "The generation of news by actions taken by the Government becomes one weapon in a strained situation. The results, in my opinion, justify the methods we used."

On December 6 Sylvester went further still before a gathering of journalists in New York. Speaking of disclosing how much we know about the Russians, he said, "What we are trying to do in this field is to make it as difficult as possible for [the Russians]. . . . We are trying to make them spend as much time and effort as we have to."

Yet to match Russian secretiveness it would be necessary for us to censor and restrict much that is essential in a democracy to produce intelligent public opinion. In the past, the Government has sometimes been wrong and the public right. The great national controversies of the late 1950's—over whether the Russians were capable of quick development of H-bombs, of missiles and of space probes—were ultimately settled in favor of strengthening this country because Congress and the public forced the Government to change its policy.

Moreover, reporters remembered uneasily that in the spring of 1961 McNamara had said, in effect, that newspapermen ought to tell their readers lies in order to fool the Russians. "Why should we tell Russia that the Zeus developments may not be satisfactory?" he had asked. "What we ought to be saying is that we have the most perfect anti-ICBM system that the human mind will ever devise."

Yet the year after he made this statement McNamara canceled Nike-Zeus as ineffective. Had the press misled the public with a "most perfect" report, the later cancellation would have created a justifiable uproar.

Meanwhile, however, the Secretary's frank advocacy of strategic lying has created skepticism about all official pronouncements. And it has turned attention to that extremely useful tool of untruth—secrecy.

Each week the Pentagon classifies—making release to the public illegal—enough documents to form a stack higher than the Empire State Building. Much of this stack consists of military information whose legitimate secrecy few people would deny—fleet dispositions, location of nuclear stockpiles, incoming intelligence reports, communications codes and the like. But in the opinion of many people with access to classified material, much of it contains information whose withholding harms this country more than it does Russia.

It is at this point that we encounter that controversial perforation in the official pipeline of information, the "leak." No technique in government or journalism is so troublesome as the leak—the deliberate disclosure of executive communications or official secrets by a government figure wishing to make a dramatic public point. Usually the leak is the weapon of a defeated minority trying to change policy by appealing to public or congressional opinion.

In 1949, under President Truman, for example, Admirals Arleigh A. Burke and Arthur W. Radford directed one of the most militant leak and propaganda operations in Washington history, fighting official policy that stressed the Air Force at the Navy's expense. Under President Eisenhower, Burke and Radford gained official favor and cracked down on subordinates who leaked information. But as the Navy gained ascendancy, the Army in turn felt it was being discriminated against, and Gen. Maxwell Taylor and his deputy information chief, Brig. Gen. Chester V. Clifton, ran some of the more ingenious leaks of the interservice struggles. Ironically, the information which General Taylor provided the press greatly influenced Sen. John F. Kennedy's ideas on national strategy. Now General Taylor is President Kennedy's chairman of the Joint Chiefs; Clifton, a major general, is White House military aide, and leaks are frowned upon.

Leak and counterleak

There is a standard leak season in Washington. The first flurry comes in November when budget estimates tell the military services which items on their shopping lists have been crossed off. The services then begin releasing material which does not in their opinion endanger national security but which they hope will prove that the eliminated items are indispensable to survival of the Republic. Such lower-echelon leaks often provoke counterleaks from top officials.

The season comes to flower between January and June, when Congress is voting appropriations. When this is finished, the curtain of tight security descends again. It is a disorderly and sometimes traumatic system, but it happens to be a major method by which important information reaches the public. And despite outraged cries, everyone from the White House on down uses it.

The ammunition for the leak is, of course, the secret. Official classification of information began in 1907 with the War Department's invention of the CONFIDENTIAL stamp for documents. Today the stamps print CONFIDENTIAL, SECRET, TOP SECRET, EYES ONLY and numerous variations, some of them too secret even to have public names.

The implication of every secrecy stamp is that willful violation is dangerous and close to treason, and there is no question that some leaks have been of genuinely dangerous secrets. But around the core of truly vital secrets there cluster whole families of poor relations, of the same name. Among these are what might be called SELF-SERVING SECRETS, facts which are classified until it serves their guardians' convenience to use them. In 1962, for example, a lawyer from the office of General Counsel of the Department of Defense interrogated the Washington *Evening Star's* Defense correspondent, Richard Fryklund, about a story he and a colleague, Earl Voss, had written. The reporter insisted that a responsible official had cleared the story for publication and that one specific item the lawyer insisted was secret had, in fact, been cleared by the Atomic Energy Commission. To press his point, however, the lawyer pulled out a document stamped at top and bottom in red, SECRET, and read it to the reporter. It was an analysis of the harm the story was said to have done. The lawyer said fiercely, "Anyone who discloses classified information to a newspaperman is a traitor, nothing but a traitor to his country." Fryklund replied with charity, "You just read me a statement classified Secret, but I don't think you're a traitor."

Then there are SELF-DEFEATING SECRETS, information withheld from science and industry or from the public which does more harm locked up than it would out in the open.

Today the Atlas intercontinental ballistic missile is one of the main weapons protecting this country. Yet it may be instructive to recall an occasion on which a violation of security helped rather than harmed development of the Atlas.

This took place in 1953, in the board room of Convair in San Diego. A committee headed by the late Dr. John von Neumann, studying missile development, was questioning company officials on their proposal to build an intercontinental ballistic missile called Atlas to Pentagon requirements. When Convair engineers gave the warhead payload they had been told to plan for, von Neumann looked puzzled. He knew that Convair was planning for a heavier payload than necessary, but under strict security rules he was not authorized to say so.

After the conference Thomas G. Lanphier Jr., then vice president in charge of planning for Convair, was drawn aside by a member of the von Neumann committee, a friend of long standing. The friend suggested that Lanphier visit him in Washington soon and, when Lanphier did, told him: "You can't tell your people why or who told you, but let me give you some advice: Make the assumption that you're going to have a much smaller payload on that missile. You're planning now for —— pounds. Plan for ——." Lanphier was stunned. The change permitted a three-engine missile instead of five, with incalculable savings in time and money. Six months later the Pentagon notified Convair to reduce its payload.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOCUMENTS TO FORM A PILE HIGHER THAN THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING.

Yet over a year earlier the AEC had designed the lighter warhead but kept it secret. It is likely that this breach of security cut a year off the time it took to produce the Atlas.

There is, of course, the SILLY SECRET—information that isn't secret but has a stamp on it saying it is. In 1961 the Soviet Air Force unveiled 11 new and unexpected combat aircraft at an air show. The Russians had thoughtfully placed diplomatic observers where they could not take good photographs. But American press representatives got the best western pictures in existence and published them all over the world. Then the photographs were handed to the Pentagon—which promptly classified them. Last fall the General Electric Company submitted an advertisement featuring its space vehicles to the Pentagon for clearance. One picture in the ad showed the Discoverer 13 nose cone; and while the Pentagon allowed the picture, it censored the caption, deleting "Discoverer 13" and substituting "Air Force Recovery Program." Yet this is America's most famous nose cone—it was the first one recovered—and it was even then on display in the Smithsonian Institution, plainly labeled.

The KEYHOLE SECRET is one which blanks out the main picture but lets the public see some portion that authorities want them to see, often with dubious results. For example, the controversy over cancellation of Skybolt, the airborne ballistic missile on which the British had planned to rely, arises partly from manipulated news of its development and its cancellation.

According to the official announcement by the Air Force, Skybolt Test No. 1, on April 19, 1962, was "successful." Actually, technicians at Cape Canaveral knew that the second stage had failed and the missile had fallen far short of its goal, a fact that diligent reporters unearthed.

Skybolt Test No. 2, on June 29, 1962, was officially announced as a "successful drop." Actually it had been a total failure. Reporters learned that both stages failed to ignite and the missile fell like a curbstone into the sea. The only thing successfully tested was the law of gravity.

Skybolt No. 3, tested September 13, 1962, was announced as "successfully launched" though the official release added that the missile veered off course and had to be destroyed. Actually, the stages had separated before either fired.

Tests 4 and 5 had varying degrees of success, but by then the missile was doomed, for economic and strategic reasons. Early failures on missiles are expected—the first five Polaris missiles failed. But the Skybolt went out as it came in, clouded by misleading official announcements. In a last-ditch attempt to reverse government policy, the Air Force conducted a test on December 22 and said the missile had "impacted" (missilese for "hit") right on target. Top brass in the Pentagon, enraged by this posthumous gasp, told reporters that there had been no impact at all, that the missile had not been equipped with a reentry nose cone. This was true. Then the Pentagon spokesman said that actually the trajectory of the missile would have carried it more than 90 miles from the target. This was false. The trajectory would have brought it within two miles of the target, a highly successful shot. If reporters have become skeptical, they may be forgiven.

There are SOOTHING SECRETS, unsecrets kept bottled up to make life easier for bureaucrats. For example, in 1959 it suddenly became a violation of national security to mention that the United States was using Indian monkeys in space research. Rep. John E. Moss Jr., who has fought for years against needless secrecy, asked why Indian monkeys were classified. Robert Dechert, then the Pentagon's general counsel, replied in a letter saying that publicity about using monkeys in space "not only served to encourage disrespect for the security system but that the only real beneficiaries can be the Communist propagandists who want to stir up trouble. . . ." Then Dechert stamped his letter to Moss SECRET (*it was later declassified*).

Congressman Moss was amazed. The Indian-monkey secret, he discovered on his own, was designed to spare the feelings of a cult of monkey-worshipers in India. Yet the Indian commercial attaché in Washington openly solicited business for the monkeys. The Russians readily admitted that they used tons of Indian monkeys for space and other research. And two Indian monkeys were at that moment on exhibit in the Washington National Zoo with placards explaining that they had been in space.

Needed: a scapegoat

Finally, there is the SELF-RIGHTEOUS SECRET, a leak that is denounced—sometimes by people who helped make the disclosure—when a scapegoat is needed.

After the disastrous Bay of Pigs assault in Cuba in 1961, many high government officials bitterly criticized the American press for printing stories of the training camps before the invasion, stories which presumably tipped Castro to what was coming. What most of the American public could not know was that the Central Intelligence Agency supported a Spanish-language magazine called *Avance* (*Advance*), which in its March 10, 1961, issue—a month before the invasion—carried a big cover headline: TRAINING NEARS THE END. Photographs on the cover showed uniformed refugees in training, with the caption: "Here is a group of patriotic Cuban members of the Army of Liberation, pictured in one of the camps where the forces that will free Cuba from the hands of Communism are in training. They are well-equipped and well-trained and they will carry the final battle against Soviet imperialism."

Anti-Castro Cubans, with CIA help, spirited copies of that issue into Cuba before the invasion, and the magazine was on public sale not only throughout Latin America but also in New York, Miami and Washington. There were copies at a newsstand at 15th and F streets, one block from the White House.

Thus a "secret" may be genuinely sensitive information, or it may be pure nonsense. Its release may endanger the country or merely embarrass a government official. Release may even help make the nation stronger. The fact that government, which has to live with danger, with error and embarrassment, will disagree with the press on what should be secret is only natural; but it is the strength of democracy that this is a continuing battle and that over the years the battle has settled the issue better than any rigid rule.

So the fight over government secrecy, managed news and leaks continues to rage. It swirls most heavily over the Pentagon, where the news is most rigidly ruled. Curiously, it is McNamara's genius for management and rational analysis that is blamed as a major cause for the controversy. Friends say that he is genuinely puzzled when news and politics do not follow predictable patterns based on logic and good motives. When news and politics go their infuriating way of instinct, emotion and resistance to control, he is said to assume that he has made some mistake in management planning and must apply still-tighter controls.

In turn, however, these new controls bring on new stratagems of rebellion. Arthur Sylvester has said that, under the present tight rules, five interviews on the average are given each day in the Pentagon; but according to the 20-odd Pentagon reporters, between 20 and 50 interviews a day take place. Obviously, most of them go unreported, in defiance of the regulations.

All the same, the new restrictions are having their effect. The unreported interviews are largely between older reporters and older officials who know and trust one another. Newer newsmen and newer officials, unable to judge one another's wisdom and discretion, take fewer chances. Because of subterfuge and supercaution, each individual story takes longer to confirm. As a result, the total flow of authoritative news is reduced.

In spite of this, most correspondents admire McNamara and credit him with brilliant work in the Pentagon. But they worry about his attitude toward the news, and they worry about the future.

"What we have now," one said, "is a bad rule applied by a good man. But bureaucratic rules have a way of becoming permanent, like taxes. What worries me most is what will happen after Secretary McNamara goes." THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BANDS OF GOLD

By Beth Day

THE SOCIETY ORCHESTRAS MAKE DOUGH-RE-MI IN THE UPPER CRUST

The big-band business, bewitched by shifts in teen-age tastes, bothered by financial complexities and bewildered by adult apathy, is sick unto death. Its pallbearers have been fidgeting in the wings for more than a decade.

One segment of the business, however, bulks as a curious exception—its orchestras are not only healthy but flourishing. Strangely enough, these bands rarely come within hailing distance of the Top 10, scorn the gin mills of hoi polloi and usually are regarded by other musicians as purveyors of sounds from the Stone Age.

They are, of course, the society bands, the musical organizations which funnel out sedate oom-pah-pah for the upper crust at cotillions, benefit balls, wedding receptions and debuts. Currently the society bands are waltzing to the elegant jingle of a $15 million annual gross. They employ nearly 5 percent of all working musicians and charge as much as $15,000 for a single party. They play dates everywhere from the White House to the daffy circles where a pet poodle's birthday is marked by a catered affair. And their dizzying prosperity shows no signs of letting up: There is in America a remarkable trend toward lavish celebrations, typified by the whopping 40 percent increase in coming-out parties in 1962 over the previous year.

Comfortably anchored at the eye of this lucrative hurricane stand the two undisputed society-band champs, Meyer Davis and Lester Lanin. They are not merely bandleaders but mahouts of elephantine empires. Davis, a balding, bespectacled man who looks like a friendly hardware dealer, customarily books 55 orchestras under his name. Lanin, thin, nervous and jockey-sized, bosses 40-odd bands and draws from a pool of 740 musicians. Between these two giants, sad to say, there seems to exist a coolness of nearly Arctic proportions.

"A few years ago I would have been glad to get mention in the same story with Davis," snaps Lanin, his nervous muzzle twitching warily. "Today I'm tops in my business, and I don't take second place to anyone."

Davis, who introduced his music to Washington society in 1913 and enjoyed a near-monopoly for a quarter of a century until Lanin made inroads, simply points to the figures of his business. "Sometimes I book as high as 80 orchestras in the height of the social seasons—December, January or June," he says with glacial aplomb. "I also keep 30 location orchestras at resorts, such as the Greenbrier at White Sulphur Springs and at exclusive clubs in such places as the Bahamas. And I provide orchestras for both the United States and American Export Lines. The annual gross runs around $3,500,000."

Whatever the ranking of the two rivals, there is little doubt the urbane, 67-year-old Davis remains the undisputed court favorite of society's old guard. But the 56-year-old Lanin seems to have stronger appeal for the younger set. And recently—presumably to Davis's great concern—he has edged out Davis at the White House.

To society musicians a White House invitation is an accolade roughly akin to winning the Nobel Prize and the Olympic decathlon. First employed there as a teen-age musician by Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, Davis held sway in the East Room under the succeeding seven presidents. An old friend of Jackie Kennedy, Davis also served at her request as director of music for the Kennedy inaugural balls. However, it is Lanin who has recently been summoned to Washington—seven times—to play for private presidential parties. "These evenings are everything a private party should be," sniffs

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Meyer Davis conducts his dance orchestra at the 50th Abington June Fete Ball in Philadelphia.

Lanin coolly. "Gay but dignified. Everything in perfect taste."

Outside the White House this division of business is not unusual. In the past few years the rival leaders have frequently found themselves in the touchy position of splitting employment within the same famous families. Both leaders have played for Princess Grace, the Fords, the Firestones, the du Ponts, the Rockefellers and the Vanderbilts.

At the apex of the social season there is plenty of work for both men. Davis and Lanin sometimes make as many as five personal appearances each in a single night, whisking from one party to another by chartered plane or private limousine. Each is an old hand at cat-napping on airplanes or in the back seats of cars. To keep up his energy, Lanin takes liquid vitamins; Davis takes an occasional sniff on a tube of inhalant. On one sample night the indefatigable Lanin scampered around to five different dances, while some of his other orchestras appeared at 25 other parties in 11 different cities.

"What we provide," says Davis in explanation of this frenzied activity, "is an atmosphere. It's a kind of orchestrated pulse which works on people in a subliminal way. Under its influence I've seen shy debs and severe dowagers kick off their shoes and raise some wholesome hell."

Neither Davis nor Lanin is perturbed about the complaint that their style of playing—variously referred to as the businessman's bounce, melody-you-can-walk-to or Mickey Mouse music—always sounds the same. Actually it is this sameness which both leaders work strenuously to achieve. "My music is like canned soup," Lanin says proudly. "The contents are the same wherever you buy it."

There is a solid reason for this calculated monotony. Ritual-bound, the social set from San Francisco to Newport is comforted by conformity. Its members go to the same hairdressers and couturiers, send their children to socially acceptable nursery schools, dancing classes and boarding schools. The debutante in Chicago speaks the same, dresses the same and dances the same as her counterpart in New York. Her life's goal is a socially acceptable marriage, and if romance happens to bloom under the inspiring baton of either Davis or Lanin, both the deb and her mother take it as a favorable omen for a good and predictable life.

To encourage such a delightful eventuality, society matrons solemnly pledge their girl babies the services of the right orchestra almost at birth. Both the Lanin and Davis datebooks list debuts booked 10, 12, even 15 years in advance. While Lanin has just graduated into his second generation of debs with the McCormicks of Chicago, Davis—whose face, wearing a benign, fatherly smile, appears in the memory books of more wealthy women than that of any other man in American history—notates his bookings with references to the mothers, aunts and sometimes grandmothers whose debut he also played. This year he reluctantly turned down a date for Christmas, 1979, for the debut of Baltimore heiress Mrs. Henry B. Thompson's daughter because he was already booked that night for the Philadelphia Assembly.

Debuts, which account for around one third of Davis's and Lanin's total business, can cost anywhere from the $300,000 which Henry Ford II was reported to have spent on a party for his daughter Anne to a mere $200 per girl for an appearance at a mass cotillion. Money apparently is no object. One New York father was recently caught attempting to bribe a committee member of the annual Christmas Ball and Debutante Cotillion in New York with $20,000 just to get his daughter's name on the list.

Although both leaders lay claim to markedly individual styles, an evening of party music consists of pretty much the same fare from Maine to California. "We play about half old standards, said Davis. "*Some of These Days, Cheek to Cheek, Always, Sweet Georgia Brown*—Governor Rockefeller likes to jitterbug to that one—and *Sentimental Journey*." The fox-trots are all played at a brisk tempo, and varied with an occasional waltz. Viennese waltzes are the fare for high society (Washington's Mrs. Gwen Cafritz and New York's Colonel Serge Obolensky are considered champs in this division) and American waltzes for mixed social groups. Latin rhythms, which are more popular in the Southern resort areas, are played on request.

"Requests can run as high as 75 percent of the music played," estimates Davis, who introduced the tune *A Fine Romance* one evening and says he ended up playing it twenty or thirty times. The late Aly Khan, whose romantic attention span was notoriously short, always asked Davis to play *I Concentrate on You*. On the other hand, Miss Daphne du Pont of Wilmington took Davis aside before a party, and requested he not play the twist at her debut.

The dignified Davis, rather astonishingly, turns into a swiveling, gyrating evangelist of the dance as he exhorts party guests into perpetual motion. He works so hard, in fact, he loses up to five pounds and goes through an average of three 5-ply dress shirts during the course of an evening. At one party in Washington he coaxed the waltzing crowd into such furious whirling that Washington hostess Mrs. Robert Low Bacon twirled right into the jutting edge of the high bandstand, knocking herself out.

Nowadays both Davis and Lanin are treated by their customers as treasured guests. But it was not always that way. "My dad, who had a band, was expected to show up at the service entrance, and then the band was hidden behind the potted palms," Lanin recalled. "Today we are invited to leave our coats in rooms that may have $200,000 worth of jewels lying around."

The estate of society musicians has risen so high, in fact, they now are assigned their own waiters or encouraged to join the guests' buffet. Occasionally the hospitality becomes a trifle overpowering when well-meaning hosts subscribe to the theory that the more musicians drink, the better they play. After one of his men rose to do a vocal at a ball in San Francisco and fell flat on his face, Davis ruled that his men must ration themselves to one drink per hour. Lanin, a teetotaler, bans drinking entirely.

Society bands play continuously, without intermission, and the men go out for individual breaks. Davis, who originated this grueling marathon back in the early 1920's at the request of the wife of a governor of Pennsylvania, explained the purpose this way: "Hostesses are afraid if the whole orchestra goes off the party

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

might break up. The band is generally hired for a six-hour period, from ten to four. Then we are usually asked to keep on playing for another hour or two. The costs go up with each additional hour. A ball, with eight to fifteen men, runs from $2,500 up." When Davis took 15 men to Nassau this past year to play at the gala opening of a new Caribbean resort, the music cost $7,500 for the first four hours, $1,000 an hour from two a.m. till dawn.

Lanin, who considers himself a sort of musical Moses, urges musicians to join the lucrative party pastures. "I've shown a lot of fellows the ABC's of this business," he says proudly. "Why, a man can kick around at $5,000 a year or he can make $25,000 playing parties. My men are the real pros in this business—the money players."

Top party musicians, who have to know about 2,500 tunes, must also possess the superb equanimity of police horses. They never miss a beat even if tippling guests clamber over the bandstand, sing along with the orchestra or try to sit in. Lanin turns over his baton to Henry Ford II during renditions of *When the Saints Come Marching In*. Davis hands his violin to railroader Walter Tuohy, and the Duke of Windsor has been taking his turn on the drums with Davis for so many years that Davis finally presented him with a pair of silver drumsticks. Pressed to evaluate the talent of the duke, Davis says kindly, "He can keep the beat."

Whimsy, however expensive, is not infrequently demonstrated at the parties of the rich. At one ball recently in Wilmington, Delaware, a motion picture was filmed of the six hundred guests at play and rush-processed in time to show it on the ballroom wall before breakfast. In St. Louis a brewer's mansion was equipped with spigots that ran beer and wine. In Dallas an oilman ordered 20 truckloads of prop snow so that he could shower his guests at a summer lawn party.

Davis and Lanin gladly go along with such fancies and with the foofaraw of "theme" parties. Davis once had an all-white tailsuit made at the request of the late Washington newspaper tycoon John McLean; he wore it only at McLean parties. Lanin has a theatrical wardrobe worthy of a vaudeville act, and has willingly appeared gotten up as everything from the caliph of Baghdad to an overgrown Boy Scout. Both men invite the deb of the evening to lead the orchestra. ("The men," grunts Davis, "go right on playing no matter who's up there.") Lanin adjusts songs to suit his clients and recently surprised Harvey Firestone, of the tire fortune, with a rendition of *I'm Just Wild About Harvey*.

Possessive about their distinguished clientele, Davis and Lanin have their low moments when a favorite family shifts its loyalty. In 1959, when Lanin claimed in print to be a favorite of the Henry Fords, Davis, who played one Ford daughter's debut that year and was booked for the second, indignantly produced photostats proving he also was booked for many Ford parties. The contest finally ended in something of a draw, with the big debuts falling to Davis, the smaller, more intimate parties to Lanin. The coolness between the two musicians might be said to date from the Ford episode, although Davis later shrugged: "There's plenty of business for both of us."

Actually there is—and isn't. Society folk have an annoying habit of staging their big parties on the same traditional dates. There then follows the fight for space in the right hotels (in New York City only the St. Regis, Sheraton-East, Pierre, Plaza and Waldorf are acceptable) and the services of the right caterers, florists, engravers—and bandleaders. Debs, for example, wouldn't be caught dead making their appearance any part of the year other than the "Ten Days of Christmas" or during the "little season" in June. With benefits and hunt balls also seasonal, music makers are forced to turn down from 5 to 15 dates per night in season. Mrs. Meyer Davis, a plump, vivacious, white-haired pianist-composer, comments somewhat wistfully that in the 40-odd years since she met Davis in Bar Harbor, Maine, she has yet to spend a New Year's Eve with him. "And you might just as well mark off the whole month of December," she adds.

Bar Harbor, where the young leader hired his future bride as a pianist, was Davis's second field of operation. He was born in Ellicott City, Maryland; his family moved to Washington, D.C., when he was eight; and as a violin student he organized a five-piece band when he was 13 years old to play high-school dances. Experimenting with the new musical craze, ragtime, at 18, Davis had a group which the manager of the Willard Hotel hired to alternate with the Marine Band. He then moved on to Bar Harbor, where the summer resort's wealthy residents, including the John D. Rockefellers, Warren Leedses and Otto Kahns, were being served musically only by vacationing members of the Boston Symphony. Davis scored such a success with the wealthy colony that they invited him to play at their Philadelphia and New York homes during the winter. By his early 20's the young musical entrepreneur had offices in Washington, Philadelphia and New York.

Republican Davis remembers the Roosevelts as the dancingest first family: "The children were all at a party age. And Mrs. Roosevelt was a graceful dancer, too. She always asked me to play *The Blue Danube*. Once when I came into the Washington airport a bunch of reporters pestered me about the President's favorite song. I hadn't a clue so I finally said *Home on the Range* just to get rid of them. F.D.R. thought that was a great joke, and he pounded his cane on the floor and requested it every party after that."

Whistle cut off the music

Ike's favorite was *Down Among the Sheltering Palms*, by which he was said to have courted Mamie. Harding enjoyed a lively one-step, *La Paloma*, and Coolidge would nod his head solemnly up and down to his old school song, *Lord Geoffrey Amherst*. The Hoover Administration was the most strictly formal, and Davis finally became inured to having his orchestra cut off midnote by the shrill whistle of a White House guard at the stroke of one. Lanin, expecting a similar cutoff at his first Kennedy party, was delighted to find the present White House incumbents "keep right on dancing, like anyone else."

The Duke of Windsor plays drums with a Meyer Davis orchestra.

Actress Jayne Mansfield sits in on fiddle under the baton of beaming Davis.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ALTZ FROM TRAVIATA

Davis's last presidential assignment was the inaugural. When he wrote Mrs. Kennedy ("I used to call her Jackie when she was a deb, but it doesn't seem right anymore") asking for her musical choices, she requested the waltz from *La Traviata* and thought her husband would enjoy *Greensleeves*. A staple of Bouvier parties, Davis played at the wedding of Mrs. Kennedy's mother and the debut of her sister Lee, and is scheduled for the 1963 Newport debut of her half-sister, Janet Auchincloss.

In contrast to Davis's easy familiarity with his clients, Lanin's relations are strictly professional. "My family has been in this business 125 years," he says proudly. "We're all musicians—my granddad, my dad, my brothers." While Meyer Davis came out of a middle-class trade family—his father was in the shoe business—Lanin watched his father load up a wagon with musicians to play local weddings around Philadelphia to support his family of 10 children. A boy genius on drums, Lester was playing his own dates with a seven-man group by the time he was 15. Starting out with a private-party business in socially active Philadelphia, where the Biddles, Drexels and Cadwaladers obligingly provided a yearly crop of debuts, weddings and balls, Lanin got his first national break when one of his Philadelphia patrons invited him to play at his home in Palm Beach.

Moving into the New York area, Lanin found his career rocketing during World War II, when he crashed the benefit and charity-ball league. Unlike the easygoing Davis, who has juggled a personal, social and family life along with his career and fathered five children, Lanin remained so immersed in his work he didn't get around to marriage until a few years ago when he wed his pretty, Texas-born secretary. The Lanins live in a comfortable apartment on fashionable East 68th Street, a short taxi run from Lanin's Broadway office, where he spends most of his off-bandstand hours.

Across the midriff of Manhattan, Meyer Davis and his wife (they lost one son in World War II; the other four children, including controversial world citizen Gary, are grown and gone) live in a big, elegantly furnished, high-ceilinged apartment on Central Park West, an area in transition. Davis's own room is characterized by a suitcase which is always left open on the floor, and his private coffee maker, since he wakens at six no matter when he gets to bed. The Davis apartment is only a five-minute ride from Davis's 57th Street office.

At their offices Lanin and Davis telephone favored clients, audition musicians and consult with their arrangers. Each man also spends an hour or more daily poring over society pages with the diligence of a businessman studying stock quotations. Those pages provide clues to possible future work. "A new Whitney or du Pont can brighten a whole season," explains Davis.

"Many of our clients don't want publicity about the cost of their parties," continues Davis. But the truth is there are more people spending more money on private parties than anytime since World War II.

"Parties were big in the '20's and '30's, then dropped off during the war when it wasn't fashionable to spend money. But they began to pick up again in the '50's. They've increased at least 25 percent in the past few years—and 1964 is going to be the dancingest year ever." THE END

At a dance palace outside Boston which is patronized by the younger set, Lanin goes Latin.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Spoofmaster

Allan Sherman, a wild gnome who once broke up parties, finds his car

Nobody was more surprised than I was when Allan Sherman became an overnight sensation with an LP record, officially and unofficially entitled "Allan Sherman's Mother Presents *My Son, the Folk Singer*, Allan Sherman Singing Very Funny Folk Songs (Recorded Live at a Big Expensive Hollywood Party)."

For one thing, Sherman is not and never wanted to be a professional singer or comedian. For another, he does not exactly look like the overnight-sensation type. In fact, he looks more like a short, fat headwaiter in a Chinese restaurant. He packs 225 pounds of blubber on five feet, six inches of frame attached loosely to a moon face with horn-rimmed glasses that do absolutely nothing for him. His voice might kindly be described as ridiculous. It's a whiskey tenor—except he got it without whiskey.

What Sherman did to attain his peculiar eminence was to appropriate folk classics like *Frère Jacques*, *Water Boy* and *Greensleeves* and grind up the lyrics into chopped liver. They came out *Sarah Jackman*, *Seltzer Boy* and *Sir Greenbaum's Madrigal*, and people all over the country immediately went crazy over his nonsensical parodies. His LP album *My Son, the Folk Singer* has sold a fantastic 1,500,000 copies and his follow-up album *My Son, the Celebrity* has sold 600,000. Both discs are still going strong.

So is Sherman. Currently he is being wooed by the independent Hollywood producers, the Mirisch brothers, to star in a movie comedy. Glenn Ford wants him to play his next-door neighbor in a film, *Where Did You Go? Out. What Did You Do? Nothing.*, for which Sherman wrote the screenplay. Sherman also is writing the book and lyrics for a Broadway musical, plotting new LP albums satirizing jazz, rock 'n' roll and Academy Award-winning songs, girding himself for a one-hour TV special next fall and writing a book. "I'm going to call it *How I Became An Overnight Success in Only Eighteen Years*," he says.

My Son, the Folk Singer made Sherman rich, famous and turned his whole life upside down. For 15 years he had been leading the solid, substantial life of a television producer. He was, among other things, a specialist in panel shows. It was his job to sit behind a desk, or in a control room, supervising such programs as *I've Got a Secret*, *Masquerade Party* and *Your Surprise Package*. He averaged a steady $500 a week as a producer and he got an extra $250 a week from Goodson-Todman Productions because he had helped invent the CBS show, *I've Got a Secret*.

A home-loving type, Sherman would race each evening at six o'clock to his $80,000 cottage in the Bel-Air section of Los Angeles to be with his wife Dolores and his two children, Robert and Nancy. On Sundays, like any average American $750-a-week television producer, he played golf. On Fridays and Saturdays he went to or gave parties.

I've known Allan Sherman since 1954, and I've attended dozens of parties at which Sherman has either been guest or host, and invariably he would get up and sing his parodies of popular songs—sometimes even boring people with them. But that was before he became a celebrity.

As soon as it became evident that the public loved Sherman, he got three different sets of agents. On the strength of his recording, he was pressed into signing up for a tour of concerts. He protested he wasn't a professional entertainer, but his protests were overcome by the green flash of money—a guaranteed $6,000 a concert.

He since has performed to packed houses in Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles and New York's Carnegie Hall. He played two weeks at the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas and Garry Moore paid him $5,000 to sing *Sarah Jackman* on his CBS show. All told, his take will come to $700,000 this year and that figure doesn't include $2,100 he won playing blackjack at the Sands.

The only people unhappy about Allan Sherman are the songwriters whose songs he has parodied. He has been getting letters from music publishers threatening him with lawsuits if he doesn't stop. Meredith Willson didn't like the fact that Sherman transformed *Seventy-six Trombones* into an ode to a Jewish country club:

Seventy-six Sol Cohens in the country club,
And a hundred and ten nice men named Levine.

And Richard Rodgers detested what Sherman did to *There Is Nothing Like a Dame:*

We got herring sweet and sour,
We got pickles old and young
We got corned beef and salami and a lot of tasty tongue,
We got Philadelphia cream cheese in a little wooden box.
What ain't we got?
We ain't got lox!

"Allan Sherman is a destroyer," was the glum comment of Rodgers.

"I'm thinking of putting out a new album called *My Son, the Defendant*," ripostes Sherman. "I feel I have a legal right to parody songs. It's part of the American way of life we should laugh at each other."

In hindsight one can see that Sherman's triumph was inherent in his personality. He has always had a wild, eccentric, farcical sense of life. Once, in New York, he left the Plaza Hotel after lunch. A blizzard had driven almost every taxi into its garage. Sherman is not a man to walk. He waited for an empty taxi several minutes and then became aware of the line of horse-drawn carriages outside Central Park. "Why not?" he asked. He crossed the street and plumped himself into a hansom. "Coachman," he said, "drive me to the National Broadcasting Company, Thirty Rockefeller Plaza." He bade the driver wait for him. He attended a conference and then was driven to a TV rehearsal. Then he clip-clopped to Toots Shor's for dinner. Finally, he ordered his driver to take him to his Westchester home. It cost him $85, including tip.

Recently, in Washington, D.C., he got into a cab with columnist Art Buchwald. Sherman said it was funny that in the movies characters were always saying, "Follow that cab," and he wondered what would happen if you really said it. Buchwald was game. Sherman pointed to an occupied taxi and said, "Follow that cab." They followed cabs all over Washington that morning.

His Hopper went a cropper

When art collecting became fashionable, Sherman said, "I, too, will be a collector." He didn't know the first thing about art, but he liked Edward Hopper's celebrated painting, *House by the Railroad*. He told his secretary, "Get me the name whoever's got this picture." His secretary tracked it to the Museum of Modern Art in New York City, which coldly informed her it was not for sale. Sherman got on the phone and said, "How much you asking for that Hopper? I'll make you a firm offer of $2,000. Take it or leave it." A museum official explained it was insured for more than $100,000.

"Don't be so independent, Mr. Smart Pants," Sherman told him, "if I can't buy it—I'll paint it."

And he did—after 5 weeks of lessons. His copy of *House by the Railroad* now hangs in his living room. "I call it *Mr. Hopper's House*," he says. "What else? It certainly ain't my house."

In the old days Allan frequently got depressed about television producing. During one of these depressions he decided to become a writer. He furnished his den with what he believed were the tools of the writing trade: fluorescent lighting, a photo-copier, a dictating machine, an electric typewriter and an electric pencil sharpener. He announced that he would write every night as soon as he got home from the office. He boasted he would turn out plays, novels, short stories, essays, movie treatments. The first piece he wrote was sold immediately.

Allan then developed the worst case of writer's block I've ever seen. He couldn't write another line. He felt inadequate, rejected, ugly, unloved. He didn't sing his songs at parties. He didn't go to parties. It was terrible. I urged him to do what every writer does in such a situation.

"Go see a psychiatrist," I said.

"What psychiatrist would want to treat me?" he moaned. "I'm no good. I'm rotten to the core." Finally he began going to the late Dr. Edmund Bergler, a leading psychoanalyst who

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By MAURICE ZOLOTOW

king off as a result of his takeoffs.

specialized in unblocking blocked writers. Two weeks and six psychotherapeutic sessions later there was a tremendous pounding on my front door. I opened it. Allan was standing there, a derby on his head, a cigar in his mouth.

"Get out of my way," he snarled, pushing into the foyer and elbowing me aside, "this is Big Al!"

Sherman, whose real name is Allan Copelon, was born in Chicago, November 30, 1924. His mother was a flapper who won loving cups at Charleston contests. His father was a racing-car driver. His parents were divorced when he was six, and later he took his mother's maiden name, Sherman, as his surname. She moved around so often that Sherman attended 20 different public schools in Los Angeles, Chicago, Miami and New York. Both his parents are now dead.

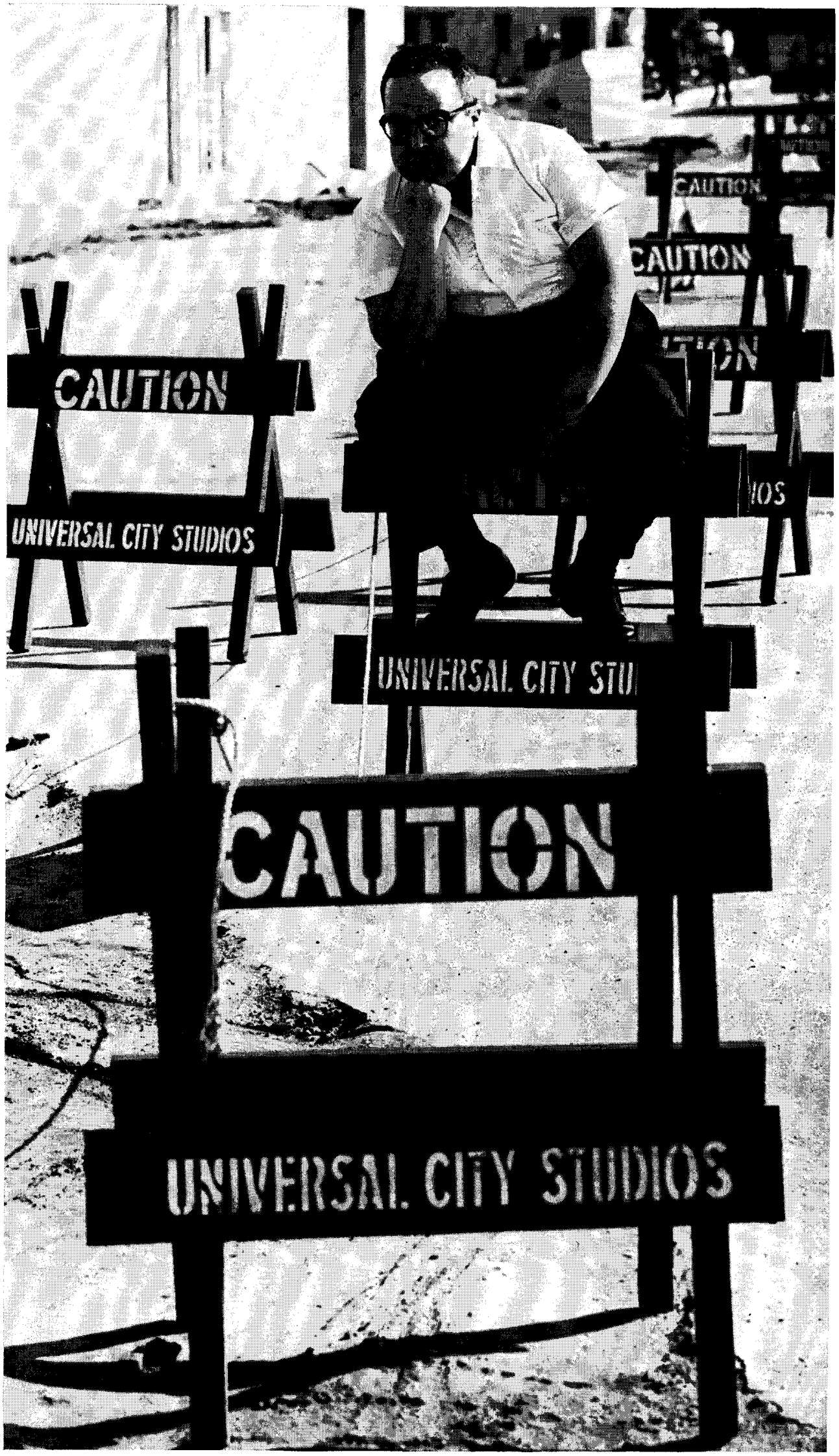
He went to the University of Illinois and into the United States Army, in both of which he was an outstanding failure. His ambition was to be a serious songwriter, and in 1945 he came to New York with 75 ballads. When he couldn't get them published, he became a gag writer for Jackie Gleason, Lew Parker, Jerry Lester and other comedians. He drifted into television during its formative years and soon became a writer or producer of such early television variety shows as the *Cavalcade of Stars*, *Broadway Open House* and *54th Street Revue*. CBS sent him to Hollywood to produce *Your Surprise Package* and he rented a house in Beverly Hills, where Harpo Marx was his next-door neighbor. Harpo introduced him to Jack Benny and George Burns. Soon Allan was being invited to Hollywood parties and breaking everybody up with his song parodies. Then Bullets Durgom, the agent, talked Warner Brothers into making an LP of the Sherman satires. In just three weeks, Sherman thought up all the parodies in *My Son, the Folk Singer*.

Despite his new affluence, his only obvious acquisition is a $6,900 Lincoln. "I bought it to prove to myself that I'm a star," he says.

"I've also acquired a heart condition," he adds. "The second week the record was out I started making appearances on deejay shows and being interviewed by reporters. I was in a terrible, crazy, mixed-up whirl. I went for days without sleeping. Then I collapsed. My doctor told me he saw cases like me during the war. Combat fatigue. He put me under sedation for ten days. I wasn't even allowed to answer the telephone."

He then regarded the future. "All I want now," he said, looking like a lunatic gnome, "is to be a big star. It's nice. You sign autographs. You give interviews. People bring you Scotch when you want it—I've even got sycophants. Besides, being a big star pays well.

"I've got one big problem though. I'm not sure if I want to be a movie star, a recording star or a television star. What I'd really like to be is very simple—all of them." THE END

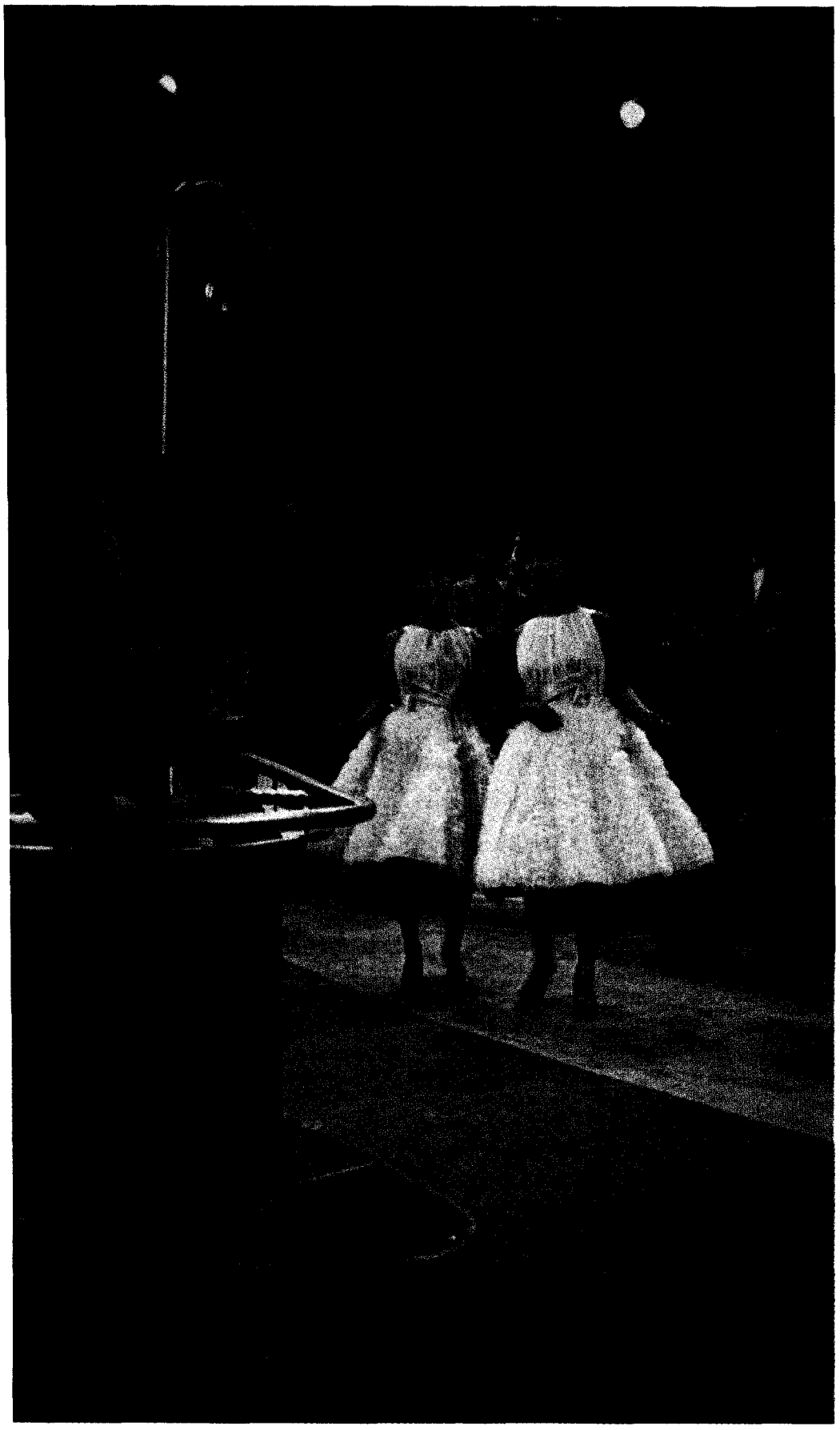


Sherman, threatened by suits because of spoofs, takes to barricades at Los Angeles TV studio.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THIS IS THE NEW JAPAN

A noted critic of "hidden persuaders" tells how advertising is helping to reshape our former enemies. / **By VANCE PACKARD**



On "The Hit Parade," a TV commercial for Nagai stockings features 21-year-old twins called the Peanuts.

Twelve years ago an advertising man might well have rolled his eyes at the seemingly hopeless task of trying to build a great sales market among the Japanese. They were a demoralized, poverty-pinched, class-bound people crowded on land a little smaller than Montana. And their mental outlook made them reject most of the favored U.S. advertising techniques for generating buyers' desire. They would be scandalized if an advertiser showed girls and boys having fun while enjoying his product, for example, or if he said his product was the best.

Japanese advertising agencies have not only faced but conquered such handicaps. In just a decade they have revolutionized both the mental attitudes and the consumption patterns of the Japanese people. With some advertising techniques that are virtually unknown in the western world, such as wandering minstrels and 10-foot balloons with electric signs hanging from them, the admen have helped create a new Japan. They have helped put electric washing machines in half the homes and TV sets in four out of five, more than can be found in any other nation except the United States. They have also helped popularize in Japan products unknown in most of the rest of the world, such as electric rice cookers, electric fish roasters and "rush-hour coats," made of a very thin, slippery material that helps their owners glide easily through jammed commuter trains.

To try to understand the twin mental and economic revolutions taking place in Japan, I looked at them through the eyes of an advertising agency that has played a major role in guiding and giving shape to them. This is Dentsu, the nation's largest agency, which is larger than all but four American agencies. Dentsu originates about a third of all advertising appeals aimed at the Japanese people. Thus it obviously has a very large stake in trying to understand Japanese taboos, aspirations, needs and changing mental states today.

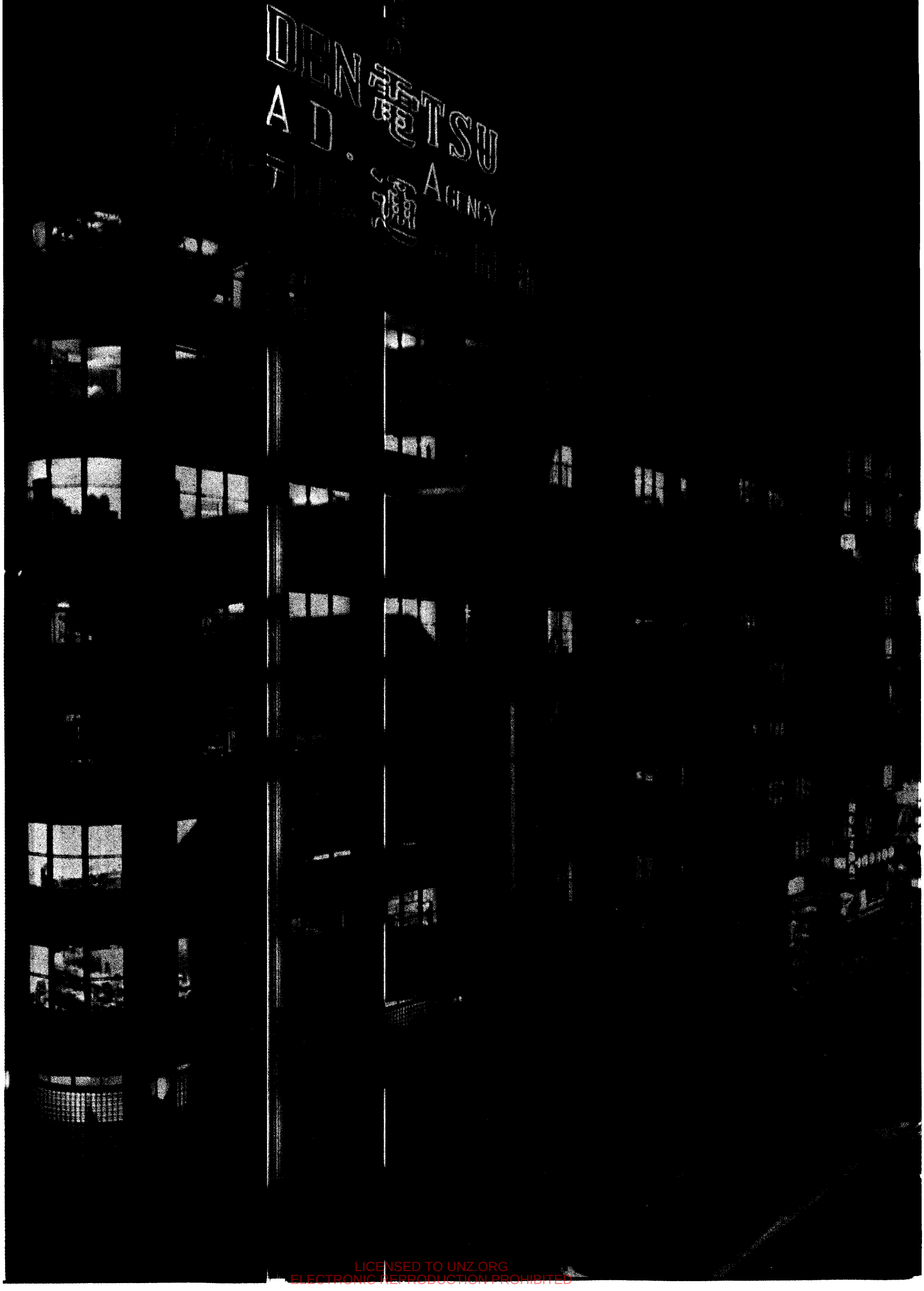
One large difficulty that Dentsu and other marketers faced in the postwar period was that they were dealing with a people who for centuries had been disciplined by their religion and their overlords to make a virtue of the ultra-frugal, ultra-simple life. And they had been taught to curb any personal ambitions.

To complicate matters, Japanese businessmen were by nature the world's worst salesmen, self-effacing and unassertive. They felt that anyone who resorted to advertising at all was a vulgar fellow. And if he made assertive claims for his product he was beneath contempt. Those businessmen who did condescend to advertise preferred to consider the money spent as a donation to their favorite newspaper or magazine, an attitude that still has not entirely disappeared.

The advertising "industry" itself was a pathetic farce by western standards, at least 50 years behind the times. An ad agency's main function was assumed to consist of haggling to get lower rates for its client and entertaining lavishly to curry favor with secretive clients (who didn't want to disclose the merits of their products) and secretive newspaper proprietors (who refused to disclose their true circulations). As a consequence the typical advertisement was likely to consist of the name of the company, its address, the name of its president and a possible listing of some of its products, with perhaps a smokestack thrown in for decoration. • *Text continued on page 34.*

The Dentsu ad agency, world's fifth largest, has seven Tokyo offices—and a Manhattan outpc

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

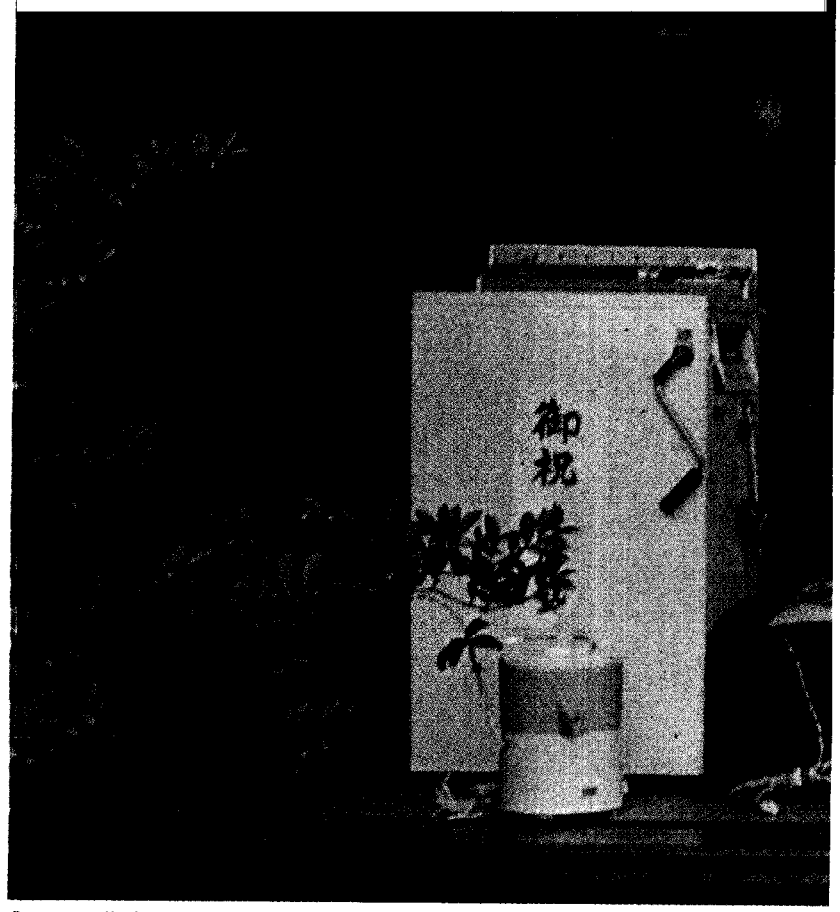


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photographs by John Launois

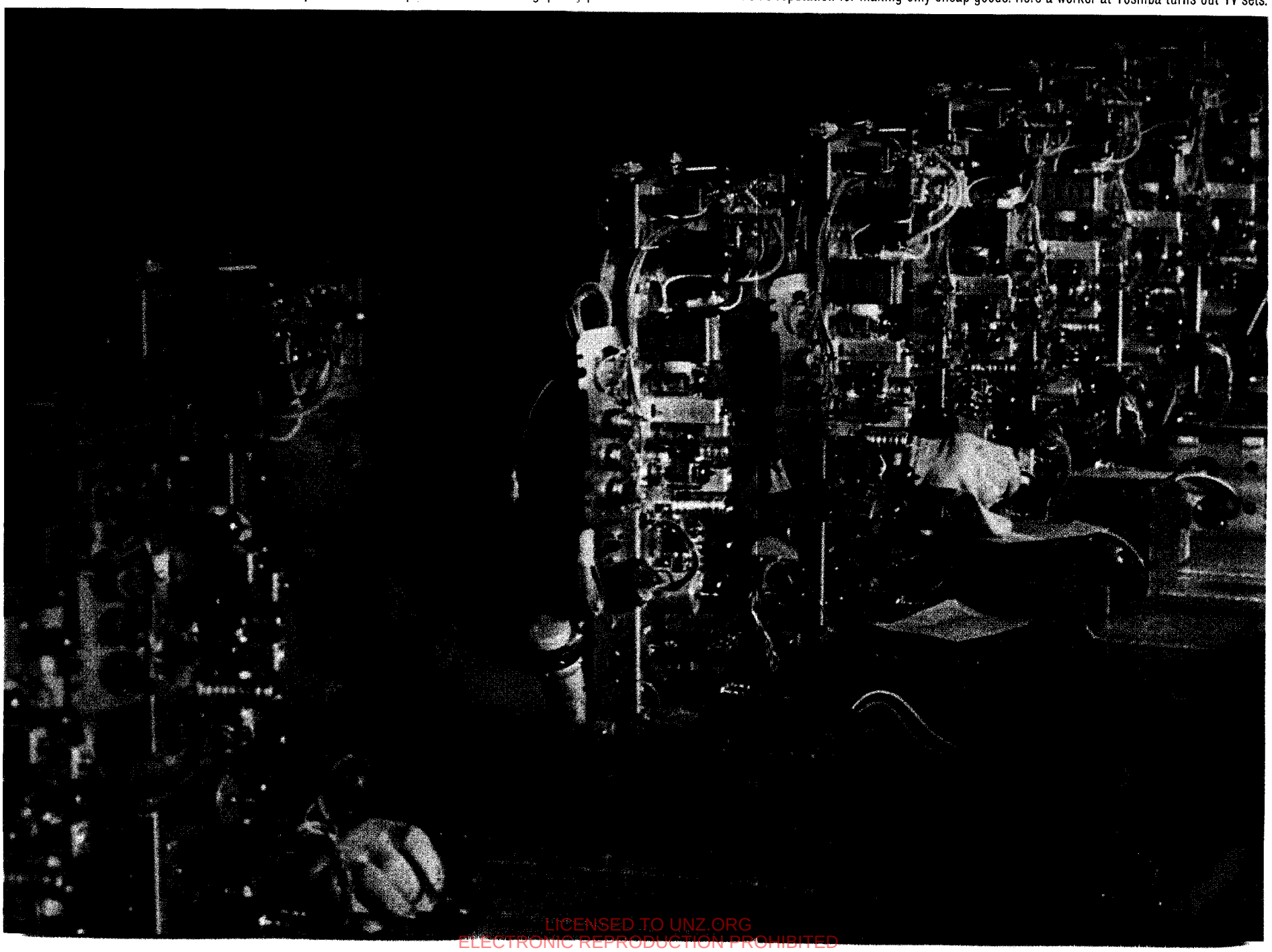
JAPAN

The boom has brought gadgets galore, washing machines to one home out of two, more TV sets than in any nation except the U.S., and monumental traffic jams.

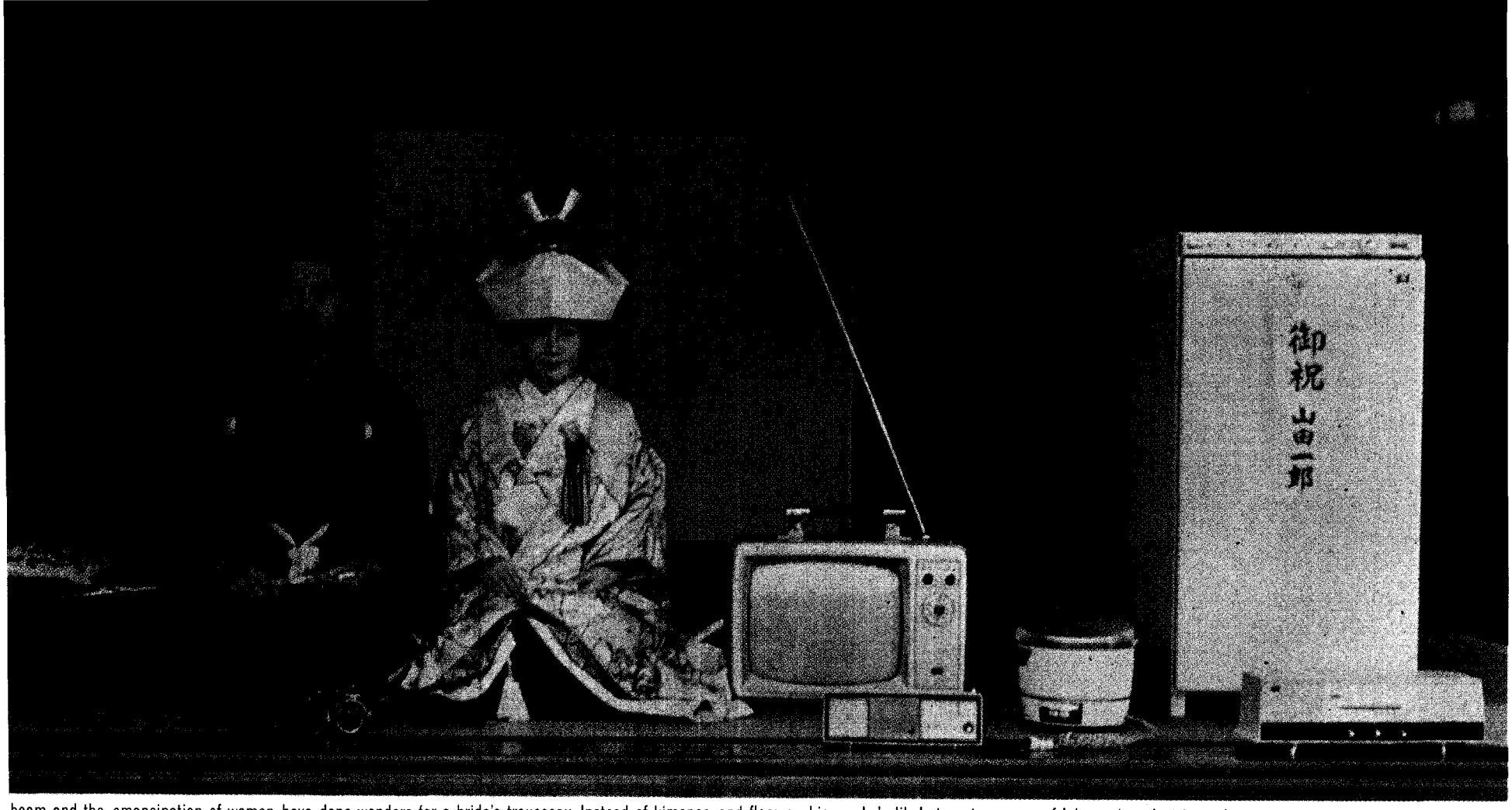


Parents still play some role in arranging about half of Japanese marriages, but the postwar

Japanese now take pride in manufacturing quality products that erase the nation's reputation for making only cheap goods. Here a worker at Toshiba turns out TV sets.



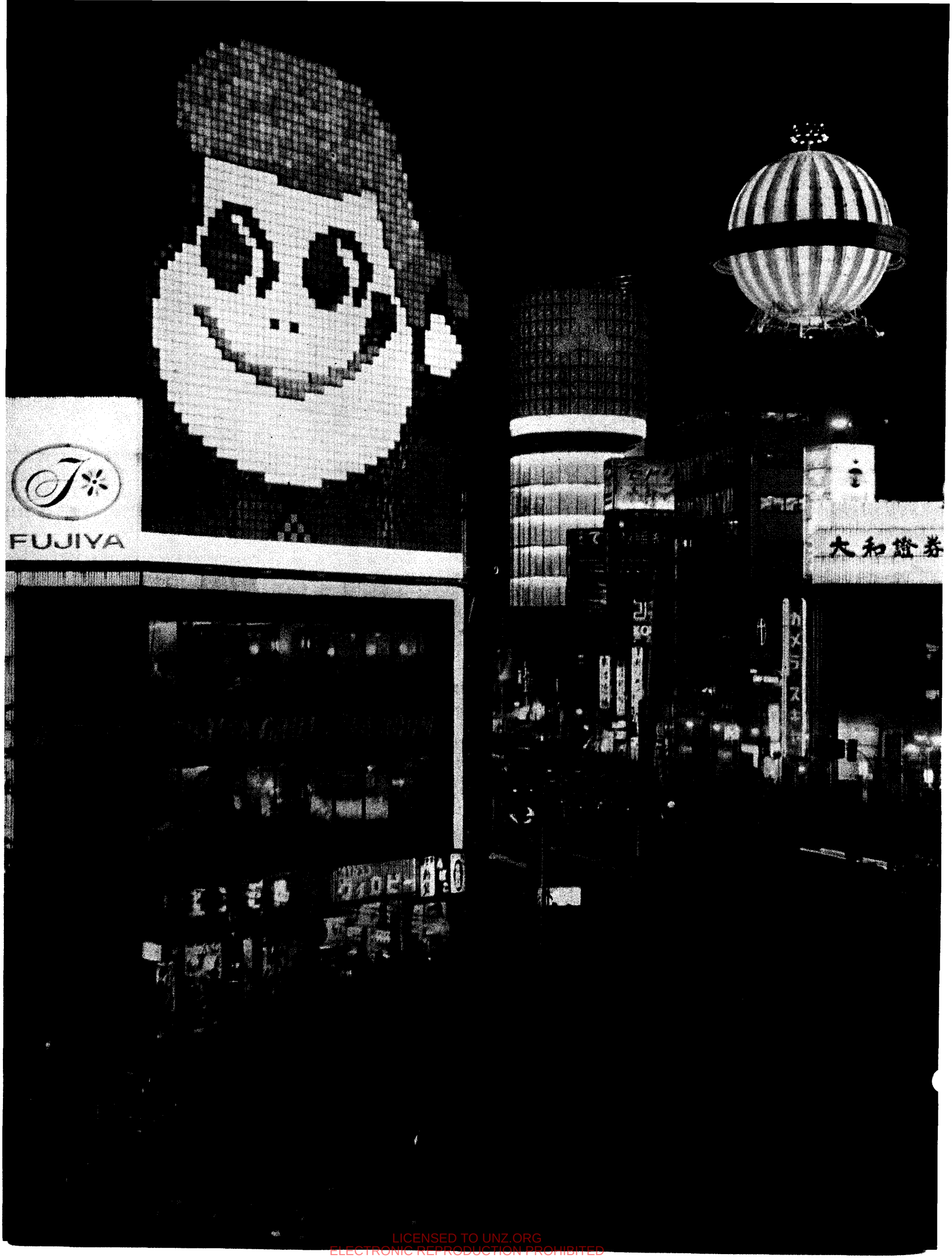
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



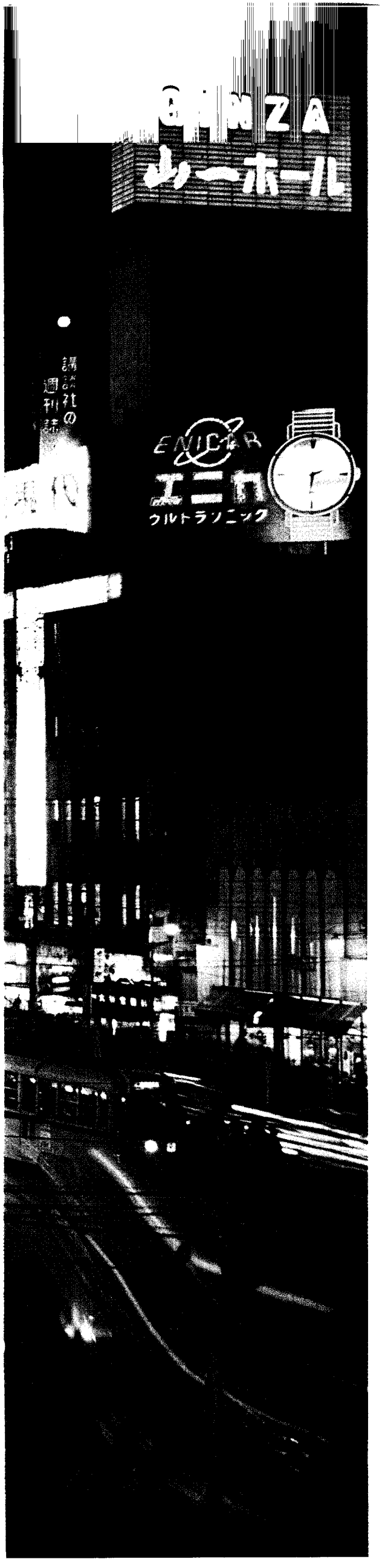
boom and the emancipation of women have done wonders for a bride's trousseau. Instead of kimonos and floor cushions, she's likely to get an array of laborsaving electric appliances.

Japan is so crowded that the coming of the automobile age has produced a record number of accidents and turned the open road into virtually one solid mass of steel and chrome.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



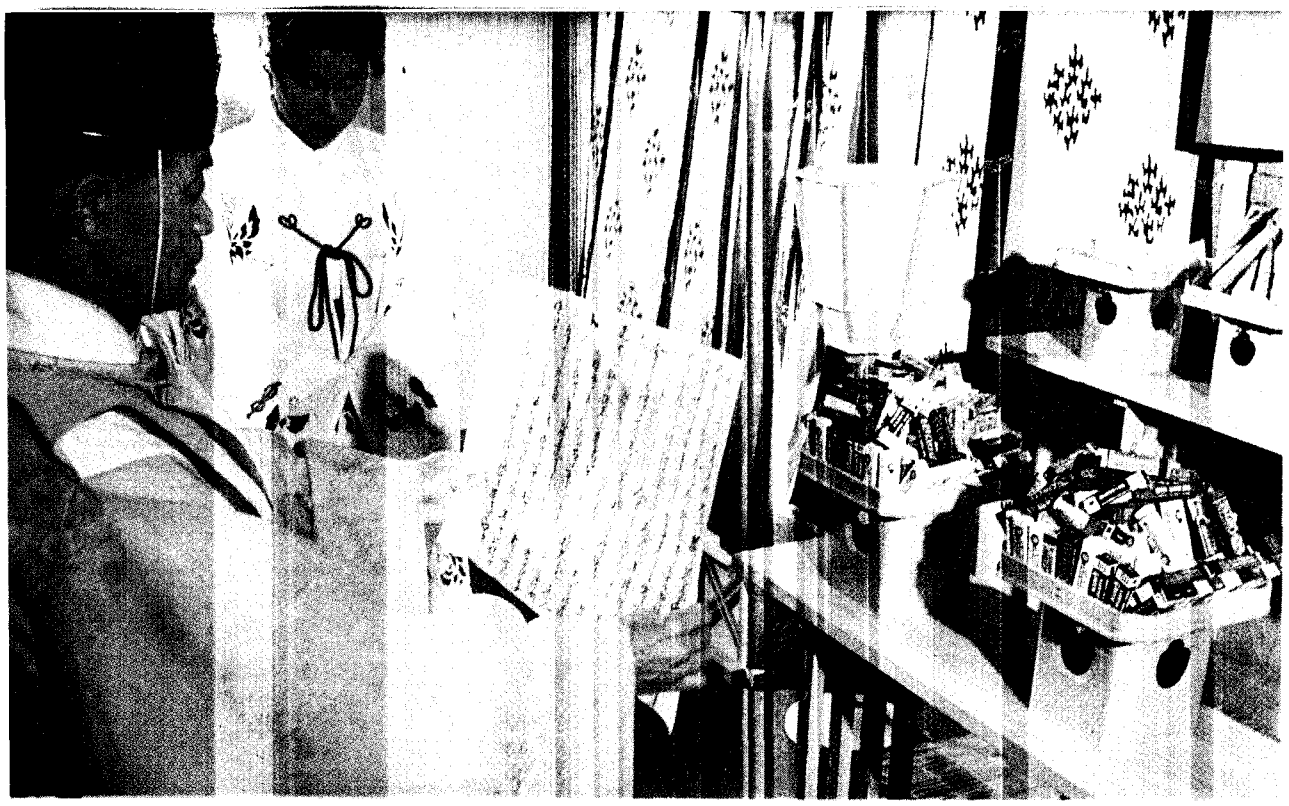
JAPAN

Outdoors the shopper sees
a wonderland of neon ads on Tokyo's Ginza;
indoors the TV occupies the hearth.

Central heating hasn't ended the Japanese tradition of gathering around the kotatsu to warm one's feet—but the TV set now silences the conversation. Advertisers, who were once wary of commercials, now include messages during the show as well as during regular breaks

The shopping center on Tokyo's Ginza has often been called the Broadway of Japan, but some say it's even brighter.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A Shinto priest presents the gods with 42 varieties of gum, including green tea and Manhattan, and offers a prayer for more sales.

JAPAN

Sex, politics and religion all merged into one high-pressure campaign.

A sharper look at the Japanese people, however, could have revealed forces that in a few years have lifted them from poverty to become once again the most prosperous society in Asia. There were, for example, their enormous, ebullient, bursting energy, their proved record of ingenuity, their technical ability. A perceptive observer might also have taken account of the hurt pride of the defeated Japanese. Then there was the powerful American influence, causing a revolution in expectations among the Japanese people. The GIs occupying Japan smuggled canned goods, whiskey, candy bars and nylons to Japanese girls. Not the least of the American influences was the emancipation of Japanese women, who had long been considered little more than chattel. In pushing through the constitution of 1947 General Douglas MacArthur gave women the right to vote, to equal education and to divorces. This gave them a far greater say about what went on around the house, and they began firmly requesting washing machines, prettier clothes and more chance to see the world.

Because of such forces the Japanese economy has been skyrocketing at more than 10 percent a year, the fastest of any industrialized nation. All this prosperity is of special interest to the U.S. because it is based to a large extent upon raw materials purchased from the U.S. In recent years Japan has bought more from us than it has sold to us. After Canada it is our largest foreign customer.

Advertising has helped spur this boom and profited from it. The advertising industry has grown about twice as fast as the general economy; it is now a half-billion-dollar-a-year industry. And the colossus in the task of reshaping Japanese buying tastes is Dentsu. It has thousands of employees, thousands of clients, a Tokyo headquarters that has spread into six annexes. In addition it has 28 branches in Japan and offices in such remote outposts as Manhattan Island, U.S.A. The man who guided Dentsu in its postwar explosion of growth was a tense, hard-driving, reserved man with a mission, Hideo Yoshida, who was sometimes called the father of Japanese advertising. Yoshida brought the business out into the open. He led the way in breaking down the great secrecy about newspaper and magazine circulation figures by helping create the Japan Audit Bureau of Circulation. He was also the prime mover in establishing both commercial radio and television. When he was hospitalized last fall, a few months before his death at 59, he restlessly prayed for Japanese advertising.

Dentsu has taken up—if warily—many Western methods to diagnose what is going on inside the Japanese home and the Japanese mind in this period of transition. What will go and not go with Japanese consumers? What Western habits do the Japanese like and not like? Dentsu has electronic computers to sift information about the 600 families in its consumer panel; it has a Dentsu Videometer to gain clues about what TV shows are being watched; it has a laboratory for testing the impact of various color patterns in neon signs.

What color should eggs be?

In its search for insights Dentsu has also turned tentatively to motivation research, the study of psychological reasons why people buy what they do. It has a staff in residence plus 16 consulting psychologists and a sociologist. Admen have learned, for example, to avoid using the number four, because the same sound in Japanese—"*shi*"—means death. When I was there Dentsu's depth researchers had just completed a massive study, running to 130 pages, on what color in egg yolk appeals most and least to the Japanese. Since colors can be modified by changing a chicken's feed, the subjects of the test inspected five colors. Cream yellow proved to be the favorite, with reddish yellow particularly disliked.

The Dentsu strategists know that some of the most standard American selling tactics won't work with the Japanese. They know, for example, that it is probably useless to show a sports hero or movie star endorsing their client's product. Japanese, as a rule, don't particularly admire individual heroes. They are team players. Mail-order selling is another U.S. standby that does not work in Japan. One reason is that there is little standardization of sizes in such staples as clothing. Further, there is the problem of credit. Some installment selling has begun for expensive items, but only to people who prove they are employees of well-established companies.

The Japanese admen also have learned that high American ratings for television shows do not guarantee popularity in Japan. There is usually no problem with wild-West shows such as *Gunsmoke* or *Bat Masterson*. The Japanese produce their own gory versions of the Western called the "chambara," where the sword-swinging samurai hero takes on about 20 enemies and wins. But family comedies are a trickier matter. The *Ozzie and Harriet* show, enormously popular in America, flopped badly in Japan, quite possibly because Ozzie is a bumbling sort of father figure and mother Harriet always knows best. Such themes do not sit well at all with supersensitive Japanese males. They prefer another American family comedy, *Father Knows Best*.

As to the selling strategies that do work wonders in Japan, apparently the most powerful is to draw upon the glamour associated with the Western world. Younger Japanese have embraced American-style westernization with a zeal that shocks their elders, and even some Westerners. They not only twist, but some even speak Japanese with a foreign flavor. Japanese girls have flocked to clinics that will give them rounded eyes in a 10-minute operation that costs about $28. Another surprise for a Westerner is to walk into the women's department of a Ginza department store, such as Matsuya, and find that most of the fashion mannequins have blond hair.

Japanese merchants often seek to add Western glamour to their ads by throwing in English (or "Japlish") words which are a frequent source of amusement for Westerners (*e.g.*, *kupon* and *ba tenda*). Westerners tell of seeing a dressmaker's sign in Tokyo that read, "Ladies have fits upstairs." Americans, of course, have the same yen for foreign-sounding goods. An official of Dentsu relates that one of its clients, Max Factor, ran tests on the best name to use for a new shade of lipstick. In Japan "Roman Pink" proved to be most attractive. In the U.S., however, the same lipstick fared best as "Oriental Touch."

One puzzle about Japanese consumers is their willingness to spend a month's pay on a high-quality camera or slide projector, or two months' pay on a vacation trip to a high-quality mountain resort. There is, of course, the status appeal, to which Japanese are as prone as Americans. Another explanation is that the Japanese, having

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What could be nicer to look at than a new Pontiac?

(looking at people looking at your new Pontiac.)

Amazing how friendly people get to be when you're driving a '63 Pontiac. Ogles and not-so-gentle hints for rides are the least you can expect. Naturally. Pontiac's a specialist at making people wish they had one. The styling, the affable smoothness, the Wide-Track stability, the little comforts that this car spreads out are enough to make anybody a confirmed Pontiac-wanter. And the kicker is, you don't have to be rolling in money to get into a Pontiac, either—especially a Catalina like the one in our picture. But what are we doing taking up your time, when you want to be on your way to your Pontiac dealer's? WIDE-TRACK PONTIAC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Selling in Japan," said one conservative, "is a humiliating experience."

small living space, must cherish small things or vacations away from cramped quarters. Still another explanation is that the Japanese take a rather passionate pride in quality as a way of wiping out both their reputation for making cheap goods and their memories of defeat. But the main reason in the view of one of Japan's leading psychologists, Prof. Hiroshi Minami, is that many Japanese see such expenditures as a way of proving their individuality. For centuries before 1945 the Japanese were told that the individual was to sacrifice everything for the state. Now, Dr. Minami reasons, the citizen "can spend as much as he can afford in life."

To get an American to "spend as much as he can afford" the advertising man often shows pretty girls. In Japan this is more touchy. The soft-drink ad showing teen-age boys and girls having fun around a phonograph is still distasteful to many Japanese over 35.

This is not to suggest the Japanese are prudish about sex—or nudity, either, for that matter. One of the nation's most popular perfumes is called simply "Kiss Me," and billboards advertise cures for venereal disease. The trouble arises when men and girls are pictured together. Some observers contend that traditionally the major love relationship in Japanese families was likely to be between mother and son. Thus an exceptionally successful TV commercial for shampoo showed an appealing mother and three-year-old son, both apparently naked, joyfully washing and shampooing each other and combing each other's hair.

Until recently husbands and wives rarely appeared in public together. And even today the wife is likely to walk a few steps behind, carrying the bundles. Their marriage was traditionally arranged by their parents, and there is still some degree of family negotiation in at least half of all Japanese marriages. Even where love does bloom, it has always been considered mandatory that the couple hide the fact. Before World War II, love scenes were censored out of imported movies. Since the war, first American and then Japanese movies began conditioning the puzzled public to a certain degree of display of boy-girl emotion. In the late 1940's a Japanese movie set a monumental precedent by showing a boy and girl "kissing" through a windowpane.

Admen have sought to follow the lead of the movies and to urge their nervous clients to show man and girl together. They may, if the client insists, add a small child to the picture to make it appear the man and girl are married. On a drawing board at Dentsu I saw five proposed ads for the Seiko watch company. In each ad there was a man sitting close to a girl. But in four of the possible ads there was a line drawn between boy and girl. And in the fifth they were seated back-to-back. Some ads in recent months have shown more intimacy. A confectionery company had an ad under consideration that depicts a boy and girl embracing while waist-deep in water.

An almost equally difficult challenge for admen has been the national conviction that the ordinary Japanese must be humble, polite, reserved—scarcely the basis for an effective 10-second commercial. Boye De Mente, an American author from Phoenix who speaks Japanese and has become an authority on local business customs, quotes the president of a small company as explaining, "Selling in Japan is a humiliating experience." And he says that the Fuji Bank, the largest commercial bank in the nation, refused to call itself the "biggest" in Japanese-language ads because that would seem boastful. De Mente also said that Coca-Cola found it expedient in addressing Japanese to change the slogan it uses elsewhere. Instead of "Drink Coca-Cola," which would seem ill-mannered in Japanese, it comes out, "Let us drink Coca-Cola."

The major appliance companies of Japan are starting to feel a need for vigorous recruiting of customers, but they have developed indirect, unspoken ways to get their product before the public. Toshiba has opened a string of cooking schools, for example, where women will be exposed to the advantages of its appliances. Matsushita has launched a plan to invite at least a million people a year to its factories. As for the awkward problem of delivering commercial appeals on television and radio, the admen have handled this largely by turning the whole disagreeable business over to women. Businessmen seem to feel less uneasy if they can think of selling as women's work. Girls have the further advantage, from the Japanese viewpoint, of having softer voices and a more deferential manner.

A soft sell for appliances

Japanese advertising, in other words, can succeed only when it fits the Japanese way of life. One good illustration is the way the Japanese furnish—or refuse to furnish—their homes. Virtually every home in Japan is now electrified and many are full of appliances. On the other hand, Japanese have resisted a utility that is in almost every American household, the refrigerator. Only one household in five has one. Depth interviews conducted by Dentsu's investigators indicate that Japanese see the refrigerator quite differently from Americans. Japanese don't consider it a place to store leftovers, for the Japanese wives, in their white aprons, shop for fresh food every afternoon at four o'clock, and they plan so carefully that the possibility of having leftovers never occurs to them. The only value they see in the refrigerator is to keep certain things cool, such as their husbands' beer. Many of them unplug their refrigerators during the winter.

One of the most interesting battles over home furnishings centers on a device unfamiliar to westerners—the *kotatsu*, or foot-warmer. It used to consist of a bed of coals under the main table. The family sat around the table on chilly days and chatted. Blankets hung down to keep the heat focused on their legs. The idea of heating the entire house seemed a shameful waste.

Today the *kotatsu* has been electrified. But the gas industry has sold a great many urban Japanese on the wisdom of heating the whole home. Thus one might assume the *kotatsu* would disappear. But not at all. Dentsu's motivational analysts have concluded that the *kotatsu* symbolizes the old around-the-table family solidarity that still means a great deal to the Japanese. Now, however, a new threat to the *kotatsu* has appeared—the TV set. With a TV going it is difficult to chat around the *kotatsu*. Only time will tell whether the *kotatsu* or the TV set will dominate the living room of the future.

Even though the "Westernizing" of Japan has been selective, there are critics who complain about it, sometimes justifiably. There have been excesses in the rush to commercialize Japan. Only five years ago an official of Dentsu had predicted that the Japanese would never tolerate the interruption of a TV show for commercials. Within a year such interruptions had become commonplace. One reason was that the U.S.-made TV shows usually carried instructions, "Insert commercial here." Now many TV advertisers have added a new kind of selling message in addition to all the interruptions. It is called the "rolling telop," a printed message that floats across the bottom of the screen much as the American public is sometimes notified of momentous news without an interruption of the show. Four such floaters are considered par for a half-hour program. There are other examples of excessive advertising enthusiasm. Airplanes fly over cities and give ads over loudspeakers.

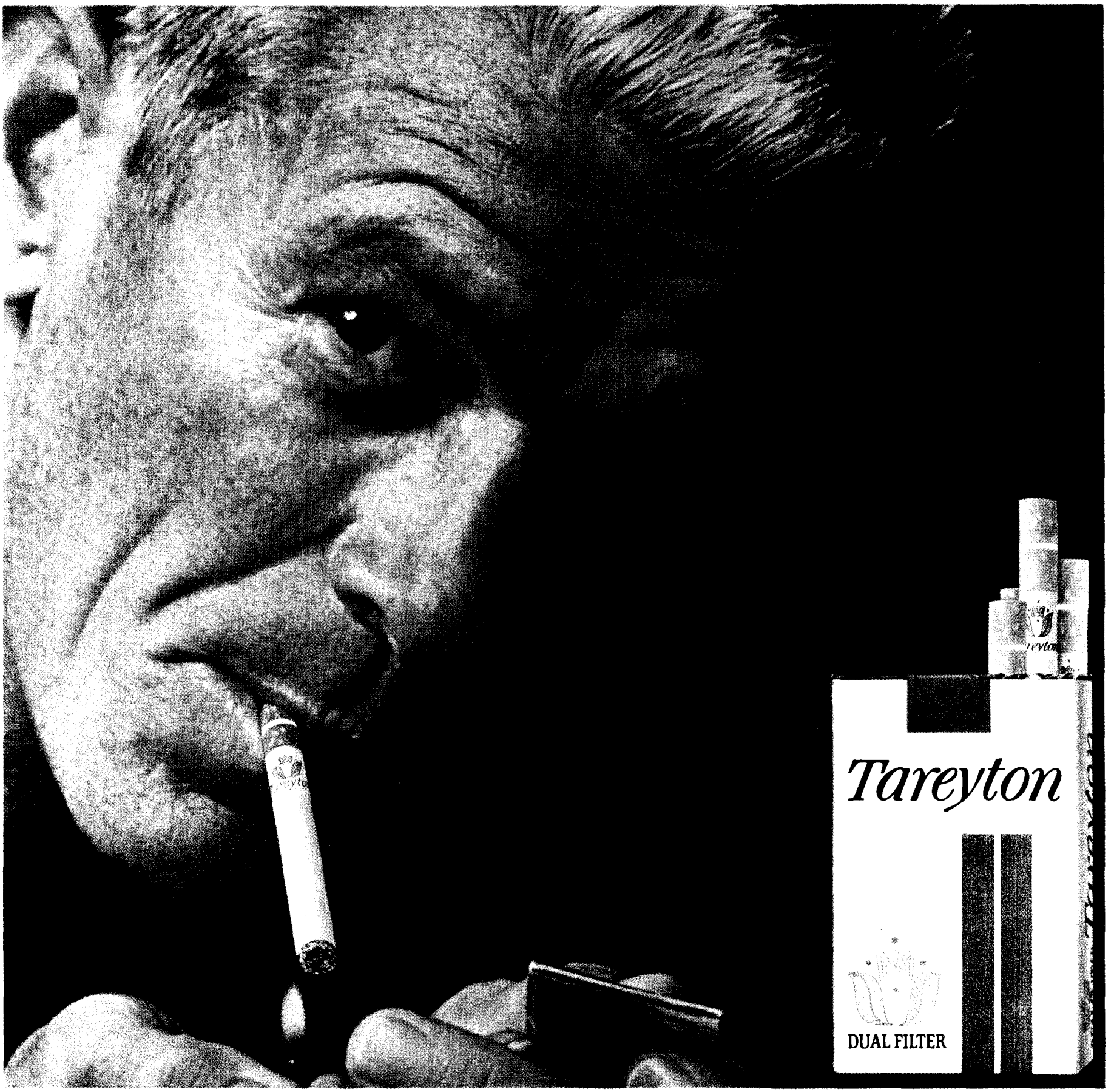
The chewing-gum makers have gone to some of the greatest promotional extremes. Before American GI's came, chewing gum was considered a very vulgar habit. Now 30 million Japanese chew gum, and more than 40 companies turn out about 200 flavors including green tea, whiskey and ginger. One billboard I saw in many parts of Japan shows an extremely seductive girl who seems to be inviting you to curl up on the couch with her. I found she was actually suggesting the pleasures of plum-wine gum. Last December a Let's Chew More Gum Association staged an opening ceremony by about 100 dignitaries of the gum industry, plus such notables as the speaker of the House of Representatives, who called for better chewing-gum etiquette, and a Shinto priest, whose prayer for the association's success included references to the grandeur, delights and health benefits of gum chewing.

A good many Japanese businessmen—perhaps partly in self-interest—have been arguing that the Japanese fascination with Western ways and products "is an undesirable national habit" and should be corrected. There is some feeling that American business methods are based completely on profit and objective efficiency. It struck me as refreshingly novel to hear admen speak of the importance of thinking more about national needs and of investing more in public projects. They also cite the need to provide protection for the consumer.

Some of the lessons of Japanese prosperity are heartening to the rest of us. The Japanese have achieved their success with relatively few resources from their own land, and they have achieved it without the stimulus of defense spending. In all this transformation, advertising has clearly played a major role. To the extent that it has, by reasonable appeals, helped an impoverished people attain those things that are widely assumed to be desirable in modern, well-balanced societies, advertising has been at its best as a social force. And after all, where else can you buy a "rush-hour coat"? THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hungry for flavor? Tareyton's got it!



Flavor you never thought you'd get from any filter cigarette!

You'll never know how satisfying filter smoking can be until you try Tareytons. Fine, flavor-rich tobaccos go into each Tareyton. Then the famous Dual Filter brings out the best taste of these choice tobaccos. Sound too good to be true? Pick up a pack of Tareytons today and see for yourself.

Dual Filter makes the difference

DUAL FILTER Tareyton

Product of The American Tobacco Company — "Tobacco is our middle name" ©A.T.Co.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

headache? take aspirin
TENSION?
take
COMPŌZ®

COMPŌZ IS THE TABLET FOR SIMPLE NERVOUS TENSION

Simple nervous tension can be exhausting.

Tight, taut nerves can stretch your patience to a slender thread . . . grip you in constant irritation. They can affect your family and friends . . . make you feel you can't cope with everyday problems and responsibilities.

How to end this kind of distress? Take COMPŌZ. COMPŌZ does for simple nervous tension what aspirin does for headache . . . and it's just as easy to buy— no prescription is needed! It helps calm you to feel relaxed, to take everyday problems and responsibilities in stride.

No one should suffer with simple nervous tension. And now, with COMPŌZ, *you don't have to.* Get COMPŌZ at your drug store today.

COMPŌZ, A SEDATIVE FOR THE TEMPORARY RELIEF OF SIMPLE NERVOUS TENSION, IS DISTRIBUTED BY JEFFREY MARTIN LABORATORIES, INC., UNION, N. J.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Post is proud to offer a major excerpt from Leon Uris's new novel, Armageddon. This excerpt is taken from the first section of the book, which Doubleday & Co. will publish next fall. The Post will publish additional portions of the novel later this year.

Armageddon

LEON URIS

About the author: When the bombing of Pearl Harbor thrust the United States into World War II, Leon Uris was a teen-age Philadelphia schoolboy. He promptly enlisted in the Marines. Service in the bloody campaigns of Guadalcanal and Tarawa led him to write his first novel, Battle Cry, and the subsequent screenplay. Both were smash hits. Since then, he has established his reputation with three big novels: Exodus, The Angry Hills and Mila 18. As a Marine, Uris never rose higher than private first class. The girl he married, Betty Beck, outranked him; she was a sergeant in the Marines. With their three children, the Urises now make their home in Encino, California.

About the book: Leon Uris writes, "This novel had its inception some years ago, when I was in Athens, preparing a screenplay. The director was shooting a film in Berlin, and he wanted me to meet him there. I refused to go. Remembering what the Nazis had done to the Jews in World War II, I had decided to keep out of Germany. That night I dined in an Athens tavern with a group of Israeli government officials. After the seventh or eighth bottle of ouzo I told them how I felt. Instead of agreeing with me, they urged me to conquer my hostility and make the trip.

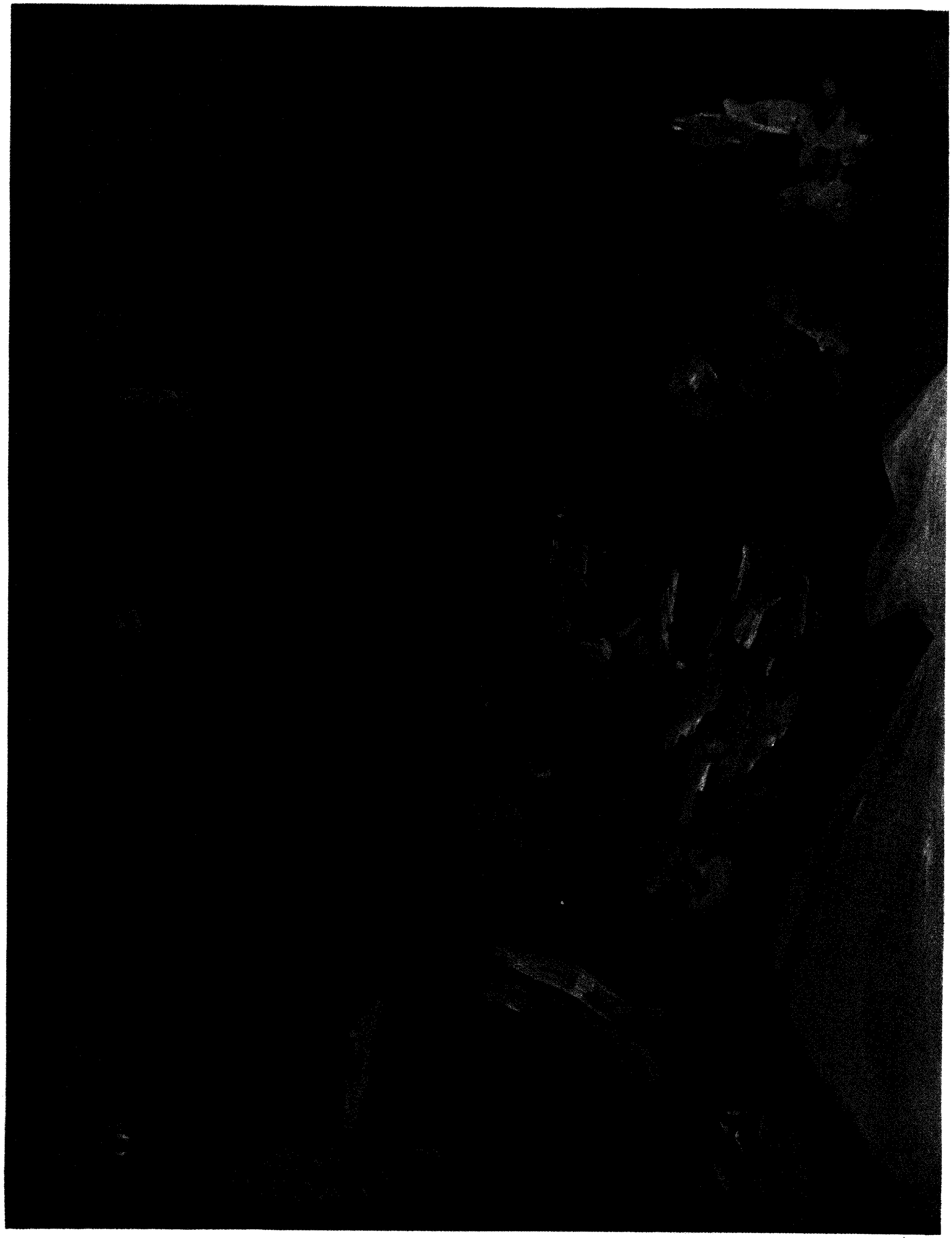
"My writer's curiosity was aroused. Later I traveled the length and breadth of Germany, exploring her cities, interviewing her Nazis and anti-Nazis, digging through her archives, drinking in her beer halls. Research convinced me that Germany was destined to become Armageddon, the site of the battleground in the final struggle between the forces of good and evil.

"Winston Churchill once said that Russia 'is a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma.' But I think the Russians are far less complicated than the Germans.

"Here, in the first part of the novel, we explore questions the world asks of Germany, and Germans ask — or fear to ask — themselves. Was the Nazi era the fault of a few, or had the German people as a whole conditioned themselves toward Nazism over the centuries? Indeed, are they infected with a national sickness? Are there enough 'good' Germans to prevail against another Hitler? What brought a civilized people to the crime of genocide? I do not claim to have all the answers, but I have some interesting clues."

About the illustrator: *During World War II, Feliks Topolski traveled to the major battlefields as official artist for the British Empire. His portrayals of action were charged with such artistic insight that critics put his work alongside Daumier's and Hogarth's. Famous, too, are Topolski's portraits, among them Pablo Picasso, Winston Churchill, and his long-time friend, the late George Bernard Shaw. His greatest work, perhaps, is a 100-foot mural depicting the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth, recently installed in Buckingham Palace. Topolski, a British subject, lives in London with his wife and their two children.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Armageddon

by LEON URIS

Illustrated by FELIKS TOPOLSKI

It had been raining all day, and now the light was failing. They were on a country road in Germany, Maj. Sean O'Sullivan driving No. 2 in the convoy of jeeps, command cars and trucks making up Pilot Team, G-5. Sean always took the second jeep—behind Maurice Duquesne, because the Frenchman drove like a maniac. No one dared drive with Duquesne on his tail.

Sean hunched close to the streaming windshield, watching the forest on either side, gripping the wheel tightly. The road was paved with cobblestones, rain-slick and jarring.

Geoffrey Grimwood, the English doctor, sat beside him, grumbling every time the jeep hit a bump. In the back seat Sean's orderly, Private O'Toole, was being crushed by the weight of Lt. Shenandoah Blessing. The massive ex-sheriff was asleep, his head on O'Toole's shoulder. *He can sleep anywhere*, Sean thought, *through the Siegfried Line, across the Rhine, anywhere.*

A roadblock loomed ahead. The convoy drew to a halt before an American corporal armed with a submachine gun. Sean drove around the lead jeep, braked, and got out.

"I'm Major O'Sullivan," he said. "This the way to Rombaden?"

"Gimme the password."

"Wishing Well," Sean said, using the pair of *W*'s designed to twist German tongues.

"Glenn Miller," said the guard.

"Moonlight Serenade," Sean answered.

"Hit me again."

"Tuxedo Junction, Little Brown Jug."

Silly game, Doctor Grimwood thought. *The Americans go to ridiculous extremes to identify each other.*

"What outfit is this?" the guard asked.

"Military Government," Sean replied. "We'll take over the city of Rombaden."

The corporal grinned. "We ain't captured Rombaden yet. This is the end of the line." He pointed to a farmhouse up ahead. "That there's regimental headquarters."

Sean turned away and shouted to his men. "All right! Pull the convoy over! Put on a guard! Set up a bivouac!"

He walked up the road to the farmhouse, followed by his watchdog O'Toole, and found a colonel named Dundee. The colonel had a stomach ulcer. He welcomed Sean grumpily. "You guys from Military Government are always up my back."

"Matter of fact, colonel, we've been waiting to get to Rombaden for almost a year."

"Ever drink this junk? Steinhager."

Sean accepted the bottle, took a belt, passed it to O'Toole.

Dundee brought him up to date. He had sent a patrol into Rombaden and it had been clobbered. He drew back, dug in and brought up Long Toms and tanks. They were now getting into position in the forest. Heavy mortars were pushed up forward to reach the suburbs. Colonel Dundee meant to hit Rombaden throughout the night with everything he had. In the morning a hundred air sorties were promised. Dundee looked at Sean as though he were about to impart a monumental secret.

"O'Sullivan," he said, "I'm going to cross the Danube tonight, two miles downstream."

"Got a bridge?"

"Hell, no! We're going over in rubber boats."

Dundee reckoned he could shuttle a battalion of men across the river under cover of darkness. Morning would find Rombaden cut off. Furthermore, he could move part of his men to the Schwabenwald Concentration Camp to engage the *Waffen* SS.

Sean returned to the bivouac to check his Pilot Team. Blessing's MP's had already rounded up enough local livestock and three-in-one ration for a decent meal. Shelter halves had been set. The older men, Tidings, Trueblood, Collier and Duquesne, would sleep in the covered trucks. Dr. Geoffrey Grimwood qualified by age, but his long military service made him proudly refuse. He shared the ground.

Sean went to the edge of the forest. There were only waterlogged shadows ahead. No Danube River was to be seen. Gray on gray. Rombaden was out there, somewhere. The colors of the earth had turned sallow. Muck and mud lived and bred with the infantry.

By nightfall the rain had stopped. In the forest bivouac the wind blew endless sheets of water out of the trees, keeping everyone in a state of soggy discomfort. But by now an infantry-type weariness had overcome the men of Pilot Team, G-5. Except for the commander, they slept. Sean leaned against a tree at the edge of the forest. O'Toole hovered a few yards away, hands on his carbine, alert for intruders.

Sean thought of his dead brothers. *Tim . . . Liam . . . the Germans killed you. Well, I have seen the Germans now. I saw them herded by the acre, dull-eyed and beaten, hands over their heads. I saw them slurp water from our canteens with trembling hands and dive for our cigarette butts. Too weary to feel the disgrace of capture.*

© 1963 by Leon Uris

Three German officers under a truce flag came out of Rombaden and approached the observation post.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WAR HAD COME

CRUELLY TO ROMBADEN.

FRIEDRICHSTRASSE

WAS CHOKED

WITH RUINS. IT WAS

A STREET OF THE DEAD.

The Long Toms and the tanks' cannons spewed flame. Up forward the heavy mortars hissed, and the red tracers of machine-gun bullets darted toward Rombaden.

A sudden tower of fire in the city revealed the outline of large buildings. Sean watched until the flames subsided.

All his thoughts began to run together . . . the landing in Southern France . . . the battle up the Rhone Valley . . . the breaking of the Siegfried Line . . . the crossing of the Rhine . . . the fields of prisoners. . .

And now, April 20, 1945, Rombaden lay out there. . . .

Capt. Maurice Duquesne came up and watched the bombardment in rapt fascination. He passed a bottle of cognac to Sean, who sipped and passed it back.

"Maurice," he said, "do you honestly believe in our plans for governing occupied Germany?"

The Frenchman shrugged. "General de Gaulle ordered me into military government because of my experience as a city official."

"You didn't answer my question."

"You and I have become friends," the Frenchman said. "I do not hold you responsible because Americans are naïve."

"Naïve?"

"Take the Englishman, Sean. Take Grimwood. He knows how to rule. He knows how to conquer. And we French . . . we have our little experiences also. But the Americans don't know how to conquer or occupy. You fight your wars for idealistic slogans and go back to a place which has never wept in its own ashes."

"Are ideals so wrong?"

"Impractical. Do you really think you can learn about Germany by studying documents? When you Americans leave, Germany will be here and France will be here. We have lived with the German and tasted his whip, and he has tasted ours. We have mingled sweat with the German women, and they with French women. That is the way you must get to know people."

"But your way hasn't worked, Maurice. All of your infinite knowledge has produced nothing but centuries of blood and sorrow."

"Sean! You think you can change the nature of the German?"

"I have to."

"I am a cynic by experience—you are a fool by the lack of it."

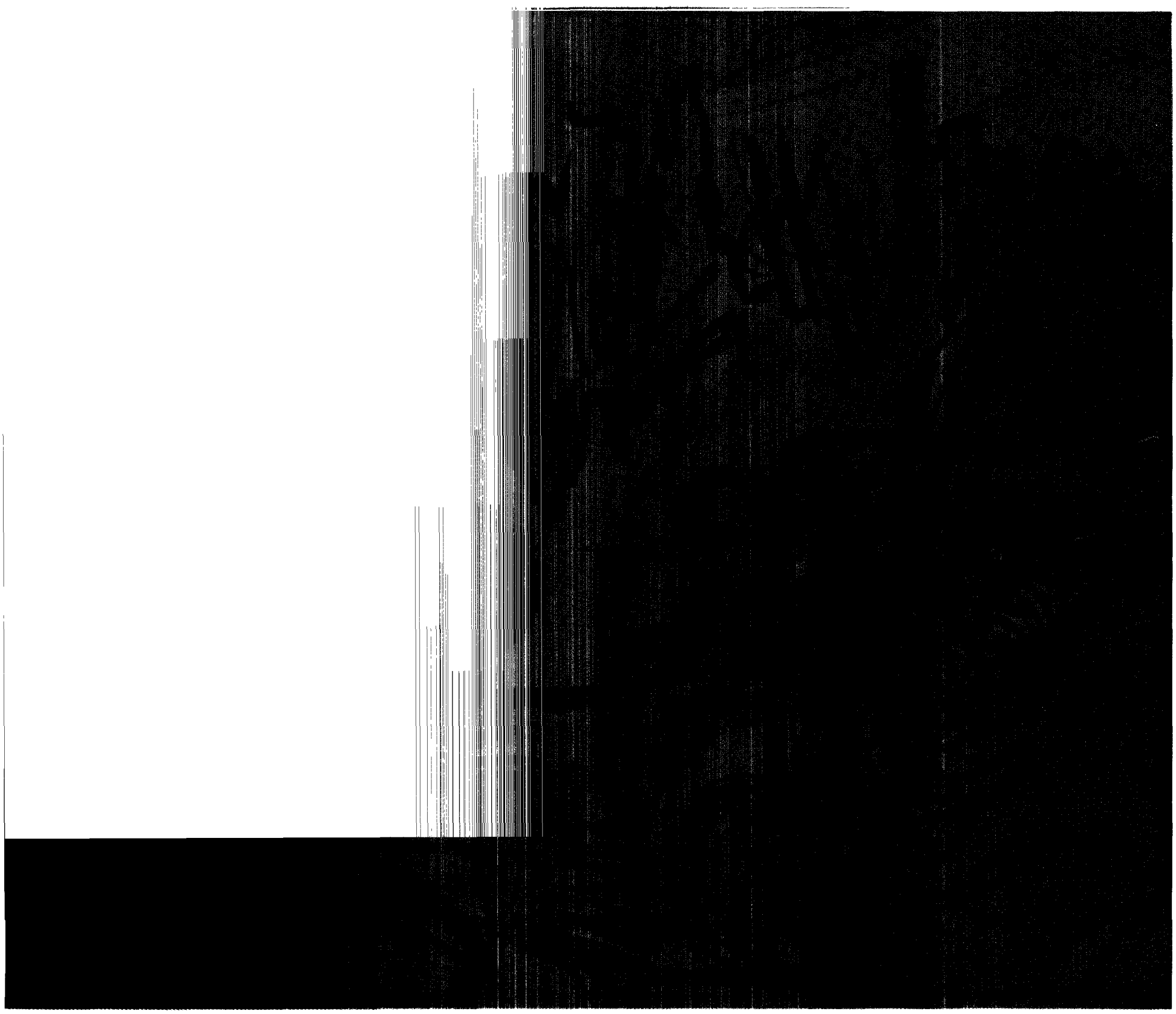
O'Toole hurried up to them excitedly. "They've crossed the Danube!"

"Well then," Duquesne said, "let us get some sleep. Rombaden faces an enlightened conqueror tomorrow."

Dawn came with that feeling of crispness that gives a new life to the wet misery of soldiering. There was good news. During the night a battalion of infantry had crossed the Danube in rubber boats. They held the south bank.

The day was clear. At last they saw it. Rombaden! The ribbon of water

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A queer silence slowed them as they moved through the suburbs. Little fires sprouted here and there . . . roofs with holes in them . . . broken window fronts.

sweeping into the big bend and the cluster of red tiled roofs and the great tower of Marienkirche. Fighter planes flying at housetop level bolted new fury into the smoking ruins.

At 7:22 the firing suddenly stopped. Sean rushed to regimental headquarters. Colonel Dundee was on the phone to his forward positions. Three German officers under a truce flag had come out of Rombaden and were approaching the observation post.

Sean did not wait for the formal surrender ceremony. His convoy came out of the forest ahead of the lumbering tanks and the infantry.

Rombaden took form and shape.

And then a queer silence slowed them down as they touched the suburbs. Little fires sprouted here and there. There was a distant drone of aircraft looking for targets farther south. They drove past the first little cottages. Workers' quarters on the north end. Boxes of flowers in the windows. Roofs with holes in them. Chunks of plaster gouged out by bullets. Signs in gothic. BAKER . . . HOFFYMEYER'S BIERSTUBE . . . APOTHEKE . . . broken window fronts. Now, a house blown into the street by a direct hit.

Sean turned the convoy into the boulevard that led through Rombaden to the City Hall Square. Friedrichstrasse. It was a street of the dead. Thousands of white flags, hanging limp, offered surrender to the victors. The three-story buildings lining the Friedrichstrasse were in wreckage. War had come cruelly to the boulevard. Enormous piles of waste, charred and smoldering skeletons of buildings whose walls stood by some unknown determination. All of the windows were gone, and most of the roofs. The trolley-car tracks were snaked out of shape and useless. Power poles had been snapped off, trees uprooted. At an intersection a dead horse lay in a pool of blood.

The convoy slowed to a crawl.

The men of the Pilot Team stared up at the broken windows, knowing that thousands of unseen eyes were on them. Only a fluttering curtain, a darting shadow, told of life behind the ruins.

The intersection where Friedrichstrasse met City Hall Square was closed by a pile of brick and twisted steel ten feet high. Sean halted the convoy. His men followed as he climbed the mound of bricks to look at the square.

The buildings were pocked with shell holes. The Marienkirche had been hit, but the tower with its magnificent onion dome still stood. The half-mile-long row of buildings, the medical college, the theater, the hospital, were all shakily intact. The statue of Hinterseer, the poet of Rombaden, was headless on its pedestal.

They split up, flinging doors open, moving to places chosen so many months ago, when they had been in London, planning the take-over. Sean ran for the city hall across the square, with Lt. Dante Arosa and Private O'Toole puffing behind him.

The door had been blown off its hinges. The marble foyer was filled with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

statues of the Von Romstein family. Sean's people moved in behind him up the spiral stairs, shoving open the office doors.

The corner office on the second floor bore the name of the mayor, Baron Sigmund Von Romstein. Sean entered. On one side the windows looked down on the City Hall Square; on the other was a view to the Danube and the country beyond. There were puffs of smoke and tracer-bullet streaks across the river in the District of Romstein. Dundee's battalion had engaged the enemy—perhaps the *Waffen* SS from the Schwabenwald Concentration Camp.

The scene on the square was changing rapidly. A tank punched through . . . now two . . . three. Soldiers began swarming in. The engineers moved to the waterfront. Both bridges were useless. A pontoon bridge was started so that tanks and artillery could cross to join the battle in Romstein District.

There was an ominous, grinding sound as the gears of the ancient bell clock in the cathedral tower wound up to toll the hour. It bonged nine times with earth-shaking solemnity.

"Major," O'Toole said, "there's a kraut officer outside."

"Send him in."

Sean walked deliberately to the desk of the mayor and sat behind it. The German entered, stood ramrod straight before the desk and bowed slightly. He wore a clean, well-tailored uniform in strange contrast to O'Sullivan's dirty fatigues.

He was the senior *Wehrmacht* officer, he said. Did the American major plan to hold a surrender ceremony? Sean stood

Blessing confronted the drunk. Was this the famed German leader?

and turned his back to the German. "O'Toole, take this man to Lieutenant Blessing. Tell Blessing this officer is to round up his troops, bring them to the Square and stack their arms."

The German began to protest. This was no way to treat an honorable enemy commander!

"Get out," Sean said.

Soon German soldiers began straggling into the square. A half dozen tanks and a company of Dundee's infantry formed a picket around them. The pile of arms grew higher. By noon the square held several thousand prisoners of war. Some of them were boys in their early teens. Others were old men. These were the People's Army, the last-ditch home defense.

The German officers stood in a group away from their men, as though the soldiers were contaminated.

And then, curious civilians began to emerge from shattered buildings, moving with utter caution. They walked close to the building line, keeping away from the bag of prisoners.

"It is over."

"It is over."

They milled about and gawked in punch-drunk confusion. Some wept.

"It is over."

By late afternoon Blessing's MP's had hauled in a dozen civic officials. But no one from the ruling family, neither Count Ludwig Von Romstein nor Baron Sigmund Von Romstein—nor their younger brother Kurt—had been found.

The square was filling with a mob of frightened and glassy-eyed people. Sean O'Sullivan came downstairs and faced them. He ordered the flags of the United States, Britain, France and the Soviet Union hoisted above the building. And he had his first order posted.

PROCLAMATION #1: APRIL 21, 1945

ATTENTION! CITIZENS OF ROMBADEN!

THIS CITY HAS UNCONDITIONALLY SURRENDERED TO ALLIED FORCES.

HEADQUARTERS OF ALLIED FORCES MILITARY GOVERNMENT IS HEREBY DESIGNATED AS CITY HALL.

NO FURTHER RESISTANCE WILL BE TOLERATED.

YOU ARE UNDER THE SUPREME COMMAND OF THE ALLIED REPRESENTATIVE.

THE POLICE FORCE IS HEREBY DISBANDED.

ALL MEMBERS OF THE GERMAN ARMED FORCES WILL SURRENDER WITH THEIR FIREARMS IMMEDIATELY IN THE CITY HALL SQUARE.

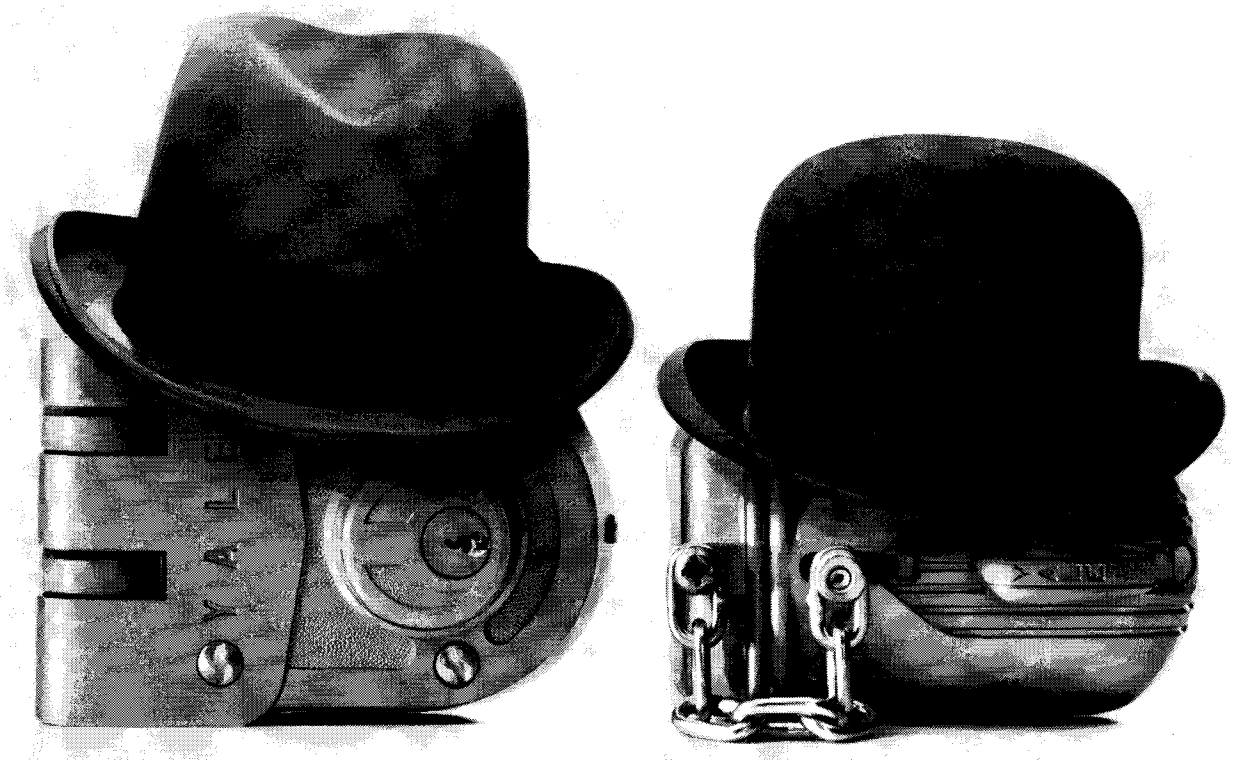
ALL MOTOR VEHICLES AND PETROL, ALL WAREHOUSES AND STORES ARE HEREBY CONFISCATED.

ALL GERMAN CIVIL LAW IS SUSPENDED.

ALL NEWSPAPERS, THEATERS, CINEMAS, RADIO STATIONS AND OTHER COMMUNICATION MEDIA WILL SUSPEND OPERATIONS IMMEDIATELY. ALL GERMAN COURTS, SCHOOLS AND BANKS ARE HEREBY CLOSED.

ROMBADEN IS UNDER CURFEW FROM 1900 TO 0600 DAILY. VIOLATORS OF THIS ORDER WILL BE SHOT ON SIGHT.

THE ROMBADEN MAYOR, DISTRICT MAYORS, SANITATION OFFICER, MEDICAL OFFICER, POLICE CHIEF, CITY ENGINEER AND IMMEDIATE SUBORDINATES WILL REPORT AT ONCE TO ALLIED HEADQUARTERS.



The Unpickables

The Yale Double Cylinder Deadlock. Most burglar-proof lock you can buy! Locks with a key from the inside as well as the outside! Pin tumbler mechanism won't be outwitted by improper keys. One-way screws can't be removed from door by tampering. So secure, many insurance companies recommend it! Rugged enough to last the life of your door. Only Yale makes it. Ask your hardware dealer for demonstration. He's a "Yale Security Center" for all Yale home security devices.

YALE®
THE FINEST NAME IN LOCKS AND HARDWARE
YALE & TOWNE

The Yale Night Latch With Chain Guard. Wives, attention! You can lock this lock, put on the chain guard, and go to bed (even when your husband is working late). His key flips the chain guard from the outside and automatically opens the lock! Clever? Leave it to Yale! (You can also reverse the chain so it can only be opened from the inside.) Genuine Yale pin tumbler security, of course. Easy installation. Moderately priced. A very practical gift idea. Tell the other girls.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ALL OTHER CIVILIANS ARE HEREBY ORDERED TO RETURN TO THEIR HOMES.

By order of:

SEAN O'SULLIVAN, *Major, U. S. Army, Military Governor, Rombaden/Romstein*

Sean stepped back a pace to read the poster, remembering how he had sweated to get the text just right. *Final draft by Captain O'Sullivan . . . Amended by Brig. Gen. A. J. Hansen . . . Approved. . . .*

That had been sixteen months ago, long before D day, when they were in London hammering out the plans for occupying and governing a defeated Germany. A gray Monday in the first week of January, 1944. . . .

Captain O'Sullivan awoke that day hearing the bombers droning overhead on their way to Berlin and wondering if his brother Tim was flying escort. Breakfast was a cup of hot, bitter coffee. He was on the curb waiting when Second Lt. Dante Arosa came in the jeep.

"Brace yourself," Dante said. "The general's going to chew you out."

"What do you know that I don't?"

"As usual, plenty."

Sean was indulgent. Dante was his own age, twenty-eight, but he lacked experience. It showed in his boyish manner. Dante Arosa had gone from a truck farm in the Napa Valley to the University of San Francisco to a brilliant law career. There was little doubt of Dante Arosa's ability as a counter-intelligence officer on duty, or his juvenile behavior off duty.

As the jeep ran alongside the Kensington Gardens the traffic thickened. Everything was different about London these days—everything but the weather. The long harrowing nights in the bomb shelters were over. People were looking toward the end of the war, and it was evident in everyone's voice and step.

Dante Arosa cut the jeep abruptly in the middle of the block, and turned toward a spike fence that blocked a dead-end street named Queen Mother's Gate. The sign on the gatepost read: SPECIAL MISSION, MILITARY GOVERNMENT, UNITED STATES ARMY.

They signed in, were passed through the locked portal to the inner core of quiet bustle. A second security desk, manned by a sergeant, blocked the hall.

"Morning," Sean said, leaning over to sign the register.

"Morning, Captain O'Sullivan. General Hansen wants you in his office at ten hundred. And frankly, sir . . . he has the storm flag up."

Brig. Gen. Andrew Jackson Hansen was short, hefty, and had a few sprigs of gray hair; with a pillow under his jacket he could have been a kindly Kris Kringle. This bubble of gentleness was indeed deceptive, for in an instant a stream of oaths could shrivel his opponents.

He was drumming his stubby fingers on the desk top when Sean was shown in.

"Sit down, O'Sullivan."

Hansen picked up a document Sean recognized as his own—a study he had completed the day before. TOP SECRET. PREROGATIVES OF MILITARY GOVERNMENT COMMANDERS IN GERMANY.

"This report was two weeks late."

"Lot more involved than I figured."

? The report?" Hansen thumbed
he pages, playing for fifteen
f tension-building silence.
t a real rod on against the

al will be specific."
will be specific," he
his glasses for reading.

"This here choice morsel is on page fourteen, paragraph sixty-two. I quote Captain Sean O'Sullivan. 'If the orders of the local military commander are not obeyed by the civilian population, the commander is empowered to seize hostages and execute them at his discretion until his will is enforced.'"

Hansen closed the report and snatched off his glasses. "That's a hell of a thing for an American boy to write."

"I didn't know our function is to spread Americanism in Germany."

"Nor is it to continue Naziism. Now by hostages, Captain O'Sullivan, I take it you mean to discriminate between Nazis and non-Nazis."

"If the general will tell me if the bullet that killed my brother Liam came from a Nazi rifle or a non-Nazi rifle."

"So in judging all Germans as being the same, you mean to take hostages who might be two or three years old."

Sean balked. "Well . . . perhaps we should limit hostages to Nazis."

"There are fifteen million Nazis in Germany," Hansen pressed.

"We'll have room for them when we open their concentration camps!"

"First we've got to invade Europe. Now I want the explanation of this hostage paragraph."

Sean unclenched his fists and sank into his seat. Hansen meant business. "In my following comment I said we'd never have to use hostages, because Germans will obey whoever represents authority. Quote Churchill: 'The Germans are at your throat or your feet.' They'll be at our feet when we finish with them."

"Then why put this hostage thing in?"

"Because the Germans have their own little special missions sitting in Berlin writing their version of the same manual. You know their versions? 'All Germans, get under American protection at all costs, where kindly GI's will supply you with cigarettes, chocolate and short memories.' We have to put that hostage rule into the record just to let them know it's there."

Hansen opened the bottom drawer of his desk. His stubby fingers produced a bottle of rye whiskey and a pair of glasses. He poured two oversized drinks and shoved one of them to Sean.

"These people are sick. They have to be healed. Becoming Nazis ourselves isn't the way to do it."

"What are we going to do with them?"

"Know the facts and believe in your country. Our war begins when the shooting stops. Our bullets are ideas. . . . Your folks are immigrants, aren't they?"

Sean nodded.

"So are mine. My father, God rest his soul, came over by steerage after the Civil War and walked from New York to Iowa in the dead of winter." The general took a swallow of whiskey and allowed himself a moment of nostalgia. "Black Hawk County, Iowa. We homesteaded a section of land. At Thanksgiving my father's eyes filled with tears when he said, 'God bless America.'"

The tension between them was easing. Sean thought of his own father and smiled at the memory.

"My parents were immigrants too. Dad used to hold down two jobs—longshoreman by day, watchman by night, cable-car driver by day, janitor at night, hod carrier, ditchdigger. He always said he didn't come from the old country to raise three Irish cops for the San Francisco force. He wanted to put his three sons through college."

"He must be a remarkable man."

Allen-Bradley Bulletin 709 Series K starters
Same Simple Design
Sizes 0 to 5
A-B
Bulletin 709 Series K, Size 2 starter —rated 15 hp, 220 v; 25 hp, 440-550 v —one of a full line of new Series K full voltage, reversing, combination, and multi-speed motor starters.
1 TAKE
Starter Die Cast Mounting
2 ADD
Movable Contact Assembly
3 ADD
Pressure Molded Coil with Yoke
4 ADD
Molded Coil Cover
5 ADD
Hot Molded Arc Hood Cover
6 and, presto!
The Completely Assembled Series K Starter

■ All Bulletin 709 Series K starters are alike in design—know one and you are intimately acquainted with the entire line, which includes reversing starters, combination starters, multi-speed starters, etc. This fact automatically cuts installation time. All screws are held captive—they cannot fall out and get lost. The wire connections to the coil are so arranged, that it is impossible to connect the coil incorrectly. With every removable unit so keyed that it cannot be fitted into place in any other than the "right way", even the most careless electrician cannot "louse up" the installation of a Series K starter.

All Series K starters have only one moving part—an automatic guarantee of millions of trouble free starter operations. With each starter consisting of only 5 basic unit assemblies, there's actually nothing that can go wrong. Note the wide use of moldings throughout the new Series K starter which makes it ideal for use in installations where atmospheric conditions are extremely bad.

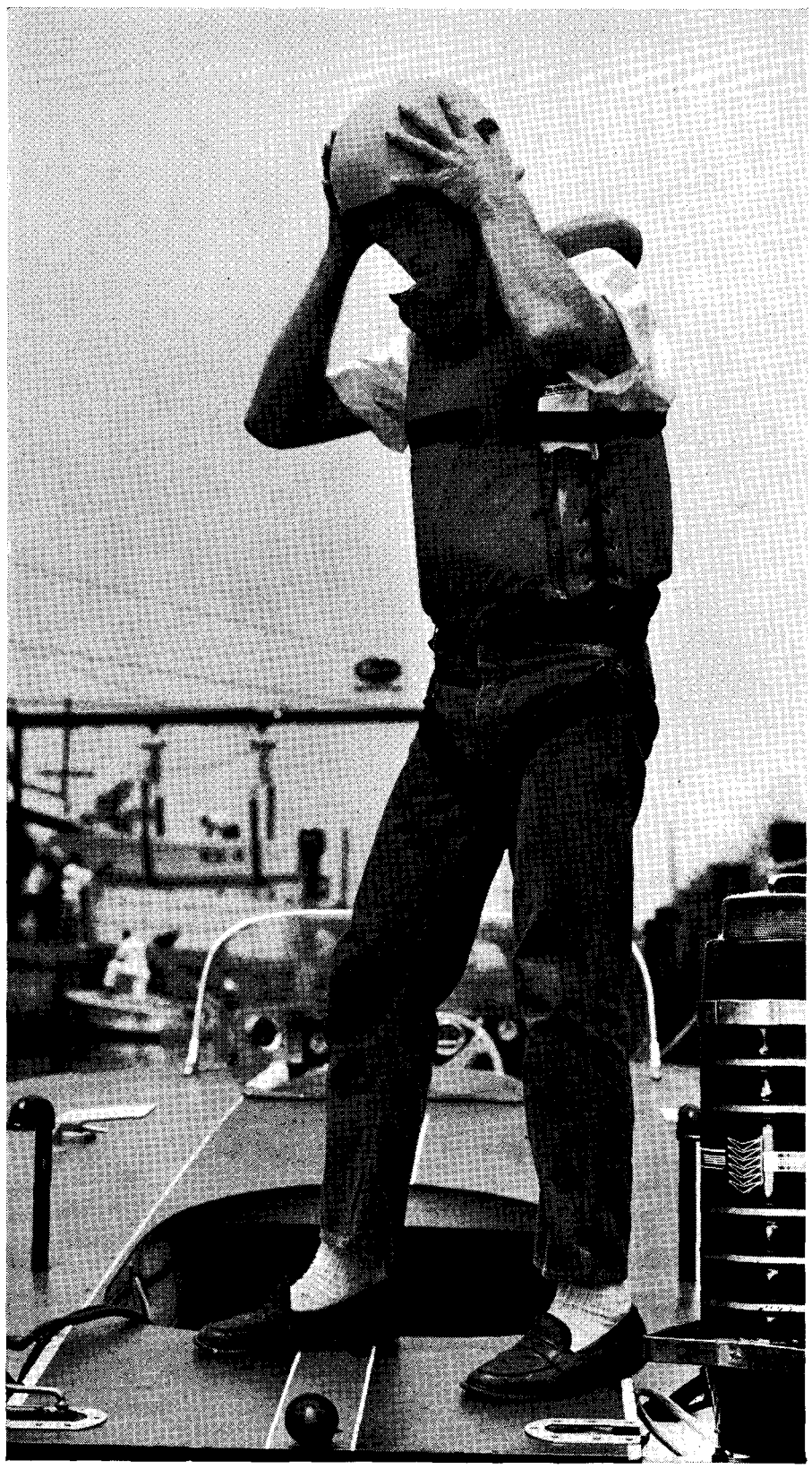
The price is no higher, but when you buy the Allen-Bradley Series K control, you obtain greater value for your dollar. In fact, the many "hidden savings" in this control make it the best "buy" on the market. Please have the nearest Allen-Bradley exclusive electrical distributor demonstrate these new starters to you, or write Milwaukee for Publication 6100: Allen-Bradley Co., 1200 S. Third St., Milwaukee 4, Wis. In Canada: Allen-Bradley Canada Ltd., Galt, Ont.

ALLEN-BRADLEY

Member of NEMA

QUALITY MOTOR CONTROL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Demolition Expert

This is a Mercury outboard test driver dressing for work at our Lake X, Florida, proving grounds. He's paid to try to demolish Mercury outboards.

His weapons include speed, "stand-still" idling, corrosion, underwater obstacles the size of telephone poles, sand bars and different fuel mixtures (many of them wrong). One of his deadliest weapons is "full throttle time." The idea here is literally to run the motor to death.

That's what he's starting now. He and his cohorts will alternate continuous 8-hour shifts night and day. They'll lock open the throttles on two 1963 Merc 1000's at full speed. The boat will average about 55 mph *continuously* . . . stopping only to take on fuel and change "experts." Every 24 hours, each motor will log about *1320 miles.*

And, when you're reading this same magazine next month, our experts will still be trying to run these same two Mercs to death.

We pay these Lake "X-perts" to make sure you'll get more RUN for your money with Mercury.

MERCURY

100, 85, 65, 50, 35, 20, 9.8 and 6 hp outboards

MerCruiser Stern Drive Power Packages • 310, 225, 190, 140, and 110 hp gasoline 100 and 39 hp diesel

©1963, KIEKHAEFER CORPORATION, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin
Subsidiary of Brunswick Corporation

ARMAGEDDON

"Yes, he is," Sean answered, "but one day his back gave out and his heart almost gave out too. It was up to mother to keep us fed—up to me to get through college. I made it by fighting ten- and twenty-dollar preliminaries in little clubs around the Bay area. I was a good boxer, until I broke my hand in the ring and got this," he pointed to a thin white scar over his left eye. "So here we are, the brothers O'Sullivan. Tim's up there flying, and Liam is in a grave in North Africa."

Andrew Jackson Hansen hit his hand on the desk. "That's what I mean!" His gruff voice was filled with enthusiasm. "We have to love America the way our parents did. . . . My mother was a German, Sean. I wouldn't like the idea of my mother being shot as a hostage."

Sean took his report from the desk. "I'll do some rewriting."

A. J. Hansen abruptly picked up another file folder, indicating without a word that the meeting was over.

"I'll need it . . . fast," he said. "D day's not far off. Get moving."

When Sean had gone, Hansen settled down to his work. He lunched at his desk on a sandwich and a glass of milk. This day, as usual, he would pore over documents and papers until midnight.

Today the problem was the seizure of German banks, freezing assets, issuing occupation currency. Tomorrow? Maybe German railroads, maybe school books.

These German people were sick, Hansen thought. Could we treat them with kindness? Would they mistake it for weakness? Indeed, could idealism be a practical power to a people who have only understood force?

Why had he mentioned his father to young O'Sullivan? With each passing day he was reaching back to his beginnings to find answers. . . .

Andrew Jackson Hansen joined the army when World War I came. The armistice found him a captain, assigned to a program which sent food to starving Europe. He never got out of uniform. By 1938 he was a colonel, heading a committee to review the Army's manpower needs. His report called for the immediate integration of Negro draftees and volunteers into all combat units.

Southern senators and congressmen who passed upon Army promotions were outraged. When the dust settled, Colonel Hansen found himself exiled to one of those remote posts where Army mavericks can reflect on their sins. His requests for transfer to a combat regiment went unanswered. By Pearl Harbor time the powers-to-be figured Hansen had paid for his crime—besides, he was badly needed for a new program.

The program was G-5, Military Government.

In the beginning G-5 trained lawyers at the University of Virginia. After the landings in North Africa it became apparent that military-government law could not handle counterintelligence, stop epidemics, do police work and mend broken roads and sewers.

Hansen searched in and out of the Army for former mayors and city managers, for doctors and sanitation engineers and bankers, newspapermen, linguists and food experts and transportation and communications people; and he made them officers.

At the Hore-Belisha Barracks at Shrivenham, England, he assembled 2,000 experts, with their British and French counterparts, to plan the takeover of German cities. And in London, at Queen Mother's Gate, fifty hand-picked men worked under rigid security, studying details of the Nazi and German structure.

Sean worked far into the night on revisions of PREROGATIVES OF MILITARY GOVERNMENT COMMANDERS IN GERMANY. They were now keeping within the framework of top policy. *To hell with it,* Sean thought. *The damned lawyers have already decided there's a difference between "criminal" Nazis and "noncriminal" Nazis.*

He struck out his passage on hostages and wrote instead:

When we enter Germany, Military Government will rule firmly but fairly, keeping in mind American tradition of not using brutality on the enemy civilian population. Military commanders shall use armed force only in the event of resistance. Failure of the German population to carry out orders will be punished by imprisonment, fines or loss of food ration in extreme cases.

Sean jerked the paper from the typewriter. "*Gott* bless the *gut* kind *Amerikan* soldiers," he said. He rubbed his temples. Did his brother cry out from his grave in North Africa for revenge? "Oh God, Liam, what shall I do?"

He stared at a map of Germany on the wall, put another sheet of paper into the typewriter, and went on to the next section. . . .

WEHRMACHT: GERMANY'S REGULAR ARMY

Policy: The Wehrmacht has fought a conventional war against American forces. However, in areas under Wehrmacht command where atrocities were committed we must hold the Wehrmacht commander responsible as a war criminal.

But Sean knew in his heart that no regular German army general would ever be brought to trial. Then who was guilty?

Before him were a half dozen books, each as thick as a Manhattan phone directory. These were the "official" guilty, the Black List. This was the heart of the Nazi cancer. But wasn't the whole German body infected? Sean had argued endlessly that Nazism was the historical and political expression of the entire German people.

He opened the index to the Black List.

BOOK ONE: NAZI ORGANIZATION

Group One: Paramilitary Organizations: These groupings are not the conventional armed forces serving Germany (Army, Navy, Air Force, etc.). All groups listed below are to be disbanded upon our entry into Germany and their records seized.

Schutzstaffel—commonly known as SS: The prime target of Counter-Intelligence. We shall arrest *all* members of the SS regardless of rank.

Allgemeine SS: These are regional German SS charged with running SS schools, and "overseeing" the political machinery of specified districts. We shall arrest all officers and NCO's down to the rank of *Unterscharführer* (Nazi rank: second lieutenant) Book One, *Black List* name for arrest.

Waffen SS: This is a f tarized body with its own a ply and administrative fo SS has special duties s guards, concentration slave-labor-camp gu

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all officers immediately. Book Three of the *Black List* names 60,000 for arrest.

Nazi Party Storm Troopers (SA): Commonly known as the Brownshirts. This is a paramilitary group that was instrumental in Hitler's rise to power. The Brownshirts used terror tactics in crushing political opposition to Hitler and brutality against minorities. The membership is 1,500,000. We shall arrest all persons rank of *Sturmbannführer* or above (Nazi rank: major). Book One lists 30,000 blacklisted for arrest.

Sean turned the page of the index. Where did it end? Where did it end . . . ?

Nazi Party Motor Transport Corps (NSKK): Arrest all persons of rank of *Staffelführer* or above. Book Four lists 10,000 blacklisted for arrest. . . . *Nazi Party Flying Corps* (NSFK). Arrest all of rank of *Sturmbannführer* and above. Book Five blacklists 5,000 for arrest. . . . *Auxiliary Home Air Defense Corps (Heimat Flak or HF)* . . . *Peoples Army (Volkssturm)* . . . *German Labor Service (RAD)* . . . *Todt Labor (OT)* . . . *Hitler Youth (Hitler JU or HJ)*. . . .

Damn, damn, damn, Sean thought. *If we knew so much about what they were doing, why didn't we stop them?*

Order Police (ORPO). . . . The entire police machinery is to be abolished and its records seized. The entire German police establishment must be reorganized from the ground up. After allied victory this is considered an A-1 problem of military government.

Security Police (SIPO)

Sub. 1. *The Secret State Police (Gestapo):* This is the notorious *political* police arm of the Nazi Party. . . . All members are to be arrested.

Sub. 2. *Security Service of the SS (SD):* The nerve center for spying on German citizens. *Note:* The SD has recently replaced the regular intelligence service of the regular German army. *Arrest all members.* . . .

That night Sean groped through a London fog to Henry Pringle's Blue Hawk Inn. The Blue Hawk, named after Pringle's World War I Fighter Squadron, was the fighter pilot's hangout.

Pringle himself was a mechanic and had never flown. The pub was a shrine to his heroes, its walls covered with photographs of British, American, Canadian, French, Polish, New Zealand and Aussie aces, squadron insignia, leather helmets, framed records of kills. It was a whiskey-and-ale aviation museum.

Sean liked the flying talk at the Blue Hawk, the unshaven chins, the crushed caps, the comradeship. So did Nelson Goodfellow Bradbury, the American AP correspondent. "Big Nellie" Bradbury constantly mentioned the Blue Hawk Inn in his dispatches and his radio broadcasts to America.

Sean sat down at Big Nellie's booth. The correspondent was hunched like a grizzly bear over his typewriter, pecking out the end of his column.

"Where's my brother?" Sean asked.

"Tim? Out looking for a girl—any girl. He said he'd see you here soon as he makes a connection."

Sean ordered a couple of drinks. The singers at the upright piano unloaded.

"Oh hallelujah, Oh hallelujah
Throw a nickel on the grass . . ."

Big Nellie jerked his story from the machine. "You hear the combined voices of the Fourth Group . . . Squadron Ten. . . ." He began to pencil through his story.

"Got flak holes in my wing tips,
And my gas tanks got no gas . . ."

"They've got to sing loud," Nellie said. "They're missing three tenors, two baritones and a bass. Strafing a bridge yesterday, tree-top level. The krauts were laying up there behind a cloud."

"What's my brother up to?"

Big Nellie's wide smile faded. "V-2 German rocket bases."

"That's what I thought."

"Tim talked his C.O. into letting him try a one-plane, low-level sneak attack. When he got back, his plane looked like a sieve. But he demolished the target. So your brother gets to take in another plane next week. Solo." Big Nellie belted down a drink, signaled for refills. "When Tim flies low, they tell me he likes to count the dandruff in the German scalps."

"Oh, there ain't no fighter pilots down
in hell,
Oh, the place is full of queers . . .
navigators . . . bombardiers . . .
Oh, there ain't no fighter pilots down
in hell."

Timothy O'Sullivan entered Pringle's Blue Hawk with a well-stacked redhead on his arm. Nellie and Sean watched him thread his way toward their booth amid the turning of heads.

"Where does he find them?" Bradbury inquired with envy. "He's only been in London for two hours."

"Hell, look at him," Sean said. Sean was prejudiced, of course. What woman wouldn't go for a strapping, handsome, twenty-four-year-old Irishman with a glib tongue? Sean and Nellie arose as Tim and the redhead reached the booth, and Tim mumbled a name like Cynthia or Penelope, and she was pleased to meet them. They ordered drinks. Tim and Sean traded letters from home. Their father's heart condition hadn't improved since Liam's death.

They drank some more. Tim was spotted and called to the piano. He sang his father's very favorite in a handsome, rich Irish tenor:

"Kathleen Mavourneen! the gray dawn
is breaking,
The horn of the hunter is heard on
the hill."

Only Magnavox brings you true Stereo High Fidelity from FM Radio*

From records or new Stereo FM, let the full beauty of music enrich the lives of your family

*Only Magnavox re-creates exciting new Stereo FM programs with all the spectacular dimension of stereophonics—and the tonal purity of high fidelity! An exclusive acoustical system projects sound from the cabinet sides as well as the front—virtually transports you to the best seat in the concert hall.

And, only Magnavox gives you the Micromatic 60 record player that eliminates distortion – turntable speed is as accurate as an electric clock. The pick-up plays perfectly at only one-tenth ounce touch, banishing record and stylus wear. The diamond stylus is guaranteed ten years; your records can last a lifetime!

Most dependable, too—so trouble-free that only Magnavox guarantees service and parts for a full year.

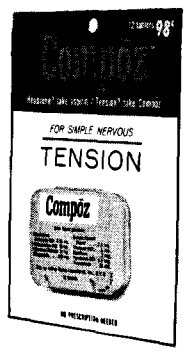
Truly the finest and your best buy on any basis of comparison. Magnavox saves you "middleman" costs by selling directly through the dealers listed in your Yellow Pages. Shown: The Contemporary, 654, with six speakers. Gliding top panels give easiest access to player and controls. Only **$298.50.**

the magnificent **Magnavox**

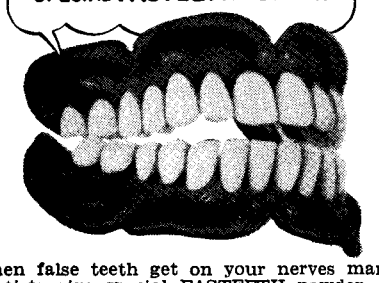
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

headache? take aspirin
TENSION?
take
COMPŌZ®

You won't put up with a headache . . . why put up with simple nervous tension? It can be exhausting. Compōz is a sedative for the temporary *relief* of simple nervous tension. It helps calm you to feel relaxed, face responsibility. Compōz, taken as directed, does for tension what aspirin does for headache—and it's just as easy to buy at your favorite drug department. No prescription needed. Distributed by Jeffrey Martin Laboratories, Inc., Union, N. J.

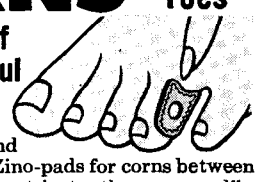


WHEN YOUR FALSE TEETH
GET ON YOUR NERVES USE
SPECIAL FASTEETH POWDER



When false teeth get on your nerves many dentists give special FASTEETH powder. It helps hold teeth in place—helps keep them from slipping or dropping down when you talk—makes you feel more secure. FASTEETH cushions tender gums so you can bite harder and eat easier, faster with greater comfort. FASTEETH helps you laugh and speak more clearly without embarrassment. FASTEETH is alkaline (non-acid). Checks "plate odor" (denture breath). At drug counters everywhere.

CORNS Between Toes
Fastest Relief For This Painful Foot Trouble



This special size and shape Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for corns between toes stops pain almost instantly . . . speedily removes them when used with the separate medicated disks included in every box. 19¢ and 45¢. Sold everywhere. Try them today!

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Keep Tools in Tip-Top Condition
Clean · Lubricate · Prevent Rust
3-IN-ONE® OIL
REGULAR — OIL SPRAY — ELECTRIC MOTOR

ARMAGEDDON

"He'll be a cinch if he runs for Congress," Big Nellie said.

The readhead excused herself to tidy up, and Tim returned to the booth.

"I hear you're turning into a real hot pilot," Sean said.

"Big Nellie talks too much."

"He just confirmed what I already know. You've figured how to win the war single-handed."

"What the hell do you want from me!"

"Stop carrying the flag, Tim. If I hadn't stopped you, you'd have quit college and joined the Lincoln Brigade in Spain."

"At which time," Tim interrupted, "my brother the fighter dramatically held up his hands and said, 'I took two fights to pay your college tuition and broke my hand. I'll break the other one to keep you in school.'"

"So maybe I was wrong?"

"This war has taken our brother!"

"Don't you think I haven't cried for Liam," Sean said.

"You know what the German's have done!" Tim grabbed his brother's arm excitedly. "When I was flying missions over German territory I almost always saw Liam's face outside the canopy. I would hear him reading poetry to us. And then . . . I would visualize Liam's grave. I want to tell you, Sean. I begged for strafing missions. I like to watch Germans scatter and cower in ditches. I wanted to fly so low I could chop them up with my propellers." Tim's voice softened. "Private Liam O'Sullivan . . . age twenty-two, a poet. Poets shouldn't die. You and I could do all right by mom and pop, but Liam . . . he could have brought us honor."

Tim began to weep.

"Call it off," Sean pleaded. "Fifty-four missions is enough. Tim . . . we're winning this war, now. We'll be landing in Europe in a few months. You've got to start being careful."

A week later, another of Sean O'Sullivan's reports was rejected. A. J. Hansen saw in Sean O'Sullivan the image of himself, a defiant young officer demanding a combat command.

"So," he snorted, "you want a transfer. You ache to be a hero. Congratulations! Just what this Army needs, one more infantry-company commander."

"I'm not cutting it here, general. Maybe I want a piece of this war, like my brother has. This paperwork ——"

Hansen turned his back to Sean, stared through the window into the vast courtyard of Queen Mother's Gate. "The general humbly requests," he said, "that the captain remain in this command. I'll give you your piece of this war. It will mean staying here at Queen Mother's Gate, waiting for D day, losing arguments to stupid men. Eating crow."

Sean did not answer.

"We're setting up a pilot G-5 team to study a German city— every street, every citizen, every function. We'll build a model in one of the conference rooms . . . fly aerial recon over it. This pilot team will provide an answer for any possible question . . . sewage . . . Nazis . . . displaced persons . . . brothels. This is the textbook town from which we will learn how to govern Germany. When the invasion comes, the pilot team will put theory into practice. We'll test new laws there first, new ideas. . . ."

The pilot team for Germany! This was more than the piece of the war he had hoped for. Such a command should go to someone with solid experience in government, someone not so stubborn.

"I could let you down, sir."

"I don't see it that way. Do you know anything about Rombaden?"

Sean's eyes narrowed in thought. "In Schwaben Province. *Landkreis* of Romstein. A Nazi stronghold."

"That's a good start," Hansen said. "There's a report up at Document Center by a professor in Germanic studies. Start reading it. You'll want Dante Arosa for your counterintelligence, no doubt. The two of you go to Shrivenham and pick up your team. Rombaden has an A-1 rating. Take anyone you want. Any questions?"

"No, sir."

Sean got up to leave. Hansen opened a drawer, palmed a pair of gold oak leaves and threw them on the desk. "I wore these. Stick them on your shoulders. We don't want any of your Englishmen to outrank you, major."

To the horrified visitors the concentration camp was like a nightmare. "How in the name of God could they have done it?"

CONFIDENTIAL

PRELIMINARY STUDY
FOR MILITARY GOVERNMENT
CITY OF ROMBADEN
LANDKREIS of ROMSTEIN, GERMANY

LOCATION: Southern Germany, state of Württemberg, province of Schwaben. *Landkreis* (county or district) of Romstein. The city of Rombaden is built along the north bank of the Danube River; 60 miles due north of the Swiss/Austrian border at Lake Constance. The *Landkreis* (county) of Romstein contains the city of Rombaden and the Schwabenwald (Swabian Forest).

GENERAL BACKGROUND: First settled by Celtic tribes, 2000 B.C. The Rombaden/Romstein District has been invaded by the Teutons, Romans, Goths, Huns, Vandals, Bavarians, Franks, Burgundians, Saxons, Hapsburgs, Bohemians, Prussians . . . among others.

The province of Schwaben wherein Rombaden/Romstein lies has a fiercely proud triballike history. From Schwaben emerged branches of the Hohenzollern and Hohenstaufen families which have dominated the German royal line. Rombaden/Romstein has been ruled or dominated for the past eight centuries by the Von Romstein family, of the Hohenstaufen line.

ROMBADEN (Roman Baths) has a population of 90,000; with Romstein District, 99,000. Of these, 85 percent are Roman Catholic. The city stretches along the northern bank of the Danube. Two bridges cross into the Romstein District on the south bank. Between these bridges is an enormous *Rathaus Platz* (City Hall Square) which is a half mile in length. The Square is surrounded by dominating buildings: Marienkirche (Mary's Church) of cathedral proportions; the *Rathaus* (city hall), a square Renaissance-type structure from the seventeenth century; the Rombaden Medical College and Research Institute and Hospital; the Roman *Kunsthalle* (art museum); the famous puppet theater and the Opera House.

There are three statues on the square: one of the Virgin Mary, standing before the cathedral; one of Hinterseer, the poet, who wrote the *Legend of Rombaden;* one, before the city hall, depicting two characters from the legend of Rombaden, the mythical god Berwin and the goddess Helga. This mammoth square at one time was the scene of much Nazi pageantry.

The industrial section, along the riverbank, includes the big Romstein Machine Works, owned by the ruling family. Much of the factory has been moved underground since the war. It is believed to be manufacturing V-2 rocket parts. It is believed that almost all of the laborers are slaves imported from occupied lands.

Rombaden is known for its gay life. A large source of the town's income is from its being an overnight stopping place for Danube River barge pilots. For their entertainment there is a three-block-long street of beer halls, bars, small hotels and brothels known as Princess Alle.

ROMSTEIN DISTRICT (Roman Stone): Upon crossing the two bridges you enter the district, dominated by the Von Romstein family, their castle, and their estates. The castle has 70 rooms and holds an untold wealth in art treasures. The estate covers nearly 100 square miles. There are three main farming villages named after leading Von Romsteins: Ludwigsdorf, Sigmundsdorf and Ottosdorf.

Ludwigsdorf is the entrance village to the Schwabenwald, notorious as the site of the Schwabenwald Concentration Camp. The entire forest area is controlled by fanatical *Waffen* SS.

CURRENT POLITICAL DATA: The Von Romstein family dynasty has been the absolute power for eight centuries. The current family head, *Graf* Ludwig Von Romstein, is chancellor of the district. He had a distinguished flying career in World War I and is an intimate of Hermann Göring. The middle brother, Barc

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHERE IS EVERYBODY?

Out getting bargains galore during National Hardware Week!*

Can your house and equipment use a good spring tonic? Have you been waiting for the long winter to finish before you start to shape up your shingles, perk up your paint, wake up your washer – and cast out your careworn coffeepot?

Take heart! Hardware Week will save the day for you!

That's when your local independent Hardware and Housewares Retailer will feature a storewide selection of famous-brand housewares, tools, paint, lawn and garden supplies and equipment. We call them "Happy Home Values"!

Hardware Week starts April 18.

Your retailer is cooperating with leading manufacturers of all kinds of equipment to bring you this once-a-year event. Got a home-care problem you've been putting off? Got a dozen? Take them to your dealer during Hardware Week. You'll get good advice, as always. And you'll see the famous hardware and housewares brands he is featuring during this week only. Many of them advertised in the Post.

Hardware Week starts April 18.

And, say!—while you're in the store, be sure to enter the big, free contest! First prize: Rambler American "400" Convertibles. Plus over 1,000 valuable merchandise awards. You can read more about it in the Hardware Week section of this issue of the Post.

Now let's test your memory. When does Hardware Week start?

A CURTIS MAGAZINE

The Saturday Evening Post

*Hardware Week is sponsored by National Retail Hardware Association and its 35 affiliated associations through more than 22,000 member stores in 10,278 communities.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHEN EMERGENCIES HAPPEN AND

YOU DON'T KNOW THE NUMBER TO CALL

DIAL "O" FOR HELP

("OPERATOR")

Jimmy had almost stopped breathing.

He was only two and he didn't know the deadly danger of the plastic bag he'd pulled over his head.

When his frantic mother found him, he was turning blue. She grabbed the phone, dialed "Operator," and screamed, "My baby is dying! My baby has suffocated!"

The operator who answered quickly got the address and phoned for an ambulance and a neighborhood doctor. Then she signaled her supervisor who took over the call, calmed the mother as well as she could, and began teaching her the mouth-to-mouth resuscitation in which many telephone people are trained.

A tense silence followed as the desperate mother struggled to obey instructions and blow the breath of life back into her boy.

Finally, the supervisor heard a happy shout, "He's breathing! He's breathing!" By the time the ambulance crew arrived, Jimmy was nearly normal again.

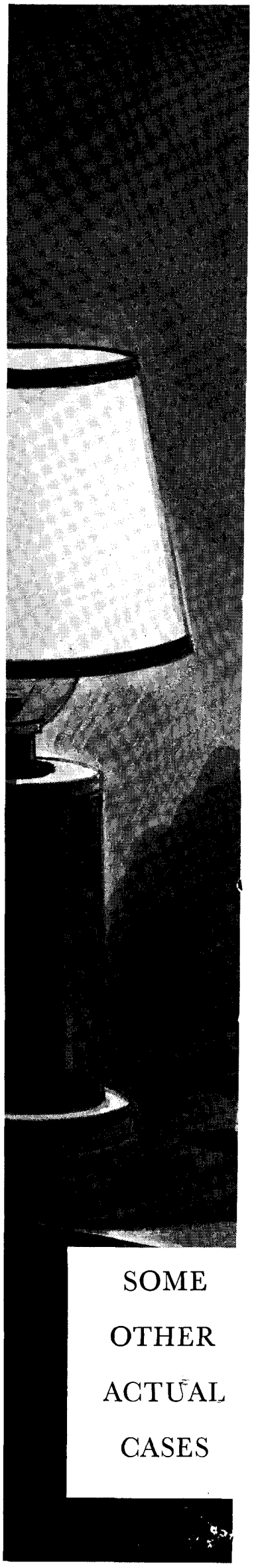
Not all emergencies have the same happy ending as this true story from Chicago. *But over and over again, alert telephone operators have been able to save lives and rescue people who remembered to dial "Operator."*

Of course, it's even faster and more efficient if *you* dial the hospital, doctor, police or fire department *direct*. Only you can provide *complete* information and answer all questions. That's why we list most emergency numbers in the front of your telephone directory—or provide space where you can fill them in yourself.

But if you can't find the correct number quickly—if you're frantic with fear or excitement—just dial "Operator." *And be sure to give the operator your address and telephone number*—so she can follow through even if you faint or hang up or are forced from the phone.

Above all, teach your children: If trouble strikes, dial "Operator." Our operators are trained to be helpful and alert in emergencies. This assistance is part of the Bell System's unending effort to provide the best telephone service in the world.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A four-year-old boy in Rensselaer, N. Y., spun the dial and said simply, "My Mommy is sick." Police found the mother on the kitchen floor, overcome by gas from an unlighted water heater. They came in time and she recovered.

■ ■ ■

In Chicago, an operator plugged in to hear a man choking. "Room's full of fumes," he gasped. "I'm too weak to open the window." "Throw the telephone through the glass," she suggested. He did. Fresh air rushed in. Then rescuers arrived.

An active three-year-old Pittsburgh boy named Billy slammed a basement door on his mother. She was a prisoner. Snap lock on the *other* side of the door. Windows too small to crawl through.

Billy couldn't manage the lock, but his mother coaxed him into going to the phone and dialing "Operator." All the operator heard was "Mama." That was enough. She quickly traced the call and notified police who soon released Mother.

We don't know whether Billy got spanked for his mischief or kissed for his obedience!

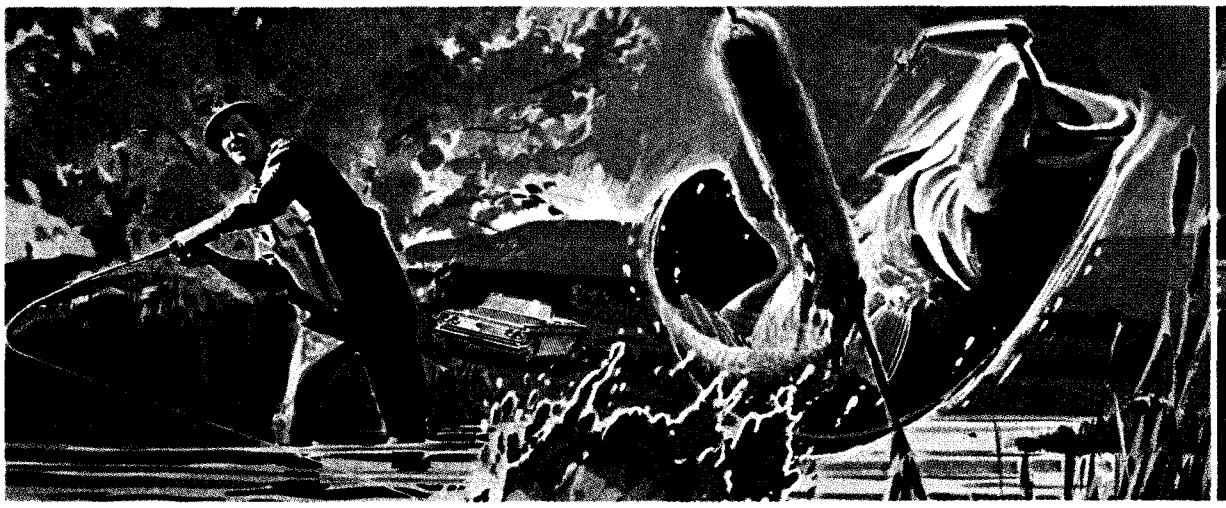
In Hollywood, California, a man told the operator he would like his telephone disconnected but first wanted to make a "last call." She got suspicious and called police who saved a would-be suicide from an overdose of sleeping tablets.

■ ■ ■

A Spring Valley, New York, subscriber asked the operator to call the fire department to put out a fire in a kitchen range. She did. Then she suggested, "Try throwing salt on it." When the firemen arrived, the blaze was out.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Life is a little more carefree

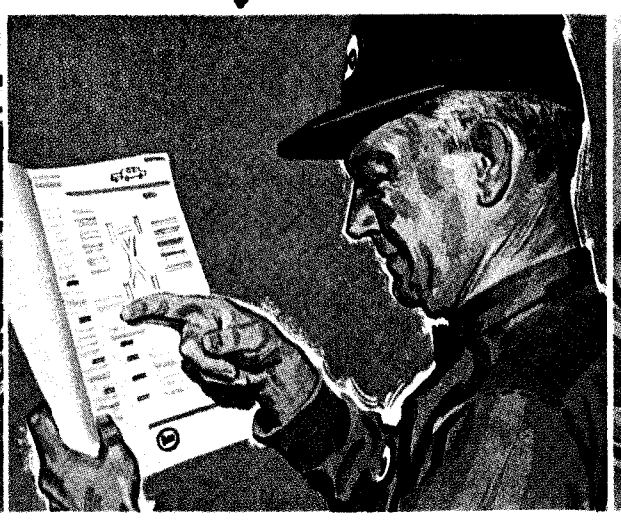


Somewhere there's a stream where the trout lie waiting and somewhere there's a lake full of bass. Somewhere the big ones are striking. Cast away your cares. Going fishing . . .

or just going to the store, you'll go more carefree . . .

with *Happy Motoring*® service

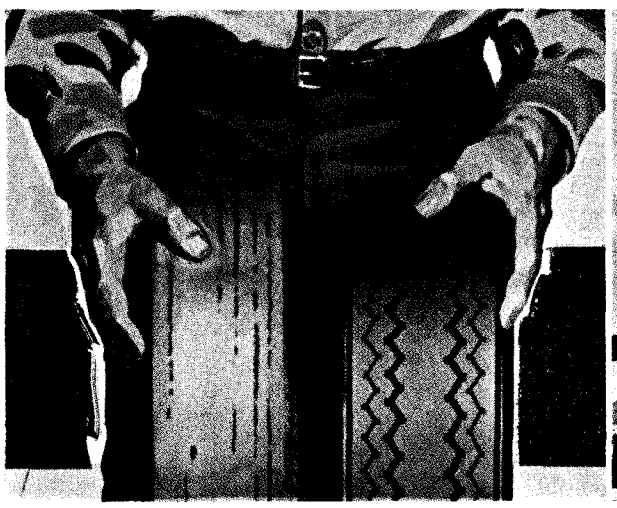
with the world-famous "Happy Motoring" service only your Enco dealer can give.



Let him lubricate your car—with *charted* lubrication for the kind of car you drive.

Let him change your oil for spring, check your cooling system and your battery, too.

Make America's First Choice yours, too!



How about your tires? Do you need a new set for a safer ride on the trips ahead?

"Happy Motoring" service is the best start for a fishing trip or any trip. That's one reason why the 30,000 "Happy Motoring" stations, coast-to-coast, are America's First Choice!

HUMBLE OIL & REFINING COMPANY . . . America's Leading ENergy company

ENCO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARMAGEDDON

Sigmund Von Romstein, has been *Oberbürgermeister* (mayor) of Rombaden for nearly three decades. Between the two of them they control the political apparatus. A younger brother, Kurt Von Romstein, is the Nazi *Gauleiter* (District Leader).

Sean's doubts deepened as he dug further into the tormented history of Rombaden's civil and religious wars, of paganism and tribalism, of the pride of barons and princes, of double dealings, alliances and back stabbings. Of Hinterseer, the mystic poet. Of the mystic philosophers. Of singers and musicians and writers and men of science.

Intellectuals and barbarians.

Brutes and scholars.

Love and murder.

For the next month Maj. Sean O'Sullivan and Lt. Dante Arosa studied the records and backgrounds of nearly 4,000 allied officers at the Military Government Training Center in Shrivenham. They weeded, weighed and prepared to select the Pilot Team. Dante Arosa returned to Queen Mother's Gate to assemble all the intelligence data on Rombaden, while Sean stayed at Shrivenham to interview the candidates.

Lt. Shenandoah Blessing was an immense man who made Sean feel his power in the first handshake.

"You were sheriff of Hook County, Tennessee, for nine years? And you went through FBI training schools?"

Blessing modestly admitted to his credentials. There were a few more questions, but Sean had known all along that Blessing would be his man. Hook County resembled Rombaden/Romstein in size, population, and difficult police problems. Blessing had a reputation for progressive law enforcement, and his record showed examples of courage and ingenuity.

Sean said, "Policing Rombaden is going to be tough, because we haven't enough white-listed Germans even to direct traffic. It's Nazi top to bottom."

"How many boys can I take along?"

"I can get you twenty."

Twenty men to handle 100,000 enemy civilians, plus unknown numbers of soldiers, fanatics and displaced persons.

"Can I pick my own people?"

"Yes."

"Well then, I reckon we'll muddle through, major."

The oldest man Sean had chosen was Capt. H. W. Trueblood, sixty-two years of age. Trueblood was a pale Englishman who had been a curator for the National Gallery in London. His specialty was the middle period of German art, and he spoke fluent German.

Another Englishman, Dr. Geoffrey Grimwood, had retired from the army as an officer of the British Empire. He had served in India as a hospital director in a place where famine and epidemic diseases were common. Like Trueblood, he did not want the war to pass him by. Through his sandy walrus moustache Grimwood remarked to Sean that he spoke passable German and had attended seminars on public health at the Rombaden Medical College before the war.

There was another British officer, W. W. Tidings, from the German section of Barclay's Bank, who was a wizard in the mystic realm of international currency. There was a Canadian, Bertram Collier, who had been a foreign correspondent in Germany. Sean took him as press-and-propaganda officer.

There were Americans: Dale Hickman, well-known as an agricultural economist; Hank Greenberg, a civil engineer; Sam Alterman, a communications engineer. There was Bill Bolinski, a young lawyer—mother German, father Polish. He spoke both languages; Sean made him legal officer and displaced-persons officer.

At last Sean had his Pilot Team, all except someone with practical experience in government. From the records, Capt. Maurice Duquesne of the Free French Forces had all the needed qualifications. He was an elected official of an area similar in size to Rombaden/Romstein; *Sous-préfet* of an *arrondissement* of the Department of Belfort, Province of Alsace.

Duquesne lived on the German border, spoke immaculate German. But he was arrogant and obviously believed he should command his own team. Yet Sean could not let him go. He remembered the first time he had seen General Hansen and sized him up as a foul-mouthed, sawed-off blowhard. He had learned bit by bit that Hansen was neither crass nor stupid. Hansen had the thing he lacked—experience. On a hunch, Sean gambled with Maurice Duquesne.

There were others on the Pilot Team; Americans and British and French. With Blessing's enlisted man's police force, and the clerks and medics, he brought fifty officers and men back to Queen Mother's Gate.

When he entered General Hansen's office he was astonished to see Big Nellie Bradbury sitting on the big leather couch, alongside a chalk-faced Henry Pringle. Hansen wouldn't look Sean in the eye.

Sean's palms became wet and his throat caked dry. He tried to speak, to ask the question, but he could not.

"Your brother Tim is dead," General Hansen said.

Sean walked to the window, staring down at the courtyard.

"He went after a V-2 base," Bradbury said. "This time he led some others in. They saw him get it."

Hansen took Sean's arm. "Here son, take yourself a drink."

Sean pushed Hansen away.

"Let yourself go," Big Nellie said.

Private Liam O'Sullivan. Poet. A gentle boy. Dead. Age, twenty-two. Kasserine Pass, North Africa. Died as quietly as he lived.

First Lieutenant Timothy O'Sullivan. Rebel. Age, twenty-five. Died in a flaming pyre somewhere over Germany, as violently as he lived.

Sean walked from the room.

"Sean. It's me, Dante. You can't keep sitting like this in the darkness. Sean, for God's sake. Sean, please answer me. . . ."

He blinked his eyes open and licked his dry lips. Father O'Brien slowly came into focus. "You've been locked in here for over a week. Tim has made his way to heaven. The living must be served."

Sean came to a sitting position slowly, sipped some water and lighted a cigarette. "Father," he croaked hoarsely, "I don't want to listen to any Jesuit double-talk."

"The spiritual aspects can be explored later. I'm thinking of something more practical, like eating a decent meal."

Sean flopped back on the bed. For the first time, tears fell down his cheeks. "Oh Timmy! Timmy! This will kill Momma, and Poppa too."

The priest sat beside him quickly. "Have you lost your belief in God? Sean! So long as you lie flat on your back, you belabor the memory of your brothers. Stand up, Sean!"

General Hansen was distressed over Sean O'Sullivan's gaunt appearance. After a week's grieving, he looked like a combat soldier dazed in battle.

"I'm ready to return to my command," Sean said. "I—I'm sorry . . ."

"There is a matter that has to be thrashed out," Hansen said.

"Yes, sir."

"You are the sole survivor of three brothers. Your family has given more than its share."

"I don't want to go back to the States."

"What do you want?"

"General Hansen," Sean said, "I want my command."

Rombaden
April 23, 1945

Dear General Hansen,

Before I begin writing formal reports, I want to give you a rundown on the first seventy-two hours. Dundee's regiment is meeting stiff opposition from the WAFFEN *SS in Romstein District, so my G-5 Team has not crossed the river yet. We've got our hands full here.*

The people of Rombaden are demoralized, scared and getting hungry. So far we have averted panic, epidemic and serious crime, but the place is one hell of a mess.

Hank Greenberg, my engineer, estimates 40 percent of all housing completely destroyed, 20 percent damaged. The power plant is 60 percent out. There will be no light or electricity for the civilian population for months. The telegraph lines are completely down. The phone system is about 30 percent in operation.

All public transportation is kaput. *The radio station is demolished and cannot transmit. Both bridges are down.*

The machine works is 85 percent destroyed above the ground; the underground assembly plant, which used slave labor from the concentration camp, is in fair shape. Other factories are 80 percent destroyed. (Tell the fly-boys their aim was pretty good.)

Worst of all, both the sewage plant and waterworks are out of order. Doctor Grimwood, my health officer, has declared the river contaminated. We have been using water wells, rationing the Germans one pailful per day per family.

For sewage removal we have set up a bucket system, using blacklisted Nazis to collect the buckets and cart them out of town. We must get the sewage plants and waterworks repaired to avert an epidemic. Greenberg thinks he can do it. He says that present medical facilities (the Medical College) can handle a small emergency, but we don't know the medical problems we'll face when the concentration camp is liberated.

On the plus side:

Seizures of the banks, newspapers, business firms, etc., have gone off without a hitch. We have formed two labor battalions who, along with some 2,500 P.O.W.'s, have started rubble clearance, demolition, etc.

Blessing has been able to keep law and order with his meager force of MP's. The people are too beaten to make trouble. We have one of Colonel Dundee's companies doing guard duty, and use them as a backup force. Blessing and Arosa have rounded up over a hundred blacklist Nazis so far.

The Roman Kunsthalle *is OK. So is the cathedral. However, Trueblood will have a curator's nightmare, because the Germans crated all the art treasures and stored them in basements.*

Dante Arosa and Duquesne found intact all the legal records, births, deaths,

Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery

STOPS ITCH — RELIEVES PAIN

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain – without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all – results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) – discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in *suppository* or *ointment form* under the name *Preparation H®*. Ask for it at all drug counters.

VIOBIN Wheat Germ Oil

HELPS HEART ACTION
GIVES MORE STRENGTH
• STAMINA • VIGOR •
PROVED 10 years – 600 persons University Experiments
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES— only VioBin Oil PROVED helpful.
Send NOW for FREE book #7
PROMETOL—8 to 1 vigor factor concentrate VioBin Oil. Same benefits—NO fat calories.

Liquid & Capsules
VIOBIN MONTICELLO, ILLINOIS

Improved EZO Helps Relieve Pain of Pressure and Slipping of FALSE TEETH
Chew in comfort with NEW, SOFTER
EZO DENTAL CUSHIONS
Grips Dentures Firmer, Quicker!
Helps Keep Seeds Out
Helps Ease Pressure on Gums
Helps Plate Fit Snug
Helps Prevent Clicking

Ask for New EZO Heavy Gauge Cushions!
AT YOUR FAVORITE DRUG COUNTER 60c

EARN A DELUXE BIKE!

Boys and girls, you can earn an exciting, brilliantly finished bicycle in your spare time.

All you have to do is send us seven 2-year *Saturday Evening Post* subscriptions sold at the full U.S. price of $10.95 each to people outside your own home. Both new and renewal subscriptions count, but not your personal or personal gift subscriptions.

Print the subscribers' names and addresses on plain paper and specify the model and size of the bike—boy's or girl's model in 20″, 24″ and 26″.

This offer good in Continental U.S. only.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
748 Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

DISCOURAGE **Thumbsucking and Nail Biting**

just paint on fingertips. 70¢ at your drug store.
THUM

HINGE LOOSE?
fix it quick with
PLASTIC WOOD
Handles like putty–hardens like wood!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

marriages for Rombaden/Romstein for the last three decades. It is too early to say what these records will turn up, but you can bet it will be plenty.

We weren't so lucky with the Nazi records. Kurt Von Romstein, the Nazi Gauleiter, *destroyed them, then committed suicide. So far, neither brother Baron Sigmund nor Count Ludwig has shown up.*

Dale Hickman, my food man, says there's enough stored for about six weeks at a minimum ration of 2,000 calories per day. The main source of food is in the district but he expects a poor harvest. I have delayed issuing food ration cards until Colonel Dundee wins his fight to open the concentration camp. I feel the inmates there rate a priority on the food. For now, we have soup kitchens. But the specter of starvation is real.

I hear that things are about the same all over Germany. I have kept my promise and have not sought personal vengeance or used brutality. On the other hand, I feel no pity.

Faithfully,
SEAN O'SULLIVAN

Sean lifted the receiver. "Major O'Sullivan speaking."

"One minute, please, major. We have Colonel Dundee."

"Good."

"Hello . . . Dundee speaking."

"Hello, colonel. This is Major O'Sullivan. What's going on over there?"

"We've got most of the district cleared, but you'd better not cross the river yet."

"How long?"

"Well, we think we have the last of them trapped at the Schwabenwald Concentration Camp. They're using the prisoners as shields. We've got to go slow."

"Where can I reach you?"

"Ludwigsdorf. What's the news?"

"They say Patton has hit the Czech border and the British are ready to break into Hamburg. Won't be long now."

"How are the krauts behaving in your territory?"

"They're real peaceful."

"Talk to you later."

Sean hung up.

O'Toole entered. "Couple krauts outside want to talk to you, major." He handed over a pair of calling cards. GRAF LUDWIG VON ROMSTEIN, CHANCELLOR, ROMSTEIN LANDKREIS . . . BARON SIGMUND VON ROMSTEIN, OBERBÜRGERMEISTER, CITY OF ROMBADEN.

"Well, well! The mayor's welcoming committee. Have them wait. Round up Duquesne and Dante Arosa."

When Dante Arosa and the Frenchman flanked Sean on either side of his desk, O'Toole was told to bring the Germans in.

Sean knew them instantly from their identification photos. Count Ludwig Von Romstein was a German's German, complete with dueling scar. Tall, Teutonic, crew-cut blond. Pinstriped. Ramrod. A grace that belied his fifty-seven years. The head of the Von Romstein family, the chancellor. The short, fat, nervous one walked behind him. He was Sigmund, the mayor of Rombaden.

They stopped before the desk, the count a step ahead of his brother. He waited for several seconds, but Sean didn't offer seats. Count Ludwig understood.

"*Graf* Ludwig Von Romstein," he said in English, "and my brother, Baron Sigmund Von Romstein."

"O'Sullivan, allied military governor. My aides, Captain Duquesne and Lieutenant Arosa."

Count Ludwig nodded three times, once in each direction. His fat brother bowed, wringing his hands.

"I should have reported here earlier," Ludwig said, "but the military capitulation of Rombaden found us across the river at Castle Romstein."

The little fat one, the mayor, had nothing to say. He could only sweat. Intelligence reports were correct; Ludwig completely dominated the family.

"Your brother Kurt Von Romstein was the Nazi *Gauleiter* of this district. Is that not so?" Duquesne asked.

"It is correct."

"He has committed suicide."

"I have been so informed," Ludwig said with dry abruptness. "I should like to have my brother's body transferred to the church in Ludwigsdorf, the traditional family burial ——"

"That can wait," Sean said.

Dante handed Sean a fat folder. The photos matched very well. Sean flipped page after page of sordid Romstein history.

He unclipped a single sheet of white paper, and slid it across the desk. "This constitutes notification that your lands and property are confiscated and all your known assets are frozen."

If Ludwig was annoyed he did not show it. "I should like to be informed of my legal recourses," he said.

"You have none," Sean answered. "Baron!"

The little fat one bowed.

"You are to continue as mayor of Rombaden under my direction. Your

MEDICAL MIRACLES AT WORK IN ST. LOUIS, STRATEGIC CENTER OF AMERICA

Nuclear Medical Research Promises New Lifesaving Breakthroughs

Nuclear energy to diagnose and heal is the newest milestone in the continuing achievements of St. Louis' great medical schools and hospitals.

Already in operation at Washington University Medical Center and Associated Hospitals: one of the few betatrons anywhere in the world for cancer treatment. To be installed this year: the first cyclotron in this country devoted exclusively to medical research . . . to lead to painless, nonsurgical diagnosis of many diseases.

St. Louis University Medical School has been conducting research in nuclear medicine and radiological health since 1948. It was among the first medical schools in the country to initiate a four-year program in radiobiology.

These two medical schools now have grants totaling over $7 million that support

A $50 million building program will expand and modernize the world-renowned Washington University Medical Center and Associated Hospitals complex.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

principal function is to see that the civilian population obeys our orders promptly."

"I shall be honored ——"

"As for you, Count Von Romstein. The position of chancellor is suspended. I have made no final disposition of your case. Lieutenant Arosa will interrogate you at some length."

"Of course. I have nothing to hide."

"You've got a lot to explain. Don't try to leave the district. Do you have a residence in the city?"

"The house of my late brother, Kurt."

"Clear out of Castle Romstein immediately with your family. Take only what you can carry in two handbags. Report your address to the clerk outside. That's all. You're dismissed."

Graf Ludwig Von Romstein's smile conveyed contempt. His fat brother bowed his way out of the door backward.

"Well," Duquesne said, "how do you like the German now?"

Dante Arosa blew a long breath and peeled the wrapper off a cigar. "You shouldn't have let them go, Sean. They're right on top of the *Black List*," he said.

"They're not going anywhere."

"We're only sixty miles from the Swiss border. They've probably got half their holdings in Switzerland."

"No, Dante," Duquesne said. "Sean is right. The holdings that make them powerful are right here. The land, the factory. The count has decided to stay here and gamble for his estate."

"Lock him up," Dante insisted.

"We've got too much use for both of them not locked up," Sean said.

Maurice turned on him. "Do not think you can play a cat-and-mouse game with this German. He's a master of intrigue. When Dante interrogates him he will have a story to make him look like an innocent maiden."

Baron Sigmund Von Romstein plopped into an overstuffed chair and mopped his sweating face. "Gone," he lamented. "Everything is gone. The villages, Castle Romstein, the Machine Works. Everything."

"Shut up." Count Ludwig glared at his brother.

"What are they going to do with us?" Sigmund whined.

"For the time being, nothing. Except ask questions."

"We have never been members of the Nazi Party—they know!"

"Poor Kurt joined the party for us."

"And now he is dead. You made him join the party, Ludwig!"

The count slapped his brother and hovered above him in rage, his dueling scar turning an ugly purple. "Kurt joined the party for the Von Romstein family! Remember that! And you will control yourself, Sigmund. That is just what those people want—for you to lose your composure before them."

The baron gasped.

"I have decided. We will remain here," Ludwig said.

"That American major hates all of us. I am afraid of him."

"You need not be. He is an American, obsessed with the rules of fair play. What do the Americans know about war and conquest? Mark my words, when the last shot is fired they will cry to go home. You can thank God the Russians didn't get here first—or even the French."

"I saw something in this one's eyes. I tell you, he means to ruin us."

"Nonsense. As for the other two. It will be a pleasure to have the young idiot with the Italian name interrogate us. But be careful of the Frenchman."

"Careful for what? They have already taken everything."

"We shall get it all back. The Von Romstein family has lived through a hundred crises like this. Let them make their accusations. Let them jail us. But we have time, Sigmund. We have time, and we have heirs. One year, five, ten. Eventually it will all be restored to us, with apologies. The Americans will go and the French will go . . . and there will still be Von Romstein."

Sean's phone rang.

"Major O'Sullivan? This is Captain Armour, R-2 with Colonel Dundee's outfit. We've broken into the concentration camp. Colonel Dundee says to get over here right away with your health officer."

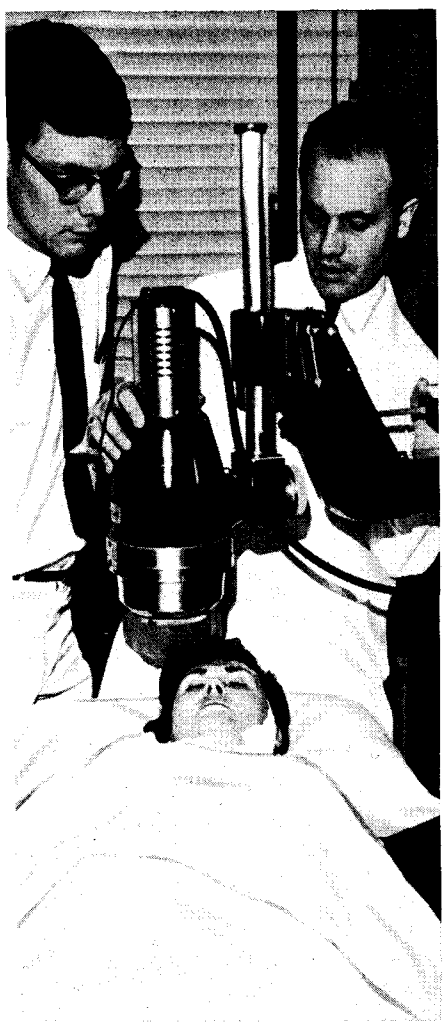
"What's the picture, captain?"

"It can't be described. I'll pick you up at Ludwigsdorf and lead you in."

"We'll be right over."

They crossed the pontoon bridge to the south bank of the Danube in two jeep loads. In one jeep were Blessing O'Toole and Doctor Grimwood, who was mumbling about Sean's locking up several German *Black List* doctors he needed. In the other jeep Dante Arosa rode with Duquesne and Bolinski, the lawyer and displaced-persons officer.

As they approached Ludwigsdorf they could see Romstein Castle on a hill in the distance. This village directly served the Von Romstein estates. There was a small railroad station near the highway to service the Romstein products. In the



A thyroidal photoscan demonstrates St. Louis University's use of nuclear technology in internal medicine.

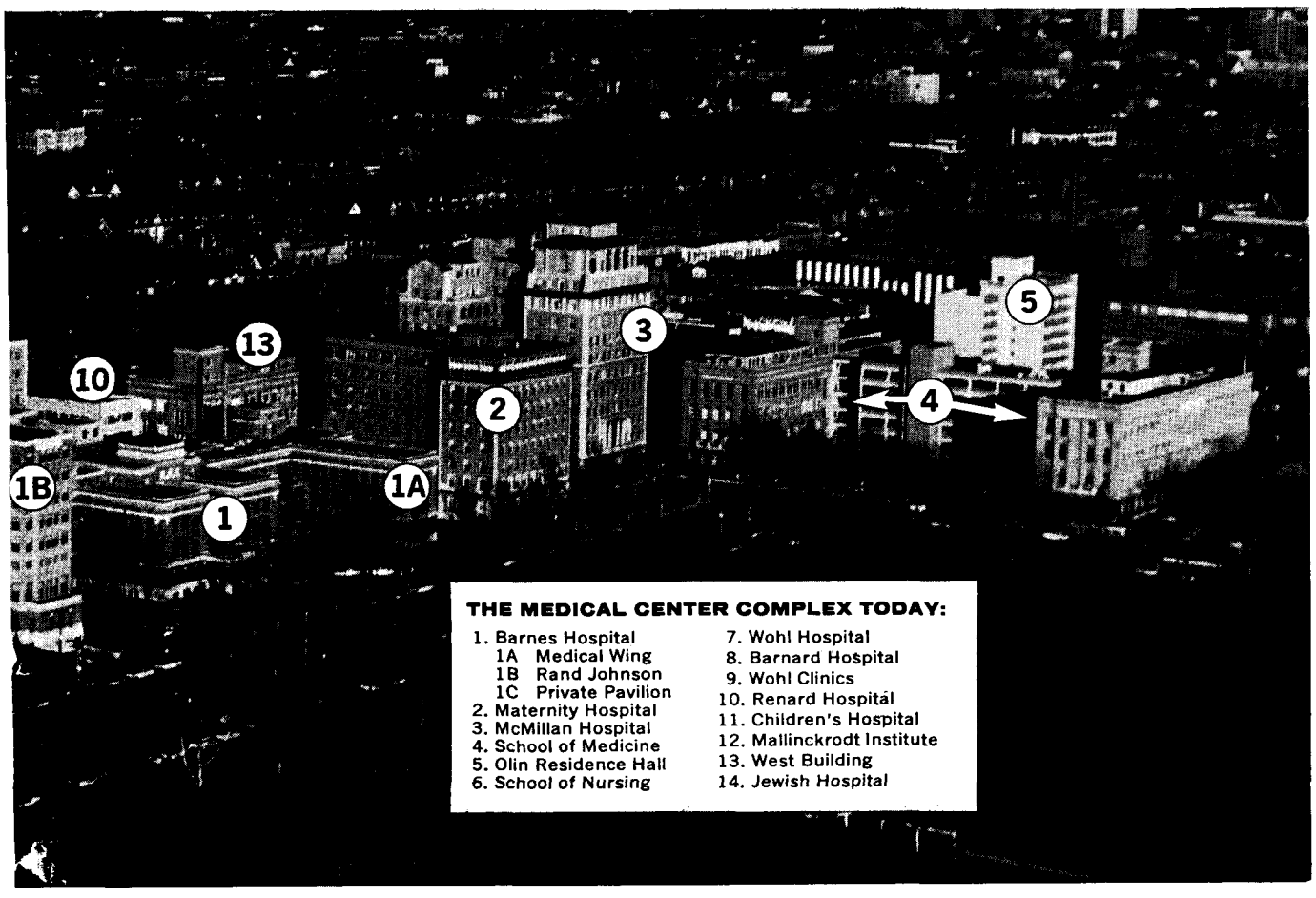
St. Louis has the distinction of six Nobel prize winners in the field of medicine.

medical research and training unsurpassed in scope anywhere in the world.

Medical research, brilliant as it is, is only *one* of the many activities that contribute to St. Louis' climate of achievement. No wonder this thriving area, served by Union Electric, continues to attract widespread interest. If you would like information about possibilities of expanding your business into the St. Louis area, write in confidence to J. W. McAfee, president.

UNION ELECTRIC

St. Louis 66, Missouri



THE MEDICAL CENTER COMPLEX TODAY:

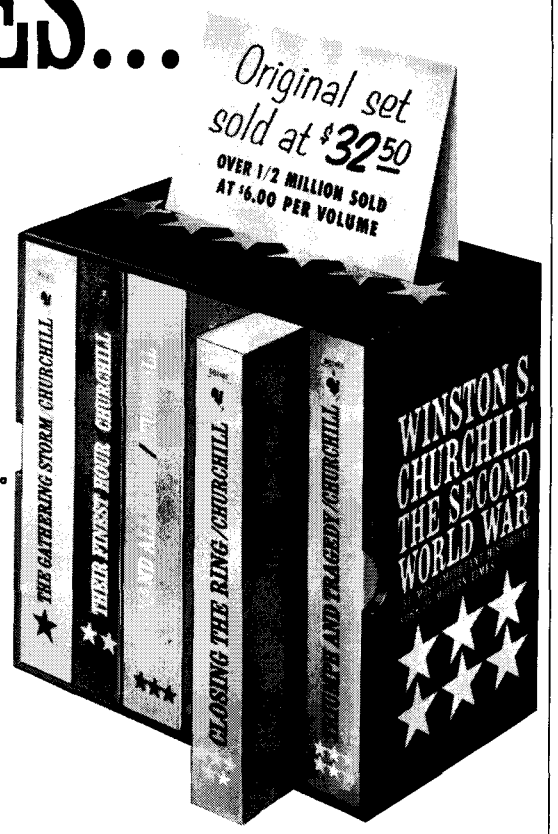
1. Barnes Hospital
   1A Medical Wing
   1B Rand Johnson
   1C Private Pavilion
2. Maternity Hospital
3. McMillan Hospital
4. School of Medicine
5. Olin Residence Hall
6. School of Nursing
7. Wohl Hospital
8. Barnard Hospital
9. Wohl Clinics
10. Renard Hospital
11. Children's Hospital
12. Mallinckrodt Institute
13. West Building
14. Jewish Hospital

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SECOND WORLD WAR
by
WINSTON CHURCHILL

NOW ALL SIX VOLUMES... ONLY $7.50

Slightly higher in Canada


Original set sold at $32.50
OVER 1/2 MILLION SOLD AT $6.00 PER VOLUME
THE GATHERING STORM CHURCHILL
THEIR FINEST HOUR CHURCHILL
CLOSING THE RING/CHURCHILL
TRIUMPH AND TRAGEDY/CHURCHILL
WINSTON S. CHURCHILL THE SECOND WORLD WAR

COMPLETE AND UNABRIDGED

Vol. 1 THE GATHERING STORM / Vol. 2 THEIR FINEST HOUR / Vol. 3 THE GRAND ALLIANCE Vol. 4 THE HINGE OF FATE / Vol. 5 CLOSING THE RING / Vol. 6 TRIUMPH AND TRAGEDY

4,512 Pages — 257 Diagrams and Maps — Many Informative Tables

Thrilling eye-witness account based on Churchill's own secret papers!

NEW PAPERBACK EDITION
COMPLETE AND UNABRIDGED
Build your home library with the only authentic behind-the-scene account of World War II, now yours in the inspiring language of the great Winston Churchill.

HANDSOME GIFT-CASE FREE OF EXTRA CHARGE
Set comes in sturdy, heavyweight board gift-case beautifully decorated in 3 colors including gold; and varnished for home library use. Yours FREE of extra charge.

ON SALE AT YOUR MAJOR PAPERBACK DEALER —OR MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

BANTAM BOOKS, INC., Dept. WWPH-4
414 East Golf Road, Des Plaines, Illinois

Please send me the new 6 volume Paperback Edition of Winston Churchill's "The Second World War" to examine in my own home for 15 days without risk.

☐ Send C.O.D. for $7.50 plus C.O.D. postage. If I return the set in 15 days, you will return my $7.50 without question.

☐ Enclosed herewith is my check, money order for $7.50. You pay postage. Same return privileges, of course.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

center of the village stood a church with an onion-shaped dome, a smaller copy of the cathedral in Rombaden.

Captain Armour flagged them down in the square, jumped into his own jeep and led them out. The rail line ran parallel with the road into Schwabenwald Forest. Sunlight came in flickers as the road snaked through the dark trees.

A large sign pocked with bullet holes carried a death's head insignia and a warning: CONCENTRATION CAMP GROUNDS! DO NOT PROCEED BEYOND THIS POINT! VIOLATORS SUBJECT TO SEVERE PENALTY!

Battle-weary American soldiers sat along the roadside, backs propped against trees, digging into cans of food. A pretty wooden bridge crossed a stream. Nestled in the forest were lovely cottages with little gardens. These were the homes of the married SS officers.

A few hundred yards past the cottages they broke into an immense clearing. A high gate was flanked by two empty guard boxes. An archway over the gate had a sign: SCHWABENWALD CONCENTRATION CAMP. Once inside this gate they were on a street of administration buildings and barracks of the *Waffen* SS. There was a bad odor, growing stronger as they drove through the forest—the smell of rotting corpses. Now it was overwhelming.

Colonel Dundee stood before the SS commandant's office with a dozen officers and men. With not a word of greeting, he got into his jeep and led Sean's party down the street to a place where a ten-foot wall of barbed wire ran off in either direction for half a mile. Beyond this wall was a path, and an inner wall of barbed wire. Conductors on the poles indicated the wire was electrified.

They drove into the heart of Schwabenwald. When the inspection was done they sat about limp and drained. Sean felt himself in a nightmare. How could the human race have come to this!

Colonel Dundee was a man who charted death, Doctor Grimwood had tended the dying, Lieutenant Blessing had known blood. But this was too much; they were stunned and pale. Dante Arosa and Bolinski retched outside the office, and young O'Toole cried.

Maurice Duquesne, no longer the sophisticate, broke the silence. "How in the name of God could they have done it!"

"Let us just hope," Dundee said unevenly, "that this Commandant Klaus Stoll was a maniac. Let's just hope to God there are no more places like this."

"There couldn't be!"

Sean thought, *My brothers died for this! What fools ever claimed they knew the Germans! Make the sick well, General Hansen? Sure! Come have a look.*

Dr. Geoffrey Grimwood recovered first. "I'll need all the help I can get," he said. "Colonel, can you assign me some of your doctors and medics?"

"I sure can."

"I'll need supplies. How many are alive in there?"

"Maybe three or four thousand," Captain Armour said.

"I'd best have them moved into Rombaden. We've got the hospital and Medical College . . ."

Sean heard the conversation without comprehension.

". . . We'd better get the dead buried at once, Sean. Give spades to those captured SS brutes. I say, Sean . . . we've got to bury the dead."

"The dead will not be buried!" Sean shouted.

"Come on," Dundee said. "We're all shaken up. They must be buried at once."

"No! Not until every lousy kraut in Rombaden walks over every inch of this stinking camp."

"It will take a lot of doing to force them," Dundee said.

"No one! We'll give no one in Rombaden a food ration card until he goes through this camp."

"It's a six-mile walk," Dundee said. "They've got a lot of old people and kids. You're not going to make the kids look at this murder factory."

"Like hell I'm not! They'll walk like the slaves had to walk from here to the factories. And if they're too old to walk, let them be carried on the backs of other Germans."

"The children!"

"Their mothers can cover their eyes, but they'll never forget the stench of this place. As for the SS—Blessing, lock them in the gas chambers. Let them live in there awhile."

"I won't let you do this, major," Dundee said. "We're buying all kinds of trouble."

"I take full responsibility."

"But you're irrational!"

Sean walked slowly to the colonel and stood nose to nose. "As military governor, my authority supersedes yours, colonel. If you have a beef, register it with headquarters. If you try to stop me, I'll have you locked up. Blessing! Find out the colonel's pleasure!"

Everyone about them hung frozen. Dundee broke and walked away.

"All right, Doc. You said something about needing room?"

"Yes. But we must prepare for a dreadful fatality rate. It would be useless to move some of them out."

"No. Everyone alive here will be taken out. They've seen enough barbed wire." Sean turned to the Frenchman. "Maurice. Have all German patients removed from the hospital in Rombaden. Commandeer the cathedral. Take beds out of German homes to accommodate these people. Get them out of here!"

The march macabre lasted the entire day. The line of grumbling Germans stretched from the pontoon bridge for six miles along the road to the forest. *Graf* Ludwig Von Romstein and his brother Baron Sigmund led them. In the opposite direction, truckloads of the half-dead inmates rode out of Schwabenwald to the cathedral. The marchers turned their eyes away. At Ludwigsdorf the villagers of the district joined those from Rombaden. Here the smell grew stronger.

They saw it all. Some fainted, some vomited, a few wept. The mothers, indeed, held their hands over the eyes of their children.

And when it was over they clutched their food-ration certificates in sweaty hands and stumbled back to Rombaden.

"I am old. I had nothing to do with it. Why did they make me see it?"

"Hitler brought us to this."

"It was Hitler's fault. Hitler and the crazy Nazis."

"We did not know."

"Hitler's fault."

"We did not know."

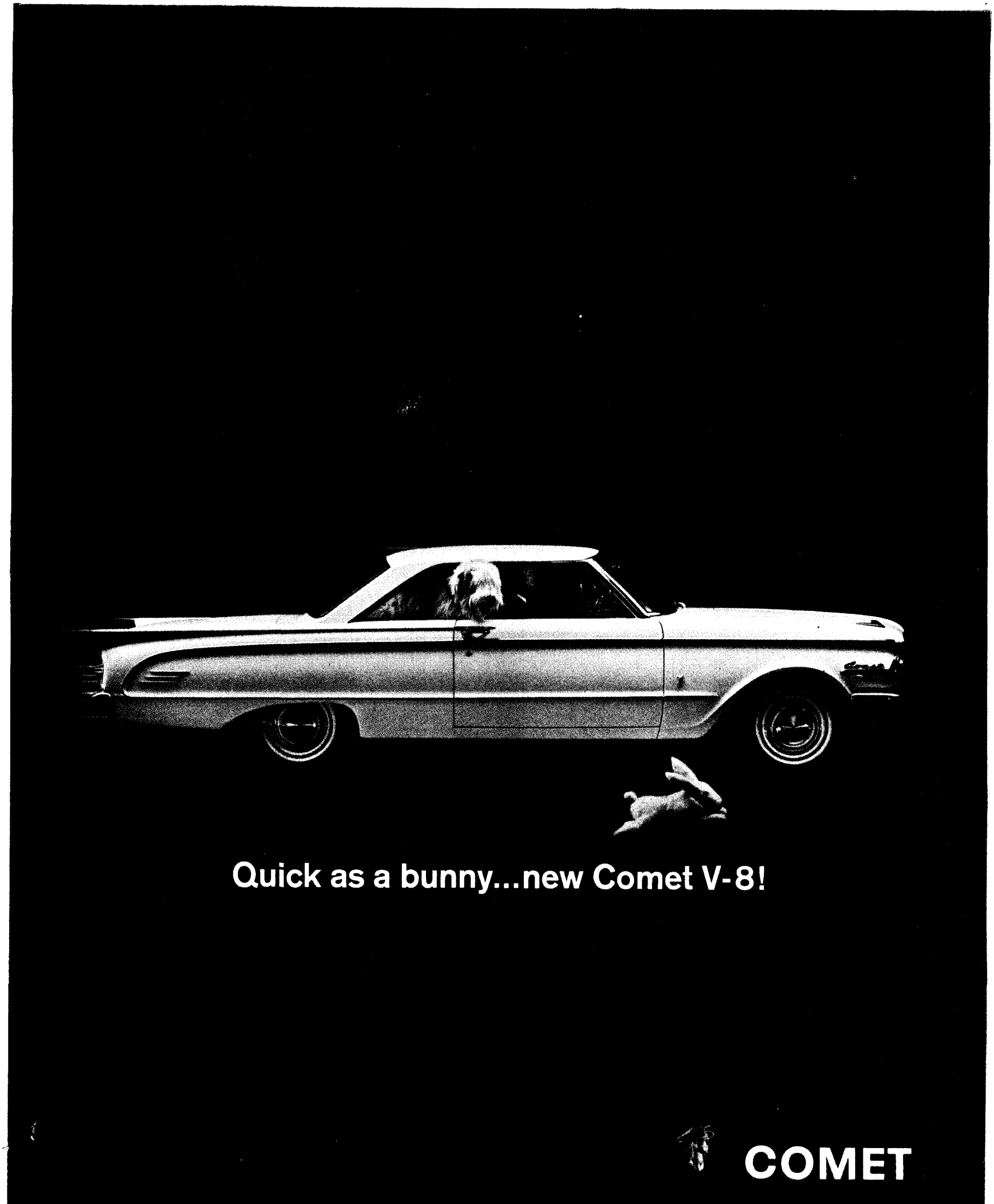
"We did not know. How could we know?" asked Herr Himmelfarb, the district recorder.

Sean and Dante Arosa glared at the bureaucrat.

"You must believe me," he repeated.

"Himmelfarb, how long have you been the *Landkreis* recorder?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Quick as a bunny...new Comet V-8!

COMET

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fresh idea, fresh roof, fresh air: Mercury's Breezeway Design

Even with side windows closed, fresh air flows in, smoke and stale air flow out. The key: a power-operated Breezeway rear window. You open the fresh-air controls, close side windows and vent panes, lower rear window slightly. Flo-Thru action circulates air gently, silently, through the car and out the rear window. And note: Mercury's rear window is recessed, stays clearer in rain, snow.

MERCURY
MONTEREY · MONTEREY CUSTOM
MARAUDER and S-55

COMET · METEOR · MERCURY: PRODUCTS OF Ford MOTOR COMPANY · LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Since 1924," he said proudly. "January fourth, 1924."

Dante lifted a huge ledger and handed it to him. "What is this?"

"Death records of Schwabenwald."

"They were found in the basement."

"*Ja.* I put them there for safekeeping."

Dante took the ledger back and opened the cover. "This is your handwriting?"

"*Ja.*"

"Your entries?"

"*Ja.*"

"Herr Himmelfarb. We have fourteen more ledgers like this one."

"Thank goodness. I thought they might have been lost."

"Recording one hundred and sixteen thousand death certificates issued from Schwabenwald Concentration Camp."

"*Ja.* That would be correct. Fifteen ledgers. One hundred and sixteen thousand deaths recorded."

"Of these, one hundred and ten thousand are listed as either heart failure or natural causes."

"*Ja.*"

"What is meant by 'natural causes'?"

"I have no idea," Himmelfarb replied.

"Did it ever occur to you that there was something strange about being handed a thousand death certificates because of heart failure in a given week?"

"I had no thoughts about it one way or the other. My job is merely to see if the certificate is legal and then record it."

"It never entered your mind that mass murder was being committed?"

"I beg of you, lieutenant. I am a mere civil servant. I do not have opinions. My duty is to keep records, and that is all I do. Just keep records."

"Herr Himmelfarb!" Dante shouted with rising wrath. "Were you a member of the Nazi Party?"

"Don't you understand, Lieutenant? I joined the Nazi Party for only one reason: to keep my position."

Dante had reached the boiling point. Sean held up his hand. "Save your breath, Dante. O'Toole!"

The orderly tumbled into the office.

"Lock him up."

"We did not know," Count Ludwig said to Sean.

"The record to date is perfect," Sean said. "Twenty-nine people out of twenty-nine interrogated so far did not know. Twenty-two of them had had good friends who were Jewish, and twenty-four had nonpolitical Nazi affiliations."

"You can't blame us for the work of a single madman. Klaus Stoll was insane, obviously."

"You might be interested in knowing that Schwabenwald was merely one of many such concentration camps. Here's a few more names which have just come in."

Graf Ludwig read the dispatch from headquarters: ". . . *Dachau . . . Ravenbruck . . . Buchenwald . . . reports from the Russian front indicate that in Poland . . .*"

"In God's name, major! You can't blame an entire nation for the doings of a handful of Nazis."

Sean picked up a file folder, opened it and walked to the count. There were photographs of the City Hall Square of Rombaden in another day. All the buildings; the city hall, the college, hospital, museum, even the cathedral, were covered with swastika bunting. A long row of SA men made an aisle leading to a grandstand where thousands more in black shirts and death's-head insignia held swastika standards. There were tens of thousands more in Hitler Youth uniforms and SS uniforms, giving the Nazi salute. It seemed as though not a person could be missing from Rombaden's population. Blown-up segments of the photographs identified the three Von Romsteins. All of this had taken place outside the window of Sean's office. Masses, screaming, ecstatic masses.

Hear the drums! Hear his voice!

Sieg Heil! Sieg Heil! Sieg Heil!

"Is that what you call a handful? Is that a handful in the square?" Sean slammed his fist on the table.

"Major, I tell you that Schwabenwald is the work of a few people. You saw for yourself how completely hidden and guarded the place was. It was a word only spoken of in whispers."

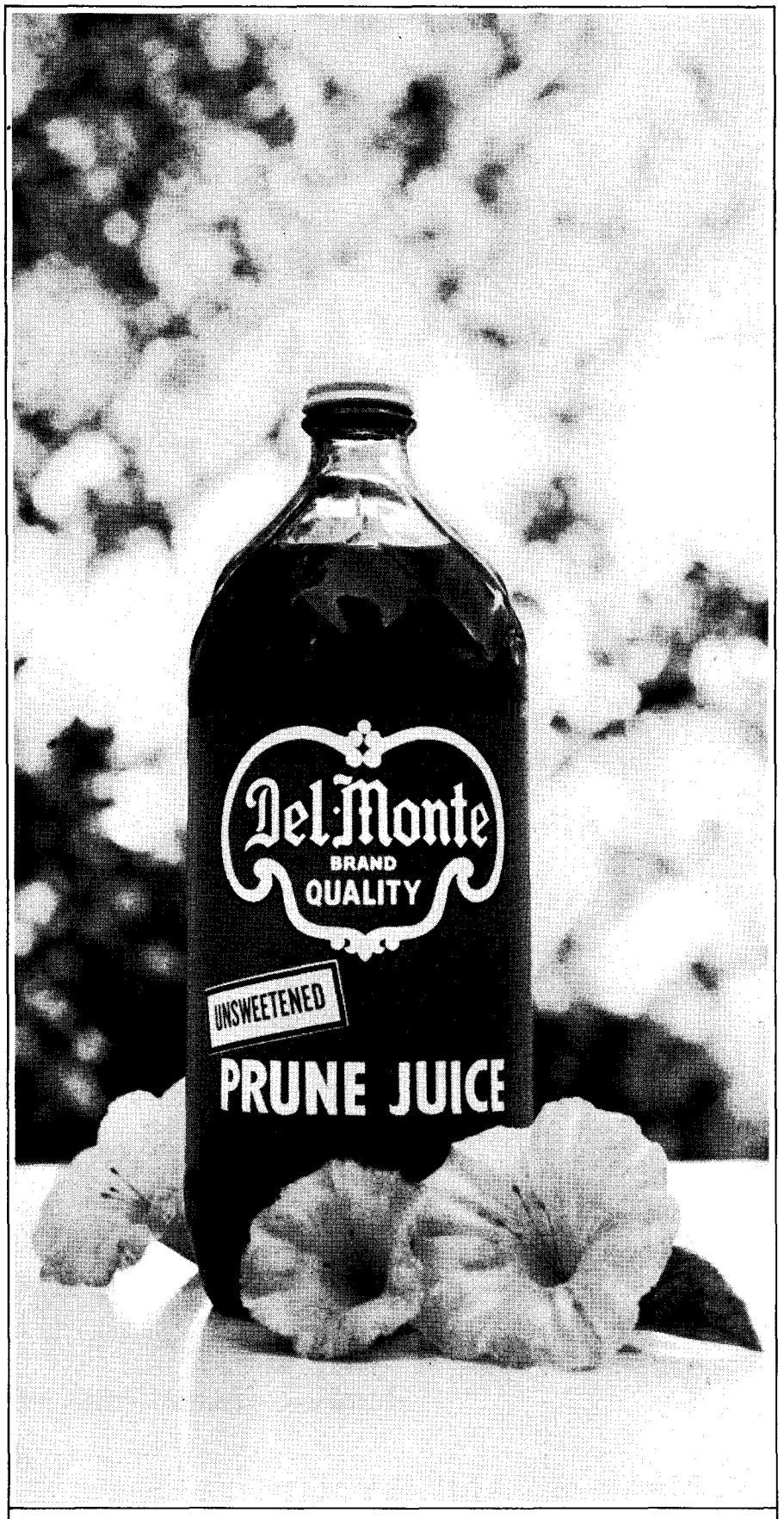
"The smell. Was it smelled in whispers? During the spring and early winter you have south winds. What happened when the smell reached Rombaden? We have thirty answers. Ten of them had no opinion about the smell, five thought it was a leather factory, four a fertilizer plant, one a chemical plant, and ten didn't smell a thing. What did you think about the smell?"

Ludwig Von Romstein twitched in visible discomfort.

"Romstein, you are a rector of the medical college and chief patron of the research center. You entertained those

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Farnsworth! Simpson!"



MORNING GLORIOUS!

That's Del Monte Prune Juice—as bright and refreshing as a fruit juice should be! This is the one you'll drink for pure pleasure, too—because it's light instead of syrupy, clear instead of cloudy, clean-tasting instead of cloying. Try it. You'll find Del Monte® Prune Juice uniformly rich in the flavor and natural keep-fitness of fresh-cooked prunes.

DEL MONTE

the prune juice with fruit juice appeal

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

doctors from the camp. Did they discuss their experiments? Did you know your good money was going for a hundred castrations a day? From Castle Romstein you can see the village of Ludwigsdorf, is that not correct?"

There was no answer.

"Is that not correct!"

"It is corrrect."

"Your servants and your farmers trade and live in Ludwigsdorf. You go to your church in Ludwigsdorf. What did you think when trainloads of open gondola cars passed through Ludwigsdorf filled with corpses? Well, dammit! What did you think!"

"All of us knew to close our eyes, our ears and our mouths if we wanted to stay alive."

"What did you think about your factory being operated by slave labor for six years? They were marched over the bridge every day in front of the whole damned city. What did you think?"

"I was told what to manufacture, what my quota was. I took the labor that was assigned to me."

"And how about taking the Nazi Blood Order Honor?"

"I was not in a position to turn down a Nazi decoration. It would have been committing suicide."

"So your brother Kurt was the Nazi front for the Von Romstein family, and he conveniently committed suicide for you."

"My brother made the decision on his own. I believe your concept of justice omits guilt by association."

"Let's examine the association. Brother Number One: mayor. Brother Number Two: chancellor. Brother Number Three: Nazi *Gauleiter*. Let me ask you, count: In your capacity as chancellor and benefactor, what did you do about the smashing of Jewish shops, the burning of synagogues, the stealing of their fortunes, beatings in the streets, murder at Schwabenwald?"

Ludwig stiffened. The Jews! Always the Jews! What did this idiot know about Jews? "I never condoned," he said, "Hitler's program for the Jewish question. I never went outside the law in the treatment of Jews."

"You didn't have to go outside the law. The Nuremberg Laws let you do anything you wished. Is there any crime on the books you can't excuse?"

"It is well and good for you to hammer questions at me," Von Romstein burst back in anger, "but I was in no more of a position to judge the legality or the inhumanity of German law than you are of your laws. We Germans did not invent race hatred."

"We Americans did not invent death factories. That is an exclusive German innovation!"

"If—if we could perhaps discuss this on a sane level. . . . I can neither explain or justify with you shouting at me, and I should like you to know my position."

Sean's anger abated slowly. He told himself to gain control. "Go ahead."

"May I sit down?"

Sean nodded. Von Romstein asked for permission to smoke. He drew a long puff, wondering where to begin.

"You must remember, Major O'Sullivan," the count said, "that America has never been judged by a conqueror. You have never had to explain. When you are not involved, it is easy to ask questions."

"I'm involved. The Germans have killed two of my brothers."

"And I have lost a son. I do not wish to offend you, major, but you must realize that the House of Von Romstein has governed this *Landkreis* since long before Columbus discovered America."

Sean was impressed by the opening gambit.

"I am not going to question your intelligence by defending feudalism," Von Romstein continued, "but it is a system that we inherited because of the limited opportunities of the land. Feudalism breeds a type of tradition and family responsibility foreign to American life. As time passed we outgrew an agrarian economy, and we were forced to industrialize or perish. You see, Germany was the last power in Europe to become industrial. My grandfather built the Machine Works only fifty years ago.

"Once the Machine Works was built, Rombaden tripled in size. Under an agrarian economy, life was quite simple. The population was such that everyone had enough to eat. There were small factories where traditional crafts had been practiced for generations. But . . . with heavy industry the district of Romstein, as in most of Germany, was simply unable to produce enough food. We began to depend on the sale of manufactured products to pay for our food.

"Germany is a small country with an enormous population. We do not have room to explore or expand. We do not have the natural God-given resources of America. Germany's great resource is the energy and ingenuity of the people. Things here must be orderly. Ambitions must be limited. The factory here must be producing to maintain so many jobs. If the factory closes, Rombaden does not eat. Unlike America, we have no magic food surplus to draw upon.

"I inherited the Romstein family responsibility at the end of the first World War. I shall not debate with you the good or the evil of the Versailles Treaty. The Allies say Germany did not get enough punishment. We Germans felt it was too severe. From a practical standpoint, the Versailles Treaty closed down the Machine Works. The people of this *Landkreis* and in all of Germany were hungry and frightened, and there was no work."

Graf Ludwig Von Romstein snuffed out his cigarette. The sea of his own words had caught him up. He drifted toward the window which looked down on the City Hall Square, that place of so much history.

"Nor will I argue either the good or the bad of the Weimar Republic. It was our first experiment with so-called democracy, and it failed.

"So, now that this war is ending you say to me, how could this have happened? I'll tell you, Major O'Sullivan. If you were a German citizen of Rombaden in 1924, you would have known. There was starvation and no work. Inflation was so bad a wagonload of marks could not buy a loaf of bread.

"And the worst of it was that we Germans had been stripped of our pride and our dignity. Pride is a German strength and a German weakness. Other people can live without it—the Chinese, the Latin Americans, the Slavs—but a German cannot." He pointed to his dueling scar. "This is a nonsensical pride to show my courage as a young man. Well, Hitler came and spoke to us of jobs and returning German dignity.

"How did the rest of us feel about this ridiculous man? We were coming to a choice in Romstein *Landkreis*. We either went with Hitler or to the Communists

It's NO Puzzle!

New STANLEY Sabre Saw
with TILTING Base...Fits Every Need

CUTS INTO, up to, around, across and through just about anything. Angle cuts from 0° to 45° left, 0° to 30° right.

FLUSH CUTS right up to a wall and parallel to the wall. Cuts curves, pockets, scrolls and intricate patterns.

POWERS THROUGH 2" x 4" lumber, electrical conduit, ½" steel bars, aluminum, other metals.

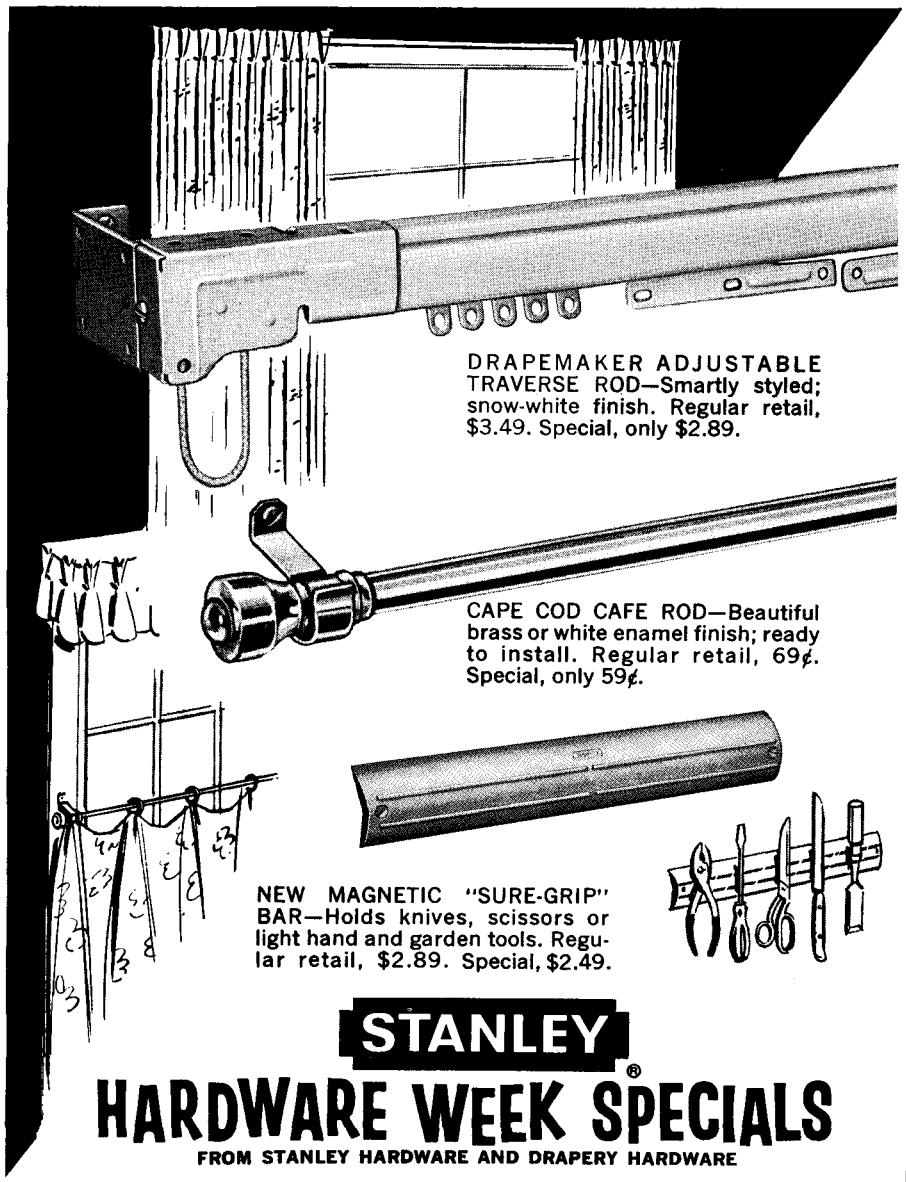
PATENTED ANTI-VIBRATION MECHANISM assures smoother cutting.

AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE . . . at a new low price of $44.50. Non-tilting base $34.50.

THE STANLEY WORKS
NEW BRITAIN CONNECTICUT

Hand Tools • Power Tools • Hardware • Drapery Hardware • Automatic Door Equipment
Aluminum Windows • Stampings • Springs • Coatings • Strip Steel • Steel Strapping

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


DRAPEMAKER ADJUSTABLE TRAVERSE ROD—Smartly styled; snow-white finish. Regular retail, $3.49. Special, only $2.89.
CAPE COD CAFE ROD—Beautiful brass or white enamel finish; ready to install. Regular retail, 69¢. Special, only 59¢.
NEW MAGNETIC "SURE-GRIP" BAR—Holds knives, scissors or light hand and garden tools. Regular retail, $2.89. Special, $2.49.
STANLEY
HARDWARE WEEK SPECIALS
FROM STANLEY HARDWARE AND DRAPERY HARDWARE

prison term. It is up to you, Marla. You know of course that funds have been transferred to Argentina."

Marla nodded.

"Unless you are driven out, you are to stay here and keep up the fight for the estate and the Machine Works."

"Yes, father."

"Marla, the great strength of the Von Romstein family is the willingness of its members to sacrifice for our name. Your Uncle Kurt has given his life. Your Uncle Sigmund and I are ready to go to prison. Throughout our history, Von Romstein women have cemented invaluable alliances for the sake of the family."

She knew her marriage to Wilhelm Frick had been important to the family. It had produced the desired heirs. It had protected the estates, the castle and the Machine Works.

"Marla," her father said, "the Americans are building a case against the family. Much of what finally comes to court will be based on the interrogations by this young officer, Arosa."

She nodded.

"I am convinced that his thinking can be made flexible. I believe the case could be made much less severe."

Marla spared only a fleeting thought for her husband somewhere in a Russian prison camp. Certainly if he returned from Russia he would want the Machine Works restored. Besides, Marla had been without a man for a long time. And the young American officer was attractive.

Ludwig smiled. "I am certain, Marla, that you could be convincing to Arosa. In fact, I'd bet a fortune on it."

It was curfew. Polish slave laborers, liberated from Schwabenwald, staggered over the pontoon bridge to the south bank, where Lieutenant Bolinski had set up a displaced-persons center in the plush spas and hotels.

Lt. Shenandoah Blessing watched them from his police jeep, then U-turned in the direction of the jail, worrying about night patrols. The whole Rombaden police force had to be disbanded. So far he had found only a half dozen white-listed Germans trusted enough to augment his meager crew. There was only one company of American infantry to guard the whole *Landkreis*, the POW's and the interned SS in Schwabenwald. If there was real trouble, he'd be in a bad fix.

He'd press Major O'Sullivan and Bolinski to let him have a few hundred Poles to put into uniform. Could he trust the Poles with weapons? In his own anger after seeing Schwabenwald, Blessing had beaten up some of the SS when they were taken out of the gas chambers, after three days of hunger, thirst and fright.

He wheeled out of the square into a narrow street. An old man was sitting atop a brick pile between two bombed-out houses. Blessing pulled up and switched off the engine.

"Say there, old-timer," Blessing called, "it's curfew."

The man didn't answer.

"Speaken *sie* English? Say there. It's *schwarz* in the *Himmel*. You got to get to your *Haus*."

"To hell with curfew, sir!"

Blessing climbed up the brick pile with an agility that belied his weight. The man was not as old as he had seemed. An empty wine bottle lay at his feet. Blessing puffed to a halt.

"Where do you live?"

"Nowhere!"

There was no middle ground in the Weimar Republic. So we tried to make a temporary arrangement with Hitler in order to get people working, recover our senses, beat back the Communists, restore our dignity. I say in all candor to you, Major O'Sullivan, that in the days that lie ahead, you Americans will discover that we were not wrong about the Communists. They may be your allies now, but you shall learn hard lessons about them.

"In the beginning, Hitler gave us more than he had promised. We had our national pride restored, and we were working again. None of the people in my class believed that we could not eventually bring Hitler under control. You know the rest of the story. The tyranny imposed upon the German people was absolute. We could not fight back."

Sean heard it all with fascination. Was the Versailles Treaty unfair? Could a Germany which plunged the world into its first bloody global war expect less? And what about the rest of Europe, which starved and went without jobs and knew blood and sorrow because of German insanity?

"I am sorry for what happened at Schwabenwald," Von Romstein said softly. "And when the German people learn about these places, they will be sorry too. We did not know."

"What about London and Rotterdam and Warsaw?" Sean asked. "Are you sorry about these places too? Or did you begin to become sorry when you got your brains knocked out at Stalingrad? And as for knowing, you did not know because you did not want to know."

That evening at dinner Ludwig Von Romstein reflected on his conversation with Sean. Sigmund had been right. The American major meant to destroy him. The stupid Nazis had left everyone in a fine fix by failing to destroy the gas chambers. Clumsy dogs . . . leaving those corpses just strewn around.

His thoughts turned to his daughter, Marla Frick. Marla was the only hope the family had, the one real Von Romstein of them all, a true German noblewoman. Count Ludwig had needed someone to modernize the Machine Works. He had arranged a marriage between Marla and Wilhelm Frick to lure the brilliant industrial designer away from the Krupp Industries. Wilhelm was ten years older than Marla. He kept mistresses at the Spa on the south bank. But the marriage had produced the necessary heirs, two boys, who would eventually adopt the Von Romstein name. As for Wilhelm Frick, he had been drafted to organize industry in the occupied countries—and captured by the Russians.

Marla Frick entered the study and took a straight-backed chair near her father. She was quite unlike the plump, large-breasted, beer-drinking peasant women of Romstein *Landkreis*. Marla Von Romstein Frick was slim and immaculately groomed, just missing beauty. She poured her father tea and brandy. "How did the interview go with the American?"

"Not well, I'm afraid."

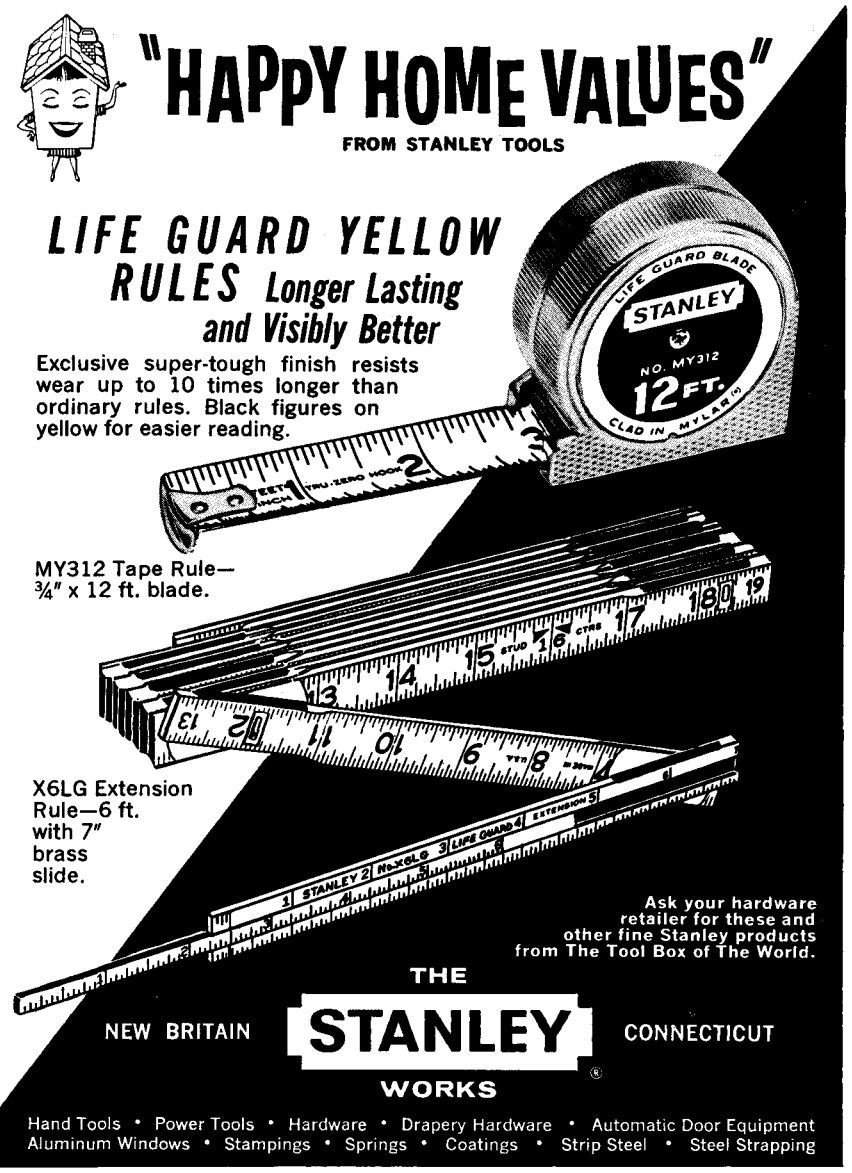
Ludwig sipped his brandy. "The fact is, the family is in a grave crisis. Your Uncle Sigmund and I may have to serve prison terms."

"But whatever for, father?"

"My pet, the winners may judge the losers on any set of rules they wish."

"What has Hitler brought us to!"

"Marla, I am prepared to accept a


"HAPPY HOME VALUES"
FROM STANLEY TOOLS
LIFE GUARD YELLOW RULES Longer Lasting and Visibly Better
Exclusive super-tough finish resists wear up to 10 times longer than ordinary rules. Black figures on yellow for easier reading.
STANLEY
NO. MY312
12 FT.
MY312 Tape Rule—¾" x 12 ft. blade.
X6LG Extension Rule—6 ft. with 7" brass slide.
Ask your hardware retailer for these and other fine Stanley products from The Tool Box of The World.
THE STANLEY WORKS
NEW BRITAIN CONNECTICUT
Hand Tools • Power Tools • Hardware • Drapery Hardware • Automatic Door Equipment
Aluminum Windows • Stampings • Springs • Coatings • Strip Steel • Steel Strapping

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If you want the best value get an Atlas-Aire

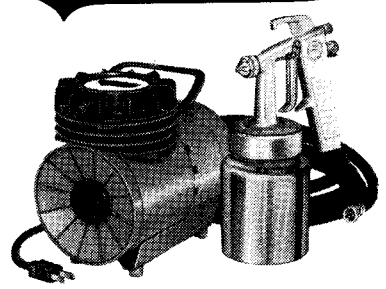
This 1963 Atlas-Aire mower starts so easy . . . runs so smooth . . . it's a pleasure to use. And the clean way it clips makes it mighty special for any man who gives a hoot about lawn appearance. Packed with features you want . . . meets A.S.A. safety specifications.

Put your money where the value is . . . at your ATLAS-AIRE dealer

There's an Atlas-Aire mower for you: from $59.95 to $139.95 – Suggested retail price . . . slightly higher West of Rockies.

ATLAS TOOL & MANUFACTURING CO.
Since 1926
5147 Natural Bridge Blvd. • St. Louis 15, Mo.

Speedy Sprayer



Tool of a dozen uses!

Motorized! Ready to plug in and spray! Use it to paint anything, from a toy to a house. Does an hour's painting in just minutes. Pays for itself on the first big job. Also use it to spray insecticides, weed killers, liquid fertilizer; vacuum, tire inflator, etc. A real professional tool needed in every work-shop. Ask for Speedy Sprayer "Compact" No. 404. $39.95 Slightly higher Denver West

Write for "How to Spray" booklet and catalog.

W. R. BROWN CORP.
Specialists in Portable Sprayers Since 1921
2663 N. NORMANDY AVE., CHICAGO 35, ILL.

HARDWARE WEEK SPECIAL!
NEW Rival® MAGNETIC CHROME TRIM CAN OPENER
REG. $3.98 ONLY $2.98

NOW in sparkling colors and chrome.
WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG T
RIVAL MFG. CO., Kansas City 29, Mo. In Canada: Montreal

ALL PURPOSE
3-IN-ONE® OIL
Oils Everything Prevents Rust
REGULAR — OIL SPRAY — ELECTRIC MOTOR

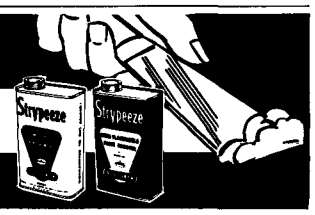
fast, lasting repairs
Magic FIXES EVERYTHING!
Magic Plastic Aluminum • Epoxy Glue
Magic Rubber • Fix-All Porcelain
Tub 'N Tile Sealer • Magic Wood
Woodblend Putty Pencils
at all stores 29¢ to $1
MAGIC STEEL
Magic Iron Cement Co., Inc. Cleveland 28, Ohio

WIN A RAMBLER
at Your Hardware Store During the Happy Home Values Week Sale
(see inside front cover)

Watersaver
STOPS TOILET LEAKS $5.98
Replaces old valves. Saves water. No handle jiggling. Installs in all tanks. Quiet. One working part. 1,000,000 in use in Mansfield toilets. See your plumber or hardware dealer.
MANSFIELD SANITARY, INC.
Perrysville, Ohio

SUPERTHANE
VARNISH BY Rez®
SUPER TOUGH SUPER RESISTANT *Polyurethane*
CLEAR GLOSS FINISH FOR ALL EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR WOOD
REZ WOOD-TONES, INC.
Dept. 146, P.O. Box 142, Springdale, Pa.

SAVOGRAN Strypeeze
SEMI-PASTE OR NON-FLAMMABLE
Strips Paint Fast
AT PAINT OR HARDWARE STORES
THE SAVOGRAN CO., NORWOOD, MASS.



ARMAGEDDON

"You drunk?"

"Of course I'm drunk. Are you stupid?"

The policeman grabbed the man's collar and jerked him to his feet. On a hunch, Blessing shoved back the sleeve on the man's left arm. There was the tattoo number of a Schwabenwald prisoner. Blessing released his grip.

"Why didn't you tell me you were from the concentration camp?"

"Why didn't you ask me?" The man began to babble. "I didn't drink very much. Nothing to drink in a long time. It's made me drunk."

"You can't sit here all night."

"I used to have friends in this place. Once this was the district headquarters of the Social Democrats. No one is here . . . all gone . . ."

"You're not a Pole."

"I am German."

"Are you Ulrich Falkenstein?"

"That is correct."

The jail buzzed with excitement over the old man who lay passed out on a cot in Blessing's office. Ulrich Falkenstein! A famous relic, who had withstood Hitler's persecution.

The Team had known he was a prisoner at Schwabenwald, but when they broke into the camp, there was no sign of him. In the confusion he had wandered off to find old comrades in Rombaden.

Ulrich Falkenstein was a war-horse of the Social Democratic Party. He had dared to stand up to Hitler even when the end had come. In the party paper and in fighting speeches he denounced the Nazis at a time when most of his comrades were escaping Germany or keeping quiet.

At the epic trial in 1935 Ulrich Falkenstein made his last public statement. He predicted that this new era of tyranny would lead Germany to total destruction. Falkenstein joined a half million Germans thrown into concentration camps for opposition to the regime.

For the first time, Sean O'Sullivan stood up to greet a German and shake his hand.

"I am overwhelmed," Falkenstein said, "to be remembered." He savored the luxury of a cigarette. The smoke made him heady. And the coffee! The taste of it nearly brought him to tears.

As they chatted, Falkenstein seemed like a tired executive. His eyes were an amazing blue, and he radiated a look of tenderness.

"How does the war go?" he asked.

"The western front is collapsing. It will only be a matter of days," Sean answered.

"And Berlin?"

"We have stopped at the Elbe River. The Russians are assaulting Berlin from the Oder-Neisse Line."

Falkenstein lighted another cigarette. "I am a Berliner," he said at last. "I have a family there. A brother and a half brother. It is a pity you're letting the Russians capture Berlin."

"But the Russians are our allies. They've suffered terribly at the hands of the Germans."

"Haven't we all? But the Berliners were never truly Nazis."

Sean could not hide his shock.

"You look amazed, major."

"I am, in the light of what has happened to you, Herr Falkenstein. You left Berlin in 1935. Perhaps it was too early to realize that the Nazis truly carried out the will of the German people."

"Not all the German people. I also am a German."

"A unique German."

Falkenstein shrugged. "Most of the so-called 'good' Germans died in places like Schwabenwald. But now, what happens if those of us who are left turn our backs on the German people? I must get back to Berlin."

Sean was bewildered. Was this man better or worse than those Germans who had fled the Nazis and now worked with Military Government, Germans who hated their country and their own people? Sean knew that in Falkenstein he had an adversary, not a puppet. Still, he made his choice.

"It will be a long time before you can return to Berlin. We need you here."

"I will work with you, major, if you will remember that I am German and my first duty is not to Allied victory but to the redemption of the people."

Rombaden gasped for life amid its devastation. This was defeat—no water, no food; ashes and fear. Fear of the Poles freed from the concentration camp, armed and set to patrolling the streets. Fear of Ulrich Falkenstein. He would have no truck with the Nazis. Moreover, he could smell them. A few people from the white list and a few political survivors of Schwabenwald were put into key civic positions. The Nazis were routed.

It became clear that everyone in Rombaden and the *Landkreis* was going to have to account for his past activities. Rumor had it that the military government was preparing a form with hundreds of questions which every man and woman had to answer. Imprisonments became commonplace.

Dante Arosa and Shenandoah Blessing built a network of informers. The safest way for one to clear one's name was to implicate someone else. Inform. Tell on your neighbor. Informing had become a fine art during the Nazi days.

Werner Hoffman, a deputy of Falkenstein, became the unofficial link between the informers and the allied authorities. Hoffman, a minor Socialist official in pre-Nazi days, had somehow survived five years at Schwabenwald. He walked bent; his back had been broken by a guard's rifle butt. Hoffman was not a particularly efficient official, but he was that rarity, a trusted anti-Nazi. Hoffman made the deals with the informers for extra rations and extra consideration.

There began a wild scramble to explain away one's guilt.

"You must make the Americans understand I joined the party because my job was at stake."

"My job was nonpolitical, strictly nonpolitical, but I was in a position to see what was going on."

"Holstein turned over four Jewish children who were being hidden."

"No matter what Herr Dunkel tells you, he was a Brown Shirt."

"When you question Bargel, remind him of how it was when he was a block warden for the Nazis."

"It is known that the child turned his own mother in."

"Yes, stole the entire business and house of the Jewish family when they disappeared."

The overloaded garbage can was opened, and the stench mingled in Rombaden's ashes.

Ulrich Falkenstein slept in a mansion confiscated from the brewery owner. It was a twenty-two-room affair, occupied

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW

PLUMB HAMMER

NON-BREAKABLE FIBER-GLASS HANDLE

Stronger than Steel —— Guaranteed not to break, bend or collapse

MOLDED NEOPRENE CUSHION GRIP

Non-slip grip. Absorbs shocks. Reduces fatigue

the FA57

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY PRICE $4.49

REGULAR PRICE $5.49

SAVE $1.00

BUY NOW

VISIT YOUR LOCAL HARDWARE STORE TODAY

FAYETTE R. PLUMB, INC. • PHILADELPHIA 37, PA.

by a half dozen former Schwabenwald inmates working for Sean.

At five o'clock in the morning one day during the second week of occupation, Falkenstein's phone rang. It was Werner Hoffman, with news of Klaus Stoll, the commandant of Schwabenwald, who had disappeared at the end of the fighting.

"We've caught him," Hoffman said.

"Stoll!" Falkenstein repeated in a chilled whisper.

"And his dear wife, Emma. We have them both."

"Where? How?"

"The information came from someone who has a lot to answer for. Stoll has been hiding in the basement of a bombed-out building on Friedrichstrasse. He placed his trust in one of our most reliable informers."

"The Allied authorities! Do they know about this?"

"Yes. It was Lieutenant Blessing who captured Stoll. An hour ago. He said that purely for the sake of identification it would be a good idea if a dozen or so former inmates from Schwabenwald interviewed Stoll right in the basement before he is taken away."

"God in heaven! Major O'Sullivan will be furious!"

"Major O'Sullivan knows. He said that he will be out of town all day, touring the *Landkreis*. He said, 'What I don't know won't hurt me.'"

Falkenstein threw his blankets off. The blood rushed through his heart so quickly and heavily he thought his chest would break. He scrambled into his clothes, called for his chauffeur and soon met Hoffman in the square.

It was dawn when they stopped before a rubble pile of what had once been a department store. No one was in sight. They stumbled through the wreckage and down into a foul-smelling basement.

A flashlight beam hit them. "In here!" someone called.

In a concealed cell all but blocked by twisted steel and burned-out timbers, a dozen German inmates of Schwabenwald had been assembled.

Obersturmführer Klaus Stoll and his wife Emma were on a bed of rags in the corner, cringing. One of his former prisoners kicked Stoll in the stomach.

"Attention," he shouted. "Stand in the presence of Ulrich Falkenstein!"

Klaus Stoll slid his back up the wall, while holding his arms across his face to ward off the blows. Someone grabbed Emma Stoll by her hair and jerked her to her feet.

Falkenstein pushed through the ring and stood face to face with the Nazi. Stoll was a great brute of a man, as heavy as Falkenstein had been before the flesh had been starved and beaten from his body. Falkenstein looked from Emma to Klaus and back again. There she stood, a dull, stupid, low-class, foul-mouthed slut. Emma who wore tight sweaters and skirts to taunt the inmates. Emma, who had whipped prisoners until she collapsed in sweaty exhaustion.

And Klaus Stoll, a brewery-wagon driver saved from anonymity by the Nazis. Klaus the braggart. In times past he had taunted Falkenstein by describing the gassings, the castrations at the medical experimentation center. Boasting how he made a half dozen prisoners kneel head to head so he could kill all of them with a single bullet from a high-velocity rifle.

Klaus Stoll's dark face was stubbled, dirty and sweat-drenched. His black SS uniform was torn and caked with dried blood. "I am glad you are here, Herr Falkenstein," he said. "You are understanding. I have explained to them that I only followed orders. The Nazis would have killed me if I hadn't obeyed. They held my family as hostage to see that I carried out orders."

"Step back, Ulrich! Let us have them."

"Herr Falkenstein! You are a civilized man! You cannot put me at their mercy!"

"Perhaps you are right, Stoll. Perhaps we should call in the Poles."

"No! No!" Emma screamed.

Stoll turned to the cripple, Hoffman. "Didn't I spare your life even against my orders?"

"Because it was amusing to hear me scream in pain with my back." Hoffman snatched up a brick. "Let us see how you'll bear the pain of a broken back!"

The Nazi fell to his knees. "God be my merciful judge! They made me do it!"

The ring closed in.

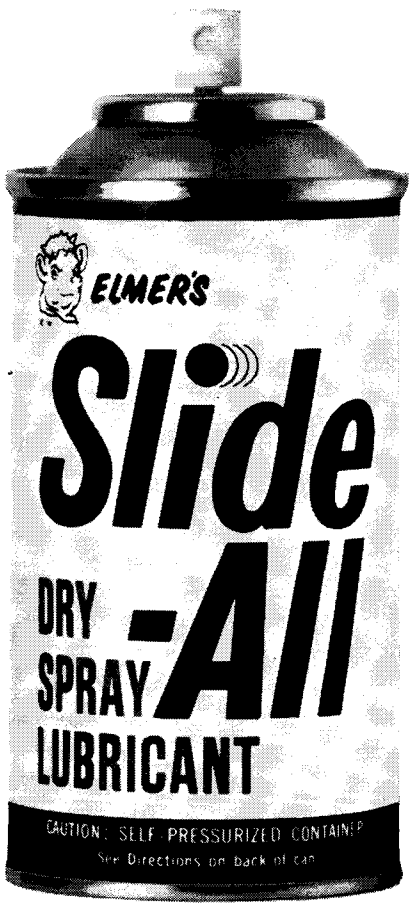
"Wait!" said Ulrich Falkenstein. "Let's not be so quick. In places like Schwabenwald human beings were turned into animals so that scum like Klaus and Emma Stoll could feel they were supermen. Let's see if the superman is made of our stuff.

"You'd better go now, baby—my wife will be home any minute!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

new way to spray away sticking & binding

...in 101 places!



Frees sticky drawers | Frees traverse rods | Eases balky zippers | Helps windows slide

Make it glide! There's nothing handier than new, revolutionary Elmer's Slide-All dry spray lubricant to keep things moving freely. Nongreasy, odorless, nonflammable and water-resistant, it stops annoying sticks and squeaks with a spray or two and reaches into hard-to-lubricate places. Slide-All dries almost instantly and leaves no stain or oily film It can be applied to any surface—wood, metal, paint, rubber, plastic, glass, leather or fabrics. Next time you encounter a stick or hear a squeak, pick up a handy spray can of Elmer's Slide-All. A product of The Borden Chemical Company, 350 Madison Avenue, New York 17, New York. (Available in Canada.)

ARMAGEDDON

Stand up, Klaus Stoll," Falkenstein commanded. "We won't lay a hand on you."

Falkenstein quieted the crowd and continued. "Now, Klaus Stoll. Face your wife. Spit in her face as you made us spit on our comrades. Spit I say!"

Stoll spat upon his wife.

"Now, Emma Stoll. Do not wipe the spit. Let it run down your face. Spit on your husband!"

She spat twice.

He ordered them to spit again and again, until their mouths ran dry.

"Now, Klaus Stoll, slap your wife until her face bleeds."

"Here, Emma Stoll. Take this stick and beat the face of your husband."

They beat each other with sickening thuds. The prisoners of Schwabenwald shrank back in revulsion. They beat each other until Emma Stoll slumped to the ground. The Nazi stood over her gasping and weeping.

"Klaus Stoll!" Falkenstein roared. "Get on your hands and knees and bark like a dog. Bark at your wife."

Klaus Stoll groveled on all fours and barked and snapped at his wife.

"It is enough!" Hoffman cried. "Make him stop!"

Klaus Stoll fell exhausted. Ulrich Falkenstein stood over him. "Why didn't you have the decency to kill yourself? . . . Hoffman, call the Americans."

Lt. Dante Arosa pushed off the bed on rubbery legs, groped for matches, lighted the kerosene lamp, turned up the wick. Shadows flickered about the war-battered room. Marla lay on her side, her face buried in the pillow, her hair in disarray.

Dante washed as best he could in a bucket of water; then he dressed. It was crazy! Plain crazy!

The rendezvous had been kept in a bombed-out apartment. When Dante arrived, Marla had been waiting in the darkness for well over an hour.

Now Dante stood over the bed. He lighted a cigar. "You'll have to stay till morning. It's past curfew."

Marla rolled over on her back. "Kiss me goodnight, Dante."

"I'd like to break your damned neck," Dante said.

He drove through the quiet, rubble-strewn streets in a daze. An occasional Polish or American guard stopped him, let him pass.

What have I done? Stupid! How could I be so stupid!

He remembered all of the traps she had set during the interrogation. The sweet smell, the brushing past. The half-revealed bosom, the provocative glances. He had never met royalty before.

She was called to his office a third time, a fourth. Questions. More questions.

". . . Why don't I continue this at your home, tomorrow?"

"As you wish, lieutenant."

Touching of hands. A kiss . . .

". . . Marla, I've got to see you alone . . ."

"We could both get into trouble. . . ."

Sean kept the capture of Klaus and Emma Stoll quiet until he had received instructions from headquarters and prepared for a flood of journalists. Bertram Collier, his press officer, mapped out tours of the Schwabenwald Concentration Camp, prepared fact sheets and requisitioned living quarters for twenty-five newspapermen.

When the capture was announced, they poured into Rombaden. Everyone was allowed to see Stoll and his wife in their cells, but only at a distance. No one was permitted to interview them.

One of the journalists who came to Rombaden was Cornelia Hollingshead, war correspondent for Global Alliance. She had built a world legion of readers. Even in soiled dungarees and battle jacket, Corney had obvious feminine appeal, and she used it to beat her male colleagues. Her ethics had been questioned more than once. Moreover, Global Alliance had a reputation for sensationalism and inaccuracy.

The twenty-six newspapers in the chain had backed Lt. Gen. Arnold Cleveland for the position of Supreme Commander of Allied Forces. General Cleveland was not a bad man as generals go, but by the time Corney Hollingshead finished glorifying him, he seemed more important than the President himself. To make matters worse, Corney was shacked up with him and trying to get him to leave his wife.

When Eisenhower was selected over Cleveland, Global Alliance and Corney went off like a pair of time bombs. They all but called the President a traitor.

Corney Hollingshead romped all over England and France and Germany, an agonizing pain to the authorities. But everyone was afraid of offending Global Alliance. When she arrived in Rombaden

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Mummy! Dad! It's your own Wally, home from his junior year abroad!"

WHAT DO YOU HAVE IN COMMON WITH ELECTRONIC ENGINEERS*?

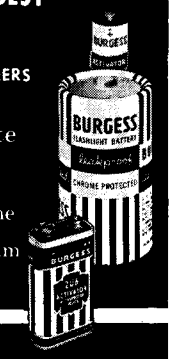
YOU BOTH BUY BURGESS BATTERIES

IF YOU WANT THE BEST

* 2 OUT OF 3 ELECTRONIC ENGINEERS PREFER BURGESS

World's Most Complete Battery Line

Dry Batteries Alkaline
Mercury Nickel-Cadmium
Silver Magnesium



BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY
DIVISION OF SERVEL, INC.
FREEPORT, ILLINOIS
NIAGARA FALLS, CAN.

KRYLON®
You have a use for SPRAY PAINT
In Ready-to-Use Aerosol
IF YOU PRIZE IT...KRYLON-IZE IT!

Fill Flaws In Plywood
Handles like putty. Hardens like wood.
PLASTIC WOOD®
The *Genuine*—Accept No Substitute.

$1,000 CONTEST

Send picture and description of unusual use for Molly anchors and tell why you used Molly anchors. Judging will be based on skill in describing your preference for Molly anchors. *Win one or more of* 68 prizes. 1st prize, $500. Contest closes July 31, 1963. Write Molly Corp., Box 132, Reading, Pa., for entry blank and contest rules. Subject to all governmental regulations.

HANG FIXTURES SECURELY!

MOLLY® SCREW ANCHORS

FASTEN FIXTURES TO HOLLOW DOORS

JACK NUT® screw anchors need only 3/8" expansion space, grip any material 0" to 3/8" thick. Perfect for use in thin materials where nails and screws won't hold.

BETTER THAN NAILS & SCREWS—Molly anchors let you put fixtures where you want . . . not just where studs are. Spider backing reinforces area in which used, won't pull through. BETTER THAN TOGGLE BOLTS—*Easy to install, need much smaller* hole, fixtures can be removed and replaced in same anchor! Money-back guaranteed. Ask your hardware supplier for genuine Molly screw anchors . . . the name is stamped on the cap.

EXPANDS BEHIND WALL MOLLY® SEND $1.00 FOR SAMPLE BOX OF 12
CORP., BOX 1139-Q • READING, PA.

Enclosed is $_____ for sample box of (check): ☐ Jack Nut anchors ☐ Molly screw anchors ☐ Send entry blank and contest rules

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to cover the concentration-camp story, Bertram Collier gave her a beautiful apartment and a V.I.P. tour.

Later she drove to Schwabenwald alone and began to nose around the cottages of the SS officers, now under Polish guard. This snooping was easily done. The nice lady bribed the Poles with cigarettes and was soon inside the cottage of Klaus and Emma Stoll, poking through everything: closets, drawers, desks, under the beds. In the dining room she found Emma Stoll's table silver, which had elaborately carved bone handles. She had found her angle.

Later she went to the cathedral to interview Schwabenwald survivors. She primed them to repeat the thousands of rumors one hears in such a place. Cornelia Hollingshead got some facts, some half-truths told by sick, impassioned, hate-filled people, added the rumors and concocted a story that topped her opposition.

She wrote:

Frau Emma Stoll gave special orders to the SS guards in the extermination center to be on the lookout for particular types of Slavic and Jewish skulls.

It has been substantiated by irrefutable sources that Emma Stoll went every day to the bone-crushing machines to inspect new batches of skulls. She hand-picked the most suitable samples.

From these skulls artisans carved the handles on her silverware. . . .

Before Cornelia Hollingshead's story could be checked, it was accepted as truth by a world that was now ready to believe anything coming out of Germany's horror camps.

Dull, stupid Emma Stoll had gained eternal infamy as the queen of ghouls. Emma Stoll's name would become symbolic of the universal monster. Human skulls for silverware handles! The world cried for her head to roll.

The big American correspondent was passed by the guards to the south-bank mansion occupied by the commander of Pilot Team, G-5. He pulled the front-door knocker. Alfred Oberdorfer opened it in behalf of his new master.

"Sir?"

"*Schprechen sie* English?"

"*Nein, bitte.*"

The big American grunted, and continued in bad German. "Tell Major O'Sullivan that Nelson Goodfellow Bradbury has arrived with a duffle bag filled with Scotch and dirty laundry."

Good butler Oberdorfer was puzzled. "A moment, please." He bowed, and walked to Sean's study. "There is an American outside, sir, speaking of dirty laundry and whiskey. His name is Goodfellow."

"Big Nellie!"

Alfred Oberdorfer watched the two men embrace and pound each other's backs. He was disgusted. The Americans were strange people. In the old days such displays never took place in these halls. Things were proper when Herr Schoof was the master.

"Some layout you've got here," Big Nellie said.

"Joint belonged to the newspaper publisher. One of Von Romstein's relatives. Hildie!"

Alfred's wife answered the call in a trot, tying on her apron as she ran.

"Get these bags up to one of the guest rooms. See that Herr Bradbury's clothes are all in order by tomorrow . . . and make us some dinner."

During dinner Bradbury told Sean of his adventures with Patton's Third Army when it broke into Czechoslovakia. "Patton liked to broke down and cried when they ordered him back. He was dying to take Prague. I think we should have let him do it. . . ."

As he spoke he saw the marks of fatigue on Sean's face. Something else seemed to be wrong too. Sean gave orders to the servants harshly. His hatred of Germans was hardly disguised. And the whiskey hit him too fast.

"Been rough?" Big Nellie asked.

"Only on your soul," Sean answered. "How in the hell could the Nazis do it?"

"Schwabenwald, Dachau, Buchenwald? I hear they've found some camps in Poland that make these look like resorts."

"So I get potted at night. General Hansen told me once about the beauty of military government. To most soldiers the enemy is an abstract thing, unseen. Neither of my brothers ever saw the men who killed them. Maybe the general was right. Maybe it's too much for me to live among my brothers' murderers. But I've tried to be fair."

"Sean, I saw General Hansen before I came here. He's got it clear up to his eyeballs. Without his Pilot Team. . . ."

"I know. Thank God I've got Ulrich Falkenstein to help me. Trouble is, there aren't many Falkenstein's in Germany."

"And your team?"

"When we were in England, planning the occupation like a bunch of advertising executives, Rombaden was a kind of game. But now . . . I have to fight my own people . . . and live alone . . . and defend Germans. I've been at the point of resigning a dozen times."

"You'll get turned down, Sean. Spare yourself that."

The table was cleared. The servants stood at attention.

"Whiskey, ice, soda!" Sean snapped. "Nellie, I've got two hundred SS guards from Schwabenwald who didn't even know there was an extermination center there. How about that?" He filled Big Nellie's glass. "Tomorrow I'll give you the commander's personal tour."

"Thanks anyhow. I got my baptism at Dachau. Any truth in Corney Hollingshead's story?"

"I don't know. I've sent samples of the bone handles to Switzerland, the States and Sweden for analysis. I wish I could send Corney there too. She's planning to stick around for weeks. And she's getting nasty about my refusing an interview with Emma Stoll."

"To Corney!" Big Nellie raised his glass. "A credit to my noble profession. O'Sullivan, I am about to give you the antidote to Hollingshead poison. Try this on her tomorrow. . . ."

Cornelia Hollingshead was outraged. "I am not accustomed," she said in a husky voice, "to being kept waiting in the anteroom by mere majors. I demand to know why I was locked out of my apartment and why my press credentials were revoked. Speak up, buster."

Sean leaned across his desk. "Despite my lowly rank," he said, "I can kick undesirables out of my district."

"Dammit, I said I want to know why!"

"You filed an unauthorized and unconfirmed story having grave consequences."

"Don't give me that Little Lord Fauntleroy line, buster. People want to read atrocity stories."

"In this district, freedom of the press is not extended to pathological liars. If you aren't out of Romstein *Landkreis* in two hours, you're going to get jailed."

for gentle, flavor-saving cooking . . .

FUTURA Stainless Steel Cookware

with thick aluminum bottoms *by* West Bend

Futura's the perfect combination of the two best cooking metals—stainless steel and aluminum. With always-new-looking stainless steel inside and out, Futura whisks clean, wears beautifully, keeps its enduring brightness. And Futura's thick aluminum bottoms absorb heat from your range evenly and distribute it fast! The result is gentle, even cooking for your most delicate recipes. There's a gleaming Futura utensil for every cooking need...and right now, there's a special introductory offer on Futura, at your favorite hardware or department store.

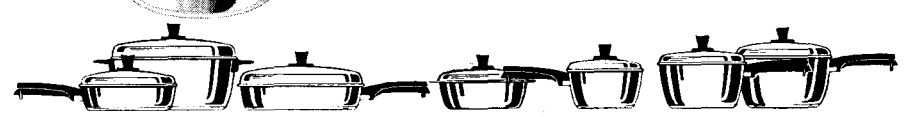
THE WEST BEND COMPANY Dept. 574, West Bend, Wisconsin
IN CANADA: West Bend of Canada, Ltd., Barrie, Ontario

Introductory Offer!

FAMOUS 2½ QT. TRIG SINGING TEA KETTLE FREE with the purchase of this set

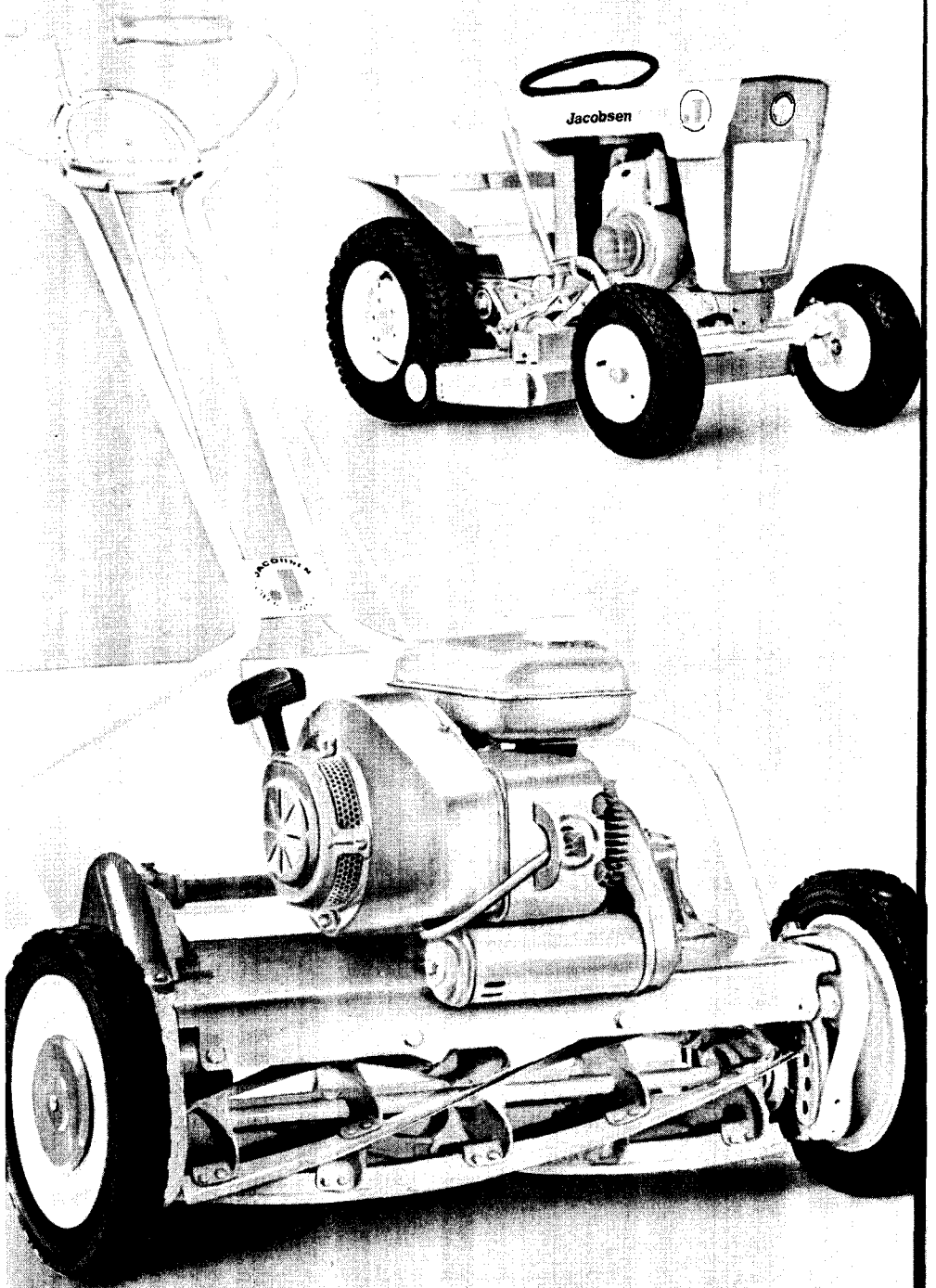
Versatile starter set of Futura — 3 qt. utility pan, 8" breakfast skillet, 2 qt. casserole inset, and cover that fits all three utensils — includes Trig stainless steel tea kettle.

$16.95



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The pride in owning a Jacobsen is based on value...the priceless value of precision performance no other mower ever gave you.



New 1963 Lawn Queen Power propelled, precision cutting Dynacyl Reel Mower. True level height adjustment. New quicker-starting Jacobsen 321 engine. Practically indestructible king-size polyethylene catcher. One of 9 new 321 engine and 4-cycle engine Jacobsen Dynacyl Reel Mowers that make truly fine lawn care easy.

New compact Jacobsen Chief All-Purpose Tractor. Car-type all-geared transmission, finger-ease steering, rugged lugging power. 6 hp, 7 hp and 9½ hp models. Over 30 attachments and accessories for grass mowing, garden work, yard chores, lawn care and snow removal. There are 39 Jacobsen Power Lawn Tools—Reel Mowers, Rotary Mowers, Tractors and Tillers—now featured by Jacobsen Dealers coast to coast. See the Yellow Pages. Jacobsen Manufacturing Company, Racine, Wisconsin.

Jacobsen POWER LAWN TOOLS

ARMAGEDDON

Corney began to laugh and snarl at the same time. "Major, you're begging for it. I use little boys like you to wash my panties. Maybe you don't know who I am and what I'm going to do to you. You're going to get run right out of this army."

"I'm snowed under with work, Miss Hollingshead. I'd like you to leave now—just spare me the rhetoric."

"All right, buster, but make sure you read the Global Alliance dispatches tomorrow. America is going to be reading about the Black Major."

"What about the Black Major?"

"Did the Black Major experiment with the Schwabenwald gas chambers, using German prisoners of war as guinea pigs? How's that for a starter, buster? Does the Black Major have brothels in Rombaden so his troops can bypass the nonfraternization laws? Has the Black Major opened Swiss bank accounts? Are you getting the idea, buster? Now you hear this! You arrange that interview with Emma Stoll!"

"It has just occurred to me," Sean said, "that you are the first American I have ever met with pure Nazi mentality."

Cornelia Hollingshead's lips thinned. She stomped for the door.

"Miss Hollingshead! Would you care to guess what well-known lady war correspondent gave a nasty disease to what well-known major general in Paris?"

She stopped in her tracks and spun around. "You dirty, lousy ——"

"Shame on you! Such carelessness at your age. Let's understand each other. The story of your slipup in Paris has been written by a correspondent who has an audience as large as yours, and twice as discriminating. I have his story in my desk, and I can file it at will. Have a nice trip, Corney."

Hansen watched the reports flow in from Rombaden with obvious pride. O'Sullivan's performance vindicated his judgment; Rombaden was weeks, even months ahead of most occupied cities.

MAY 1. *Enough rubble has been cleared so we have one-way traffic, at least, on all major thoroughfares.*

MAY 2. *Sixty percent of all known former Nazis have been purged from civic positions and are clearing rubble.*

MAY 3. *We have restored enough electric power for Allied use, hospitals and certain emergencies.*

MAY 4. *All liberated Poles, Jews and other displaced persons in the area are registered and housed. Those capable have been assigned to jobs.*

MAY 5. *The eastern bridge over the Danube has been restored to operation.*

MAY 6. *The water distillation plant is 20 percent in operation. We have raised the water ration to six buckets per day for each family.*

MAY 11. *Leather factory reopened.*

MAY 14. *We are happy to report that the entire population has received multiple shots for typhus and typhoid and has been vaccinated.*

MAY 18. *Telephone and telegraph service for Allied use has been restored.*

JUNE 1. *Occupation currency in universal use. Three banks in full operation.*

And so it went. Rombaden/Romstein had truly become a pilot light. From all over the American and British sectors urgent calls came to occupation headquarters in Frankfurt.

"What do the Rombaden people do in case of . . .?"

"How are they handling this problem in Rombaden . . .?"

"Clear it with Rombaden."

That was the new password—clear it with Rombaden—as men struggled to find wisdom and strength enough to govern the wreckage. Germany's cities were as bleak as the face of the moon—no railroad or barges or bridges, no mail, no communications, no schools, no courts of law, no press and very little food.

The most unobtrusive member of Pilot Team, G-5, was H. W. Trueblood, the art expert from the British Museum. The old fellow spent all his time in the cellars below the Rombaden *Kuntshalle*, uncrating and cataloguing the museum's works.

One day, when Sean learned that Dr. Geoffrey Grimwood, his medical officer, had borrowed Castle Romstein and turned it into a rehabilitation center for concentration-camp victims, he sent Trueblood to the castle to move the art treasures and put them in safe storage.

Trueblood chose the immense castle library as his workroom. Paintings, urns, statues, armor and tapestries were brought from all the rooms to the library until it began to resemble a multimillion-dollar junkyard. A day-and-night guard was put on as Trueblood began the painstaking work of identifying every item.

On his third day at the castle, he phoned Sean O'Sullivan. "I say, major, could you run over here? I've struck the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. And bring the fat policeman with you."

When Lieutenant Blessing arrived with Sean, he was flabbergasted. "Looks like old Mr. Hawkins's antique store back home," he said.

Trueblood led them to a corner holding a separate stack of paintings.

"It appears that Count Ludwig had a passion for the French Post-Impressionist period," he said. He lifted the first painting. "Toulouse-Lautrec's *Portrait of Suzanne Valadon*, vintage 1885." Setting the painting aside, he held up two more. "These are Gauguin's—*Vahine no de Taire* and of course, *Seashore at Martinique*. This one here we know is a Van Gogh—*Field at Saint-Rémy*. Quite a foursome, wouldn't you say? I took them out of Count Ludwig's personal suite."

Blessing didn't understand what was so hot about the paintings, but Sean was sharper. "Where are they from?"

"The Glyptotek in Copenhagen."

Sean let out a long whistle.

"Let's carry on, shall we? Van de Velde, *Woman at a Window* . . . Royal Museum of Art, Antwerp. And so forth and so forth. These last three are Renoirs from private collections in France."

"You mean he stole these?" Blessing asked. "But, hell, we've got better painters than this in the Hook County Fair."

"This lot is worth more than a million dollars, believe me."

"Do you think there's more of them here?" Sean asked.

"I'd wager on it."

Sean thought quickly. "Come back to Rombaden with me, Trueblood. We'll try to get a line through to this museum in Copenhagen as a starter, and find out under what conditions these paintings were taken, and what other pieces are missing. Blessing, round up everyone who worked in the castle or on the grounds. Grill them good. Promise them cigarettes, double rations, anything. We want to know every cellar, cave, secret passage—any possible place a cache could be hidden. . . ."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"What about Count Ludwig?"

"Put a twenty-four hour tail on him."

Sean went immediately to Dante Arosa's office.

"I'm going to need everything you have on Count Ludwig right away. Matter of fact, give me your interrogation records on the entire family."

Dante was startled. "What's up?"

"I'll know for sure in a few hours. Run the files into my office."

Dante laughed weakly. "Hell, there's nothing you can find out by breaking your head on the records. If you'd tell me what you're after . . ."

Sean sensed Dante's uneasiness and became suspicious. "I'm not quite sure what I'm after," he said carefully.

Dante shrugged. "Well . . . they're really not up to date. . . ."

"Let's have them. Now!"

"Sure . . . sure. . . ."

Sean spent hours studying the voluminous files of the interrogation of Ludwig Von Romstein. Dates of his visits to Denmark, Belgium, Holland and France could certainly jibe with the thefts, but as Sean read on, Dante Arosa's file spoke of more than stolen art treasures.

"Oh God, no," Sean whispered to himself. He lifted the phone. "Operator. See if Lieutenant Arosa is in his quarters."

He dropped his head on his hands, rubbed his temples, beat a fist slowly on the desk. The phone rang.

"Sorry, sir, Lieutenant Arosa doesn't answer. Shall I try the jail? Sometimes he's there late on interrogations."

Sean looked at his watch. Almost one o'clock in the morning. "Try the jail."

"No sir, no one has seen Lieutenant Arosa. Shall I ——"

"Get Lieutenant Bolinski. Tell him to report here to me at once. Then call Castle Romstein, locate Lieutenant Blessing—he's either in the castle or on the grounds. Tell him to report here."

Sean slumped back in his chair. Why had Dante done it? He read more deeply into the documents.

Bolinski was still drowsy, but having worked under O'Sullivan he was used to losing sleep. Sean apologized to his legal officer for the hour.

"Bo, you've been drawing up the recommendations for indictments against the Von Romstein family. How far have you got with it?"

Bolinski scratched his jaw. "I've been all through the interrogations and recommendations. Matter of fact, I wanted to talk to you about it. Arosa seems to think the count is pretty clean."

"Can't we link him up with the camp at Schwabenwald?"

"Not according to Dante."

"How about crimes against humanity for use of slave labor?"

Bolinski shook his head.

"Any known collusion between Ludwig and the Nazi brother?"

"According to the interrogations the count looks as pure as driven snow. If we went on Dante's stuff, we couldn't get a conviction for jaywalking."

Sean nodded. "Thanks. Sorry I woke you up, Bo. Keep it quiet."

"Sure."

Sean watched from his south window, looking toward the bridge, and saw Blessing's headlights come into view. The fat man parked his jeep and came in.

"Where's Dante Arosa?" Sean asked.

"How'm I supposed to know?"

"If you're my police chief, you damn well better know."

"Hell's fire, you call me over here just to ride me ——"

"Don't get folksy with me, Blessing!"

"Can't talk to you when you're riled up like this ——"

"You've been covering up for him!"

Blessing turned beet red.

Sean's neck bulged with anger. "I ought to bust you in your fat stomach!"

Blessing fell into a chair. "I only knew about it for a week. I swear to you, major. I just found out about it. I've been going through hell, major. I know Dante's been doing something wrong but I swear . . . I just couldn't bring myself to tell you."

Slowly Sean's anger ebbed.

"In my work," Blessing said, "I have to use informers. I just didn't want to become one myself. I was going to talk to Dante . . . try to set him straight. . . ."

"Too late now."

"What's he gone and done?"

"Whitewashed the whole Von Romstein family. He's doctored every report, every interrogation."

"How'd he figure he'd get away with a trick like that?"

"With so many tens of thousands of legal processes being drawn up, he figured we'd be long gone from Rombaden before Von Romstein got into court. Is there a woman involved?"

Blessing nodded. "Von Romstein's daughter Marla."

"Where are they?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Why, Dr. Frobush, you're blushing!"

The pride in owning a Jacobsen is based on value...the priceless value of precision performance no other mower ever gave you.

Lighter weight, cast magnesium chassis! Larger easy-roll wheels New quicker-starting Jacobsen 321 engine and 4-cycle engine models! All new 1963 Jacobsen Turbocone Rotary Mowers are easier to handle . . . have the exclusive 4-Blade Turbocone cutting disc for the smoothest, cleanest, safest rotary cut. 6 models . . . from $89.95. New zipper opening grass catcher bag available at extra cost. There are 39 Power Lawn Tools—Rotary Mowers, Reel Mowers, Tractors and Tillers—now featured by Jacobsen Dealers coast to coast. See the Yellow Pages. Jacobsen Manufacturing Company, Racine, Wisconsin.

Jacobsen POWER LAWN TOOLS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Bombed-out apartment down near the main factory."

"Let's go."

They parked two blocks away from the apartment and tiptoed the rest of the way through silent streets. Blessing pointed to the second floor of a badly shattered house. Then they retreated around the corner, where Dante's jeep was hidden inside an archway.

"We can rush it."

"No," Sean whispered. "I'll stay here by his jeep. You watch the apartment and pick up the woman when she shows."

One o'clock.

Two o'clock.

Sean dozed for an instant and awoke, heart pounding. What was it like to steal love in a slimy pit? Burning with fear. With guilt. What kind of love was it?

Two-thirty.

Soft, quick footsteps. A shadow over the rubble. A long, deep sigh. Dante Arosa lighted a cigar.

He felt someone alongside him. Bum joke in the darkness . . . no . . . he lighted another match. Sean! Dante uttered a pathetic groan of despair.

"Drive to my office," Sean said coldly.

When they were there, Sean slammed the door behind him. Dante began to cry, and Sean slapped his face.

"You stupid son of a bitch!"

"Oh God! What will my parents say!"

"You stupid, stupid son of a bitch!"

"She loves me!" Dante cried in desperation.

"She loves her father! You've been had! You're a stupid son of a bitch!"

"Oh God! I've brought shame to my family . . . oh God . . ."

"Thanks for remembering them."

Dante began to shake. "What are you going to do to me, Sean?"

Count Ludwig Von Romstein could feel any shift in the wind. Already he could detect a softening in the Americans' attitude. Replacement troops, who had not been in the battle for Germany, were coming in—men without anger. Chinks were showing in the nonfraternization armor. It was a ridiculous rule, particularly for Americans. Americans wanted to be loved, even by their enemy. This was an exploitable weakness.

Weakness? The Americans were weak in every way. Another conqueror would have left the German people to shift for themselves in the ashes. They would have taken what they wanted as booty—as the Russians were doing. But the noble American had a passion for restoring the country and returning the rule to its people. Conquerors? They were childish.

"Good morning, my dear Major O'Sullivan," the count said, when Blessing brought him in. "I hear that I am to be arrested."

The affair with Dante Arosa had left Sean haggard.

The count smiled with contempt. "And for what horrendous crime am I to be put on trial?"

"You're going to be locked up as a common thief."

Ludwig Von Romstein started. "I beg you to be serious."

"Your passion for Post-Impressionist art ran away with you."

"You refer of course to the Van Goghs and Gauguins in Castle Romstein."

Sean nodded.

"Well, that can be easily explained. If I had any guilt, I would have hidden them. They were gifts."

"The Glyptotek in Copenhagen begs to differ."

Ludwig winced. Had he underestimated this American? How had he found out so quickly? "I—I am astounded to hear they belong to a museum."

"I'll bet you are."

"On my word. They were gifts from high officials in occupied countries. You see, I had occasion to visit Denmark, the Low Countries and France as a member of the armaments board ——"

"Quit lying. We've located the cache in the basement of your hunting lodge and the caves near the Roman antiquities."

"Those . . . were . . . sent to me by Marshal Göring for safekeeping."

"Safekeeping from whom? The rightful owners perhaps?"

"I demand the right to prove my innocence. I'll go before an American court immediately."

"First things first. You're going to be reinterrogated by the new CIC officer."

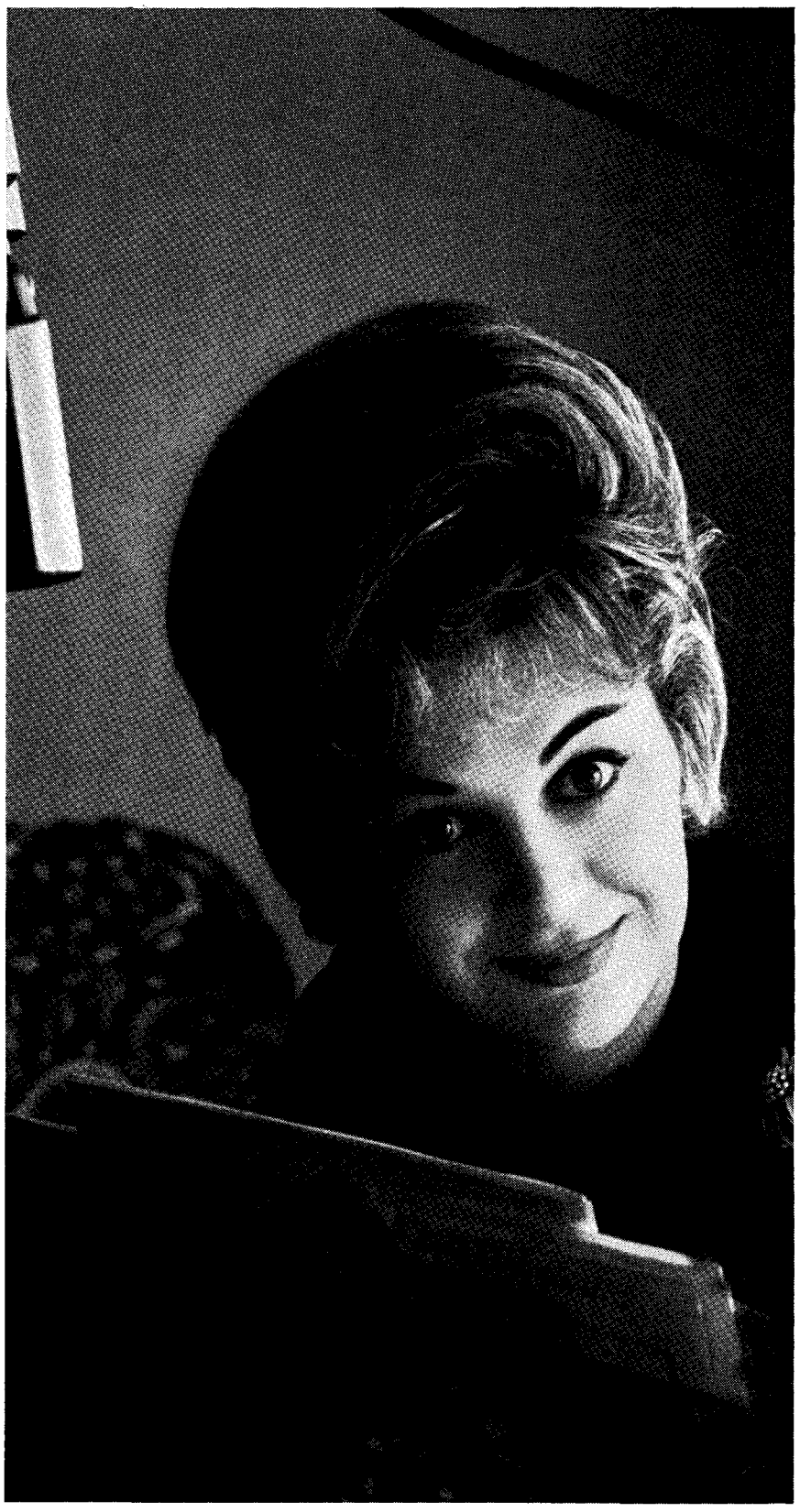
Von Romstein's immaculate composure became thready. He looked away from Sean's hard, disgust-filled eyes. He wanted to ask about Marla, but couldn't.

"In case you are wondering, your daughter was put in prison this morning."

Beads of sweat popped out on the German's brow and ran down his face. "If Marla committed any indiscretion, you certainly can't blame me."

"Sure. You're just an innocent victim of a lot of uncouth people. Your brother

GOGI GRANT



An ear for music, an eye for figures

The good looking young lady, as anybody with a radio, TV set or record player knows, is one of America's more popular vocalists.

She is also a Union Oil shareowner. This entitles her, along with 62,000 other shareowners, to a report on our 72nd year. It was a good one.

Our customers paid us $569,377,000.

We spent 58% of this amount—or $328,469,000—with over 18,000 other companies and individuals with whom we do business.

More than 1,500 local, State and Federal tax collecting agencies took $34,459,000. And, we also handed over to governmental agencies $94,749,000 in fuel taxes we collected from our customers.

Wages and other benefits for our employees and their families amounted to $65,779,000 of our income.

This left $45,921,000 as net profit.

Slightly less than half of these earnings—or $20,144,000—was payable in cash dividends* to our shareowners, including Gogi Grant, for the use of their money.

The balance of our net earnings we reinvested in the business to expand and modernize facilities.

Such profits are not only important to our shareowners, they are important to the country as a whole.

For under our American free enterprise system, the rate of growth of our entire U.S. economy is directly dependent on the profits that Union Oil Company and the rest of the U.S. industry are able to plow back into productive facilities.

This opportunity for growth will continue to exist for all of us as long as our economy remains free and competitive.

In addition, they received a 2% share dividend.

YOUR COMMENTS INVITED. *Write: President, Union Oil Company of California, Union Oil Center, Los Angeles 17, California.*

Union Oil Company of California 76 UNION

MANUFACTURERS OF ROYAL TRITON, THE AMAZING PURPLE MOTOR OIL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Nazi, Göring, and now your daughter. They were all out to get you."

"My innocence will be proved in your court."

"You're not going before an American court, Von Romstein. I make that my personal mission. When we find enough anti-Nazis in Rombaden, we're going to license a German court."

"A German court!"

"Certainly you want justice from your own people."

The implication was clear. The first German courts would be bent on showing the world they could purge the Nazis without mercy. Ludwig Von Romstein became faint with fright at the idea. All his calculations! Why hadn't he made a dash for Switzerland? German courts would mean twenty years in prison . . . thirty . . . forty. . . .

"What are you going to do with Arosa?" Maurice Duquesne asked.

"I know what I'd like to do," Sean said.

"You've got to protect that boy."

"Like hell I do."

"If he is court-martialed under this idiotic nonfraternization law ——"

"He happens to be a counterintelligence officer in the United States Army."

"You know what that means, major. Dishonorable discharge. He'll be disbarred as a lawyer. What was his crime? Being human? Taking a woman to sleep?"

"He picked the wrong woman."

Dante Arosa was gaunt when Sean came to his room. He looked up at Sean, lowered his head.

"Say something," he croaked at last. "Tell me what I've done to my family. Tell me . . . how everyone on the team would spit in my face."

Sean gripped him by the collar and jerked him to his feet. "A German woman! How could you do it with a German woman!"

And then, upset by his own violence, he opened his hands and let Dante free.

"You're confined to quarters until a new CIC man is brought in. After that you'll be transferred to a service unit. Then you'll resign from the Army. I've seen to it that you'll get an honorable discharge."

Dante began to sob. "I don't deserve that kind of a break, Sean."

"Maybe there's some punishment in it for you, Dante. You have to go on living and knowing if this ever leaks out I'll have to stand the court-martial in your place."

DELIVER BY PERSONAL COURIER TO MAJOR SEAN O'SULLIVAN

Dear Sean,

I am using this unusual method of communicating with you for reasons you'll quickly understand. World opinion is outraged by the revelations of the extermination camps. The pressure on us for "action" is becoming unbearable.

Acting on instructions directly from Washington, Supreme Headquarters here will issue a proclamation within twenty-four hours; namely, Proclamation No. 22. It will say, in effect, that a local military governor may request an extraordinary military tribunal for the trial of extraordinary cases. We refer, of course, to SS atrocities. The tribunal will be empowered to impose the death sentence.

Well Sean, I'm handing the ball to you again. As my Pilot Team commander you've helped me try out new wrinkles in your territory, so I'm going with you again on Proclamation No. 22. By happy coincidence you are holding Klaus and Emma Stoll. We at Supreme Headquarters feel they're perfect for the first trial under Proclamation No. 22.

We've got to get moving on this to let a little steam out of the vent and to show both the world and the German people we're going to be tough. We are particularly interested in hanging Emma Stoll. The fact that she is a woman will make a heavy impact.

Have your legal officer draw up indictments (recommending death sentences) and a simple paper for your signature requesting an extraordinary tribunal under No. 22. We'll have the court in session in Rombaden within seventy-two hours.

Destroy this document after you've studied it.

Kindest regards,

A. J. HANSEN

Sean showed the letter to Lieutenant Bolinski, his legal officer. He read it with a frown.

"What do you think?" Sean asked. "How legal is Proclamation 22?"

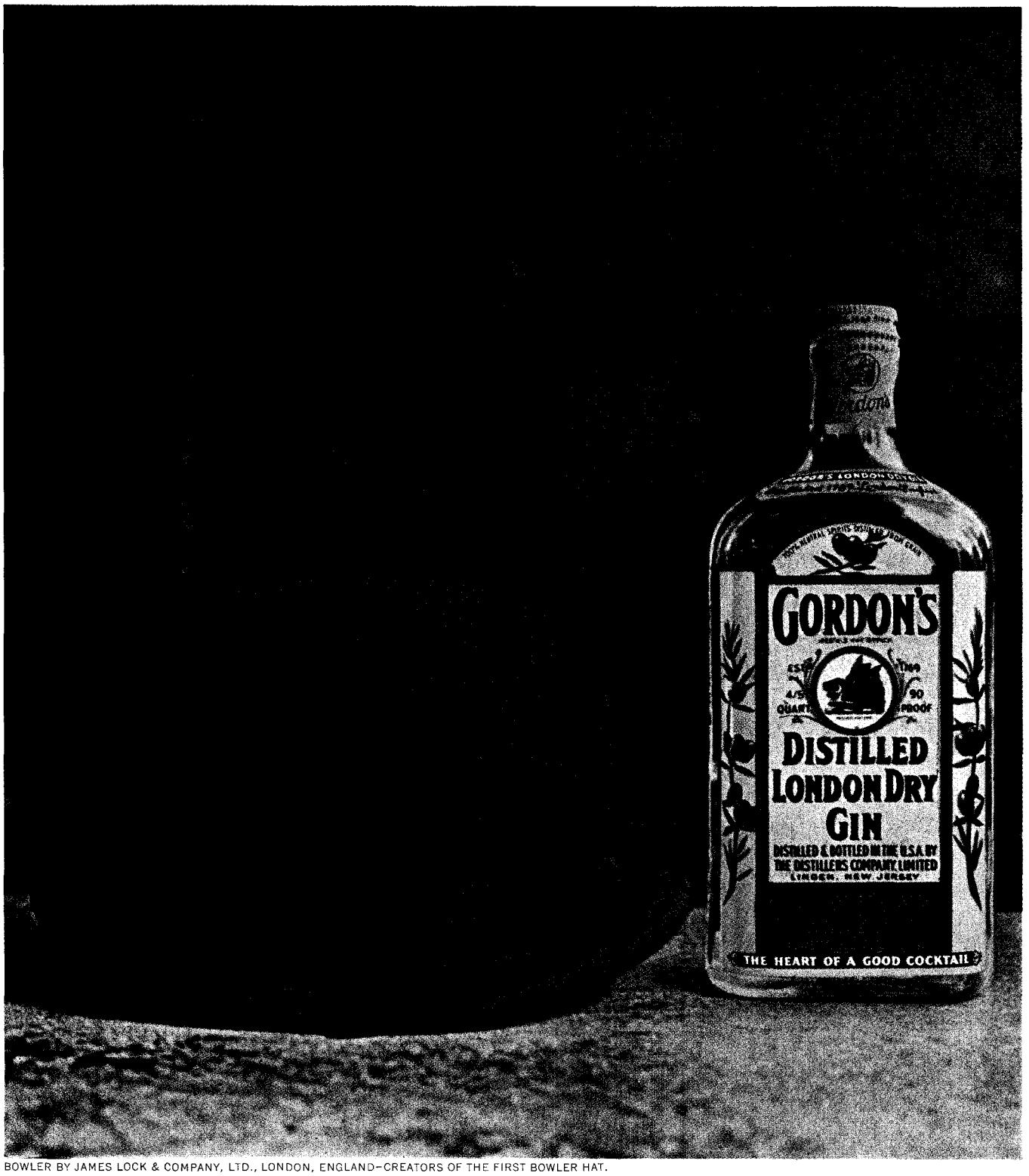
"Hell, major, we won the war. We can do anything we want. Now Klaus Stoll could be hung before any court in the world, off the evidence."

"Emma?"

Bolinski frowned again. "I'd say that off the interrogations and evidence I could spring her from a death sentence in any fair court."

"Go on."

"She's guilty of beating prisoners, none of whom suffered death or serious injury. Her main crime is grand theft in the collection of winter relief funds from the German people. That's enough to stash



BOWLER BY JAMES LOCK & COMPANY, LTD., LONDON, ENGLAND—CREATORS OF THE FIRST BOWLER HAT.

Two historic inventions that Englishmen still hold dear

Above, left, an Englishman's favourite headgear—the bowler. Above, right, an Englishman's favourite gin—Gordon's. The bowler made its first appearance in 1855, a full 86 years *after* Alexander Gordon had introduced his remarkable gin. The Gordon's Gin you drink today still harks back to the original 1769 English formula. Why tamper with such dryness and flavour? They have made Gordon's the biggest-selling gin in all of England, America, the world.

PRODUCT OF U.S.A. DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN, 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 90 PROOF. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO. LTD., LINDEN, NEW JERSEY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In **SKIRTS** or **SLACKS**
you're better off with
TAMPAX

Whatever you wear, whatever you're doing . . .

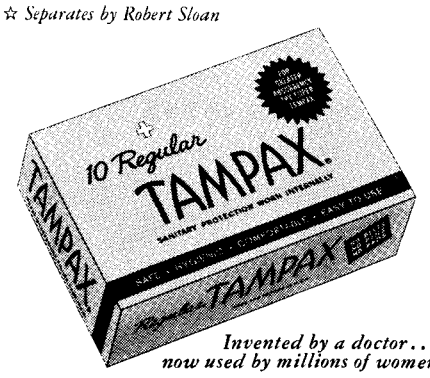
WITH TAMPAX no odor can form. There is no chafing or irritation. Extras are easy to carry with you in your own slim purse. You feel more relaxed, more at ease, more confident.

WITH TAMPAX there are no telltale outlines. No belts, pins or pads. Tampax is so comfortable, you can't even feel it in place. You're free to be as active as you wish. Tampax all but makes you forget differences in days of the month.

TAMPAX® internal sanitary protection is made of pure surgical cotton, protected by a smooth-as-silk container-applicator. It is available in your choice of 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior) wherever such products are sold.

Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

☆ *Separates by Robert Sloan*



Invented by a doctor . . . now used by millions of women

ARMAGEDDON

her away for life. On the other hand, if the story of the silverware handles being carved from human skulls holds up ——"

Sean opened a file, slid a report across the desk. It was from a Swedish laboratory. "This came in last night," Sean said. "I sent samples of the handles to Stockholm, the States and to Switzerland."

Bolinski drew hard on his cigarette as he read.

"*In conclusion, we have analyzed these samples by every known method. In our opinion they are carvings on elephant tusks of an East African variety.*"

"I phoned the Swiss firm in Zurich this morning," Sean said. "They told me the same thing. Elephant tusks."

"Thank you, Cornelia Hollingshead."

"What they want in headquarters is a sort of legalized lynching."

"But what can you do about it, major? You can't stand up against the big brass."

Sean put Hansen's letter into his crystal ashtray, lighted a match to a corner and watched it burst into flame.

A few moments later he entered Emma Stoll's prison cell and dismissed the guard. She knew nothing of the stories raging around the world that had made her symbolic of the evil of Nazism. He had met her before, many times. Emma, sloppy and dowdy, glowered at him with some of her former arrogance.

"You are about to be brought to trial, Emma. You might avoid hanging—if you answer my questions."

"You're trying to trap me."

"Emma, you're as good as dead. What can you lose by telling the truth?"

It was a puzzling proposition, to Emma Stoll. Lie or truth . . . they'd get her if they wanted to . . . but . . . "Why would you protect me? Why!"

"Not to protect you, Emma. To protect the name of my country."

The slow-witted girl was baffled. This Major O'Sullivan was a strange man. "What is it you want to know?" she asked cautiously.

"First, did you know what was going on inside Schwabenwald?"

Emma was about to make an automatic plea of innocence, but now . . . he had said she was as good as dead. She slumped to her cot. "I lived outside the actual camp," she said slowly. "You must remember that I am a German woman, a German wife. In Germany the men run things. My husband never spoke to me about business inside the camp."

"Did you suspect?"

"Suspect what?"

"The exterminations."

She looked up at him pitifully and wrung her hands. "We all suspected."

"How much did you see of the camp?"

"Only—only the outer camp. My husband's office, the area around the SS barracks ——"

"How about the Gestapo interrogation headquarters?"

"I answered these questions a hundred times for Lieutenant Arosa. I don't want to speak anymore! Get out!"

"Last time, Emma. It's the end of the line for you. Were you ever in Gestapo interrogation headquarters?"

"Get out!"

"OK, Emma. No more questions." Sean walked toward the solid iron door to thump for the jailer.

"I was in Gestapo headquarters," she said. "A few times."

Sean turned back to her. "How many times? Forty?"

"Maybe."

"Fifty?"

"Yes . . . fifty."

"And you beat prisoners?"

"Only Jews and Slavs!"

Now drive the last question home! You've got her! "And you went to the inner camp and you watched the exterminations?"

"No! No! Never! I swear! I was never in there! I swear I was never in there!"

Sean knelt quickly alongside the cot where she was weeping, mumbling prayers, proclaiming her innocence.

"I have one last question, Emma. Answer it carefully. Your life hangs on it. Where did you get your silverware set?"

"My . . . my . . . what?"

"Your silverware set."

"The good silver, I purchased in Switzerland."

"With funds stolen from the German winter relief?"

She buried her hands in her face and wept for certain. The world would look upon her as a thief. This was more than she could bear. Sean waited until her crying spell ebbed. "And the other set. The one with the fancy carvings?"

"The old silver with the ivory handles was given to me by my father from his father. My grandfather was a soldier in German East Africa before the first war. He brought it back with him. It has become a family heirloom . . ."

Sean sighed deeply. His rugged Irish face was as perplexed as Emma Stoll's. "For reasons best known to the Lord above I am going to try to save your life."

The next morning there was a press conference at Supreme Headquarters in Frankfurt. PROCLAMATION #22 was announced. The Press Officer intimated that a speedy trial would follow.

Within minutes of the announcement, as it was flashed around the world, there was open speculation that Klaus and Emma Stoll would be the first tried under the proclamation.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

DELIVER BY PERSONAL COURIER TO
BRIGADIER GENERAL A. J. HANSEN
G-5, SUPREME HEADQUARTERS
I. G. FARBEN BUILDING, FRANKFURT

Dear General Hansen,

I am not certain whether your communication constituted an order or a request. At any rate, I am hereby notifying you that I reject it.

In the opinion of my legal officer, and in my own opinion, Klaus Stoll is guilty and deserving of the death penalty. However, it will take weeks to prepare proper legal documents and conclude a case . . . tried in the American tradition.

Emma Stoll has done nothing to deserve a death sentence.

Proclamation No. 22 is against my conscience and my morality, and in my opinion contrary to the best interests of my country.

Sincerely,
SEAN O'SULLIVAN

Andrew Jackson Hansen's staff car and motorcycle escort came down from Frankfurt with screaming sirens. The general bounced angrily out of his car at the Rombaden city hall, churned up the marble steps and burst into Sean's office, slamming the door.

Sean arose. "Good afternoon, general. I was expecting you'd be down here."

"You snot-nose bastard! You trying to make us look like idiots?"

"No, sir. I'm trying to save you from looking like idiots."

"What the hell are you protecting that damned ghoul Emma Stoll for?"

"I am attempting," Sean said slowly, "to protect the good name of my country. She happens to come with the bargain. You've read the report, sir. Those bone handles are not from human skulls."

Hansen leaned over the desk and mimicked Sean's soft smooth voice. "But the world doesn't know. And major, darling, that story of Corney's will never be set straight. The whole world wants Emma Stoll's neck."

"General, I won't sign my name to a lynch order."

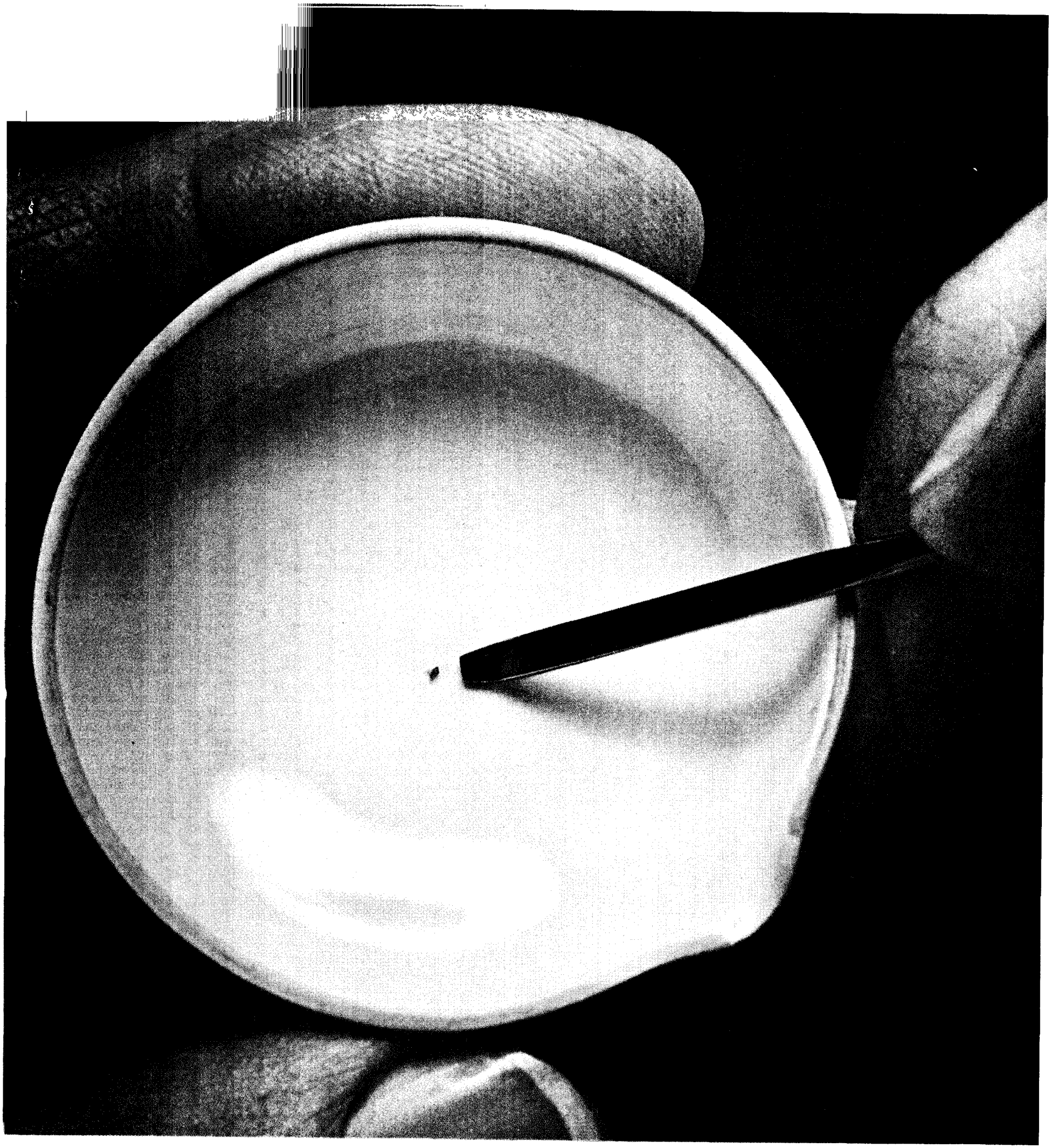
Hansen's fist crashed on the desk. "Now you hear this, boy! Emma Stoll is going to die! The Germans will laugh in our faces if we spring her."

"And I don't give a damn!" Sean bellowed. "And furthermore, I refuse to talk to the general while he is so mad he has no control of his senses."

Sean's voice quivered for control. "What are we proving by Proclamation 22? Why bother with a kangaroo court? Let's just take them out and shoot them. Adolph Hitler had the same kind of courts to get rid of undesirable elements. They were called People's Courts. We call them Proclamation 22. Don't you think I know the German people want Emma Stoll dead? Even more than we do? Sure, let her die for their crimes. Let Emma Stoll die for everybody who screamed, '*Sieg Heil!*' General, we'll get rid of the big criminals properly and then let the Germans put a hundred thousand of their own people at the end of ropes. I—I'm sorry I lost my temper, sir."

Hansen tried another tack. "Sometimes, Sean," he said, "we see our country make an obvious mistake, but we go along without protest because we believe in the ultimate right of what we're doing. What we've asked you to do is not your decision—nor mine. It came down from the top. What can I say, Sean? This creature is not worth saving. And the world will never condemn you."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



This tiny crystal means someone will live

The tiny crystal weighs only 25 millionths of an ounce. Yet it is so powerful that it provides enough doses to control pernicious anemia in a patient for about two years.

It is vitamin B_{12}.

It was developed through the efforts and faith of American drug company scientists. After almost ten years of continuous experimentation and seemingly insurmountable obstacles.

And their work was sustained by a philosophy characteristic of the drug industry: a principle that says research must go on even though it will result in a drug which helps only those who suffer from a comparatively rare disease.

Pernicious anemia is incurable but it can be controlled. Not too long ago 6000 Americans died of it every year. Today, minute doses of vitamin B_{12}, prescribed by a physician, restore the sufferer to an active life at moderate cost.

This is the value of modern drugs—protecting health and reducing the cost of illness.

This advertisement is sponsored by a group of prescription drug manufacturers, members of the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, whose aim is to create through research continually better medicines.*

*Company names on request through this magazine

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

2¼" FILTER IN MEDICO FILTER PIPES

Protection—the unique protection of a 2¼ inch filter—is yours when you smoke a Medico. With the exclusive Medico Filter nicotine, tars, juices and flakes are trapped inside...now you really enjoy the natural, clean smoke of your favorite tobacco. When filter turns brown, just throw it away.

Medico is the world's largest selling pipe, the product of over 60 years of pipe craftsmanship. It is distinguished by select, imported briar—exquisite finishes—and a handsome variety of models and shapes, a few of which are illustrated at right, all with nylon bits, guaranteed bite-proof.

For beautiful color catalog, write Medico, Dept. S3, 18 East 54 St., N. Y. 22. Enclose 10¢ for handling.

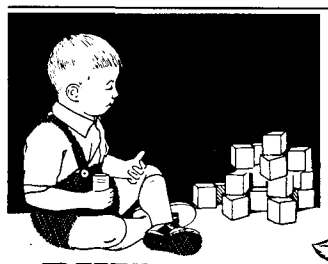
Pipe illustrated GOLD CREST $6 & $7

Medico Crest Filigree $15
Pipe rest included with every Medico Crest Pipe

10 for 10¢
Also Menthol-Cool 10 for 15¢

Other Medico Filter Pipes $1.95 up.
Prices higher outside U.S.A.

MEDICO®
Filter Pipes

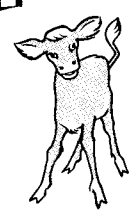


BUILD

- Stronger Bodies
- Resistance to Disease
- Sparkling Energy
- Glowing Vitality

...with Golden Guernsey, the protein milk.

Send for free protein booklet. Write Golden Guernsey, Inc., Peterborough 20, N.H.



GOLDEN GUERNSEY MILK

ASK FOR HASTINGS
PISTON RINGS
OIL FILTERS
CASITE ADDITIVES
Best $ you can spend on your car

for Dependable Car Performance
ask for
CAPAC
OF FOND DU LAC
MAXIMUM CAPACITY
FUEL PUMPS · FUEL FILTERS
IGNITION PARTS
WELLS MANUFACTURING CORPORATION • FOND DU LAC, WIS. U.S.A.

To see it is to believe it. Magnificent Ontario, land of 250,000 lakes, vast woodlands, parks, bustling cities... friendly people. Swim, water-ski, relax, shop. Bring along the family for the holiday of a lifetime. Fine resorts, camp sites. It's so much like home, yet so refreshingly different.

ONTARIO
CANADA'S VARIETY VACATIONLAND

Province of Ontario, Dept. of Travel and Publicity, Parliament Buildings, Room 65, Toronto 2, Canada.

Send me complete information on a relaxing holiday in Ontario.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

ARMAGEDDON

Yes, Sean thought, *it would be so easy to just sign the request for the tribunal.* To resist was stupid. And when Emma Stoll was hanged, the world would cheer. Oh, in a decade or two some obscure professor of law might point out that Emma Stoll had been denied due process of law. But who would remember the name of the major who signed the order for the tribunal?

"General Hansen, I have sat here, week after week, listening to one German after another repeat the same story. They say, 'We were only following orders.' That's how they justify mass murder. They were just following orders. And I go to my billet and I get a little bit crocked every night and I think, *What if a few hundred thousand Germans had had the guts to refuse to commit crimes in the name of their country?* I'm sorry, General Hansen. America doesn't stand for Proclamation 22. I'm not going to commit murder in the name of my country, for you or anyone else, just because orders are orders."

It was a moment of cold-blooded truth. Hansen knew what he had to do. "You will report to Frankfurt in seventy-two hours with a request for the tribunal—or your resignation from the Army. I hope stubbornness won't bring you grief."

"I'll take full responsibility for my decision, general."

Hansen put on his cap and walked toward the door.

"I'm sorry you came here, general. I'm sorry . . . because I believed in you. I believed in you when you told me . . . we are not Nazis. . . ."

It rained, and the Danube became muddy again and the cobblestones of the great square were slick. It rained into the leaking hovels of the bomb ruins. The wet misery added to the feeling of gloom inside city hall.

Everyone knew of General Hansen's visit, but no one spoke of it openly. Sean gathered his people in, one at a time, to bring him up to date so he could turn Pilot Team, G-5, over to a new man.

Pilot Team, G-5, had been a grand experiment. All of them wondered whether, with Sean gone, its conscience would not also leave. Maurice Duquesne would probably be made commander if he would sign a request for the tribunal under Proclamation 22. The Frenchman was obviously unhappy.

For Sean O'Sullivan the moment of sadness came with the realization that Andrew Jackson Hansen was a fallen idol. Once Sean had believed that Hansen would strike back at the stars and the moon. Now he was a weak man bowing to injustice. Could Sean endorse Hansen's reasoning that ultimate American goals justified great wrongs? How many other times in his career had he knuckled under like this?

Sean felt completely alone. He would be thrown into a pit of journalistic wolves to be devoured live. In the end, he would have only one friend, his father. Sean prayed that when the news reached his father, from strangers, it would not stop his faltering heart.

Eleven o'clock. It was time for the daily meeting with Ulrich Falkenstein and the German council. The big conference room resembled a medieval castle. High, straight-backed chairs surrounded a long table. An enormous tapestry depicted a battle from the *Legend of Rombaden*. Those German councilmen who owned pin-striped suits wore them. There were twenty of them, counting Ulrich Falkenstein.

As the Marienkirche bell bonged the hour, Sean entered the room. The Germans arose crisply, bowed slightly.

"Be seated," Sean said. "I have excused the other American officers from today's session. You will examine your files and agendas to see if there is any business that cannot be held over for two or three days. I wish to consider only matters needing an immediate decision."

It was a chilling pronouncement. The Germans began to search through their file folders nervously. They all knew what was going on. Things had gone well with O'Sullivan in Rombaden. He was stern but fair. They knew that other German cities were in chaos. With him gone . . . God knows. What if they had to deal with the Frenchman?

One by one each said that he had nothing urgent to bring up.

"There is one matter," Ulrich Falkenstein said. "The day after tomorrow is the twenty-second of June. For a century and a half it has traditionally been Hinterseer Day, in honor of the Rombaden poet. In the old days there was much pageantry. In lean years the people have merely gathered in the square to hear the reading of Hinterseer's most famous work, the *Legend of Rombaden*. I have been asked by many citizens to petition you to allow the reading to take place. Just a half dozen or so actors, a platform behind Hinterseer's statue, and some loudspeakers."

On the surface of it, Sean saw no harm. So far he had forbidden large gatherings, but a revival of local tradition would be good for morale. One thing bothered Sean: Readings of the *Legend of Rombaden* had continued during the Nazi era.

"I'll read the poem tonight," he said, "and give you my answer tomorrow."

That was what the German council liked—a quick, final answer.

"Being no further business . . ." Sean said, standing. They jumped to their feet and stood at attention until he left.

Sean ordered a light dinner brought to his study. After his coffee he opened the book of poetry by Hinterseer and began to read the German text, forty pages of it, with great care. The *Legend of Rombaden* was a section from the mythology of the *Black Forest Trilogy*.

Wolfram, king of the gods, reigned over a heavenlike mythical kingdom deep in the Black Forest. Although Wolfram had a powerful human body, most of his other attributes were animallike. He had the rage of a boar, the speed and beauty of the buck, the strength of the bear, the cunning of the fox.

His only son, Berwin, was a warrior of incredible bravery. Wolfram ordered his son to find the purest people upon the earth, with whom he would populate his kingdom. Berwin wandered from land to land until he came upon the Aryans of Rombaden. And they became the chosen ones.

For in Rombaden dwelled Helga, a goddess of fertility. Before Berwin and Helga could consummate their love, the god of snow and mountains, Ernald, swept down from his mythical kingdom in the Alps, and kidnapped Helga.

Berwin realized that the pure race would be contaminated if Helga were violated by Ernald. Summoning the warriors of Rombaden, he exhorted them to die in battle, for only by giving their lives in the fray would they know a moment of unearthly exhilaration. Berwin promised that those who died in battle would go to Wolfram's

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

kingdom in the Black Forest, and father the purest of all people.

In the final victorious battle, Berwin was slain. He and all the fallen warriors of Rombaden were put aboard flaming rafts on the Danube, to drift into the forest and the promised kingdom.

Helga, watching them float away, plunged Berwin's dagger into her breast and was then carried to Berwin's raft by a great bridge of lightning. She lay beside her dead hero on the flaming pyre and cried out that she was being transformed into a superior form of being through death. And, in death, she consummated the relationship with Berwin, denied them in life.

And so, the daughters and sons of Rombaden, who came from the union in death of Berwin and Helga, became the purest on earth.

As Sean O'Sullivan closed the last page, he felt stunned. Was not the *Legend of Rombaden*, in fact, the story of the German people?

Here, in Hinterseer's pages, the German held himself naked. Here was Siegfried! Here in the *Legend of Rombaden* was that longing to be the super race. Here was that strange love of death so prevalent in the German culture.

In the legend they looked upon themselves as the "chosen" people of God. But this was not the God of Jesus Christ. The god they worshipped was pagan—Wolfram, more animal than human.

Sean remembered a paper he had once written, based on a lecture, *Origins of Anti-Semitism in the German Mind.* General Hansen, seeking German experts, ran across the text. It was this paper, written when Sean had been an obscure political-science instructor at the University of California, which had brought him into military government.

Sean now tried to link his paper to the *Legend of Rombaden.* He had written:

No people in all of the western world live closer to their mythology than the German people. Siegfried and other legendary figures, particularly warriors, are their heroes.

The German people have identified themselves in a mystical way with the forest, with nature and animals. Take, for example, the German hunting rituals. After an animal has been slain, the German hunter cuts the throat with a special knife. The ''Forest Master'' dips a stick into the animal's blood and anoints the hunter's forehead. The ceremony suggests that the hunter will gain the potency of the animal he has just slain—just as Siegfried bathed in the blood of the dragon he had killed.

The Jews gave to the western world a formal conception of one God, and handed down from Sinai the basic rules of western morality, the Ten Commandments.

In his subconscious mind the German hates both the one-God concept and the stringency of the ''laws'' in his subconscious mind. On the surface and to the world at large he is both a Christian and a product of western culture.

However, he is a split personality. Another part of him, a vital part of his soul, remains in the forest. The German is therefore civilized in much the same way as a domesticated animal, for part of the German is always animal.

Despite his western trappings, the German is partly pagan. To become the pagan his Unconscious desires, he must throw off the concept of one God and God's laws. Therefore, the German must destroy the Jew who stands between him and his pagan desires.

It was simple but so damned complicated. Sean always felt the Germans hated Jews because of a wish to return to the forest. He felt the Germans loved their warrior gods, the Berwins and the Siegfrieds, and identified with them more than they loved Christ and more than they identified themselves as Christians. Sean knew the old thesis that to be truly anti-Jewish, one must be anti-Christ. When you destroy the Jew, you also must destroy Christ. Therefore, the German protests Christianity by destroying the Jew.

A doctor of the mind would call the German a schizophrenic. He is, in truth, two distinct people.

One part of this "two people" gave man its highest and most enriching contributions to civilization through the Beethovens and Bachs and Kants and Schillers and Freuds and Mozarts and Goethes.

But the other! The hate-filled and muddled ramblings of Nietzsche and of Schopenhauer and of Hegel, of Treitschke and Fichte. And the staggering insane evil genius of Richard Wagner, whose magnificent sounds extolled the glory of death, the fatherland, the chosen people . . . *chosen of pagan gods.* And who is to say that Wagner is not part and parcel of the soul of the German people?

Adolf Hitler understood this desire for paganism in the German people and exploited it. The uniforms, the blood ceremonies, the rallies were nothing more or less than pagan rituals. Indeed, Hitler was another pagan god calling for the German people to destroy themselves in a death orgy, and they answered with "*Sieg heil.*"

It all fits together, Sean thought. The *Legend of Rombaden* explained the anti-God, anti-Christ, anti-Jewish perversion as a drive to return to paganism.

This was the answer to Count Ludwig Von Romstein and the others, who argued that the Nazi era had stemmed from the First World War and its following crises. They lied; the roots of Nazism, all of it—Aryanism, paganism, love of death, the forest, supermanism had been part of the Germans for centuries.

The Nazi era then was a combined will of most of the German people over hundreds of years of cultivation and growth. The drive toward self-destruction was inevitable!

To Sean, Hinterseer and the *Legend of Rombaden* even spelled out more. The startling discovery that the Germans worshiped death! The German approached death in a manner different from that of any other western people, who either feared it or looked upon it as an end of mortal suffering. To the German, death alone was a state of existence more wonderful than life, and the moment of death was to be worshiped as the moment of supreme exaltation!

Did this not begin to explain how such a people were capable of running death factories in Dachau and Schwabenwald? If death is a desirable superstate in their pagan subconscious, then it is not a mortal "Christian" sin to commit murder.

Eleven o'clock. The German council assembled with Sean. Ulrich Falkenstein appeared deceptively serene as he sat at the other end of the long table.

Here were the trusted Germans, many of them former inmates of Schwabenwald. The others, true to the old Social Democratic Party, had somehow kept clear of all Nazi entanglements. Almost all of them lacked government experience. Five of the council were women, a new look in German politics.

"I would like to poll you," Sean said, "to see if any of you object to the public reading of the *Legend of Rombaden.*"

They looked to one another, puzzled. No, there were no objections. But Ulrich Falkenstein was not taken in; he knew the major was up to something.

"Frau Meissner," Sean said, "you are a native of Rombaden. Just how significant is this ceremony to you?"

"*Ach*, what a question, major. Hinterseer Day is our most important holiday. And the *Legend of Rombaden* is close to all of us."

And then, one by one, they affirmed that the legend was an important part of their lives. Ulrich Falkenstein listened with fascination as they committed themselves. Sean opened his marked copy of the poem.

"Frau Meissner. Would you care to guess what Hinterseer had in mind with the following passage? 'Citizens of Rombaden, Aryans, shall we allow the sperm of Ernald to mongrelize our race?' "

Frau Meissner was puzzled.

"Well, Frau Meissner . . . do you in Rombaden feel yourself Aryans?"

"I don't understand . . ."

Sean thumbed through a few more pages. "Would any of you care to make an interpretation of the following passage? 'I bathe myself in the blood of a wild pig, I castrate him, I become a superman among the peoples of the world with his

INLAND ALL-ALUMINUM
ICE CUBE TRAYS MAKE A MOUNTAIN of DIFFERENCE
Inland "Magic Touch" Ice Cube Trays deliver the goods fast. In conventional refrigerators they actually make ice cubes in one-third the time and give you 5 times the ice daily as all-plastic trays. Secret? Fast freezing all-aluminum construction.
Insist on the best in your next refrigerator. Look for Inland all-aluminum trays with the "Magic Touch" lever. Now in attractive easier-action Honeycomb styling. Buy them to replace old trays . . . at your favorite store.
Flip the "Magic Touch" lever and a trayful of cubes pops free. Dry, full-sized, ready to use.
INLAND MANUFACTURING
"Magic Touch" HONEYCOMB ICE CUBE TRAYS
Inland Manufacturing Division, General Motors Corporation, Dayton, Ohio

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

strength and his virility. . . . Forgive me wild pig, for I have a mission to rule the subhumans which infest us.'"

Sean closed the book, flipped it contemptuously on the table. Everyone had been frightened into silence except for Hoffman, the cripple. He picked up their flagging banner. "But, major, you find the same type of writing in Greek mythology . . . in Norse mythology."

"I challenge you. The Greek gods were subtle and had delightful senses of humor and mocked their mortal failings. The Nazis gave meaning to these legends. This poem was Nazi in conception. Adolf Hitler found it and others like it and said, 'This is what we are,' and the German people believed it."

"But . . . Hinterseer has been dead for nearly two centuries."

"However, Hoffman, Nazi ideas have been alive in the German people for twenty centuries."

A stunned silence prevailed until Herr Bach, the most humble member of the council, spoke up. "I always thought there was something wrong with that poem," he said.

"Then, why in the hell didn't you speak up?" Sean demanded.

"But, major, one does not speak up against tradition."

"That is precisely the point. Your tradition demands blind obedience. So long as you are willing to be led like sheep, your minds will be captured by another madman.

"There being no further business before this council," Sean said, "I am advising you that I will be at Supreme Headquarters in Frankfurt for the next few days. Captain Duquesne will be in command during my absence. You are dismissed." His glance told Falkenstein to remain.

When the rest had gone, Sean stuffed his notes and papers into a briefcase. The coldness between him and Falkenstein was like stone.

"They hate me, don't they, Falkenstein?"

"On the contrary, Major O'Sullivan. You have earned the position as their father and their leader. You see for yourself how well they obey you. Once the German is defeated, he is quite manageable. Major, we all fear that you are leaving Rombaden."

"That may be so," Sean said.

"That would be a shame. Why does a man of your stature throw away a brilliant career to protect an Emma Stoll?"

"Herr Falkenstein, that is a strange question from one who was convicted by a Hitler court. I don't want a Hitler court to exist in the name of my country."

Sean found himself wandering through a maze of narrow streets. He had arranged that there would be no farewells, no sentimentality. In the morning he would leave, supposedly on a routine trip to Supreme Headquarters . . . no more.

A battalion of laborers, prisoners of war guarded by Polish guards, hacked into the endless rubble piles at an intersection. As they saw the commander, the Germans stared, doffed their caps and bowed. The Poles greeted him with formal salutes and smiles.

But Sean was oblivious to them.

Now was the time to make one's balance sheet. There could be a balance sheet for Liam and Timothy O'Sullivan. Losses, gains, happiness, tears. But there would be no balance for either Rombaden or Sean O'Sullivan.

Sean knew now that de-Nazification, in reality, would never work. One does not punish sixteen million people without himself becoming a Nazi. In the British Zone it was becoming apparent that only the top Nazis would be put on trial for showcasing. The French, who had to live next to the Germans, knew they would have to pay later if they wreaked vengeance now.

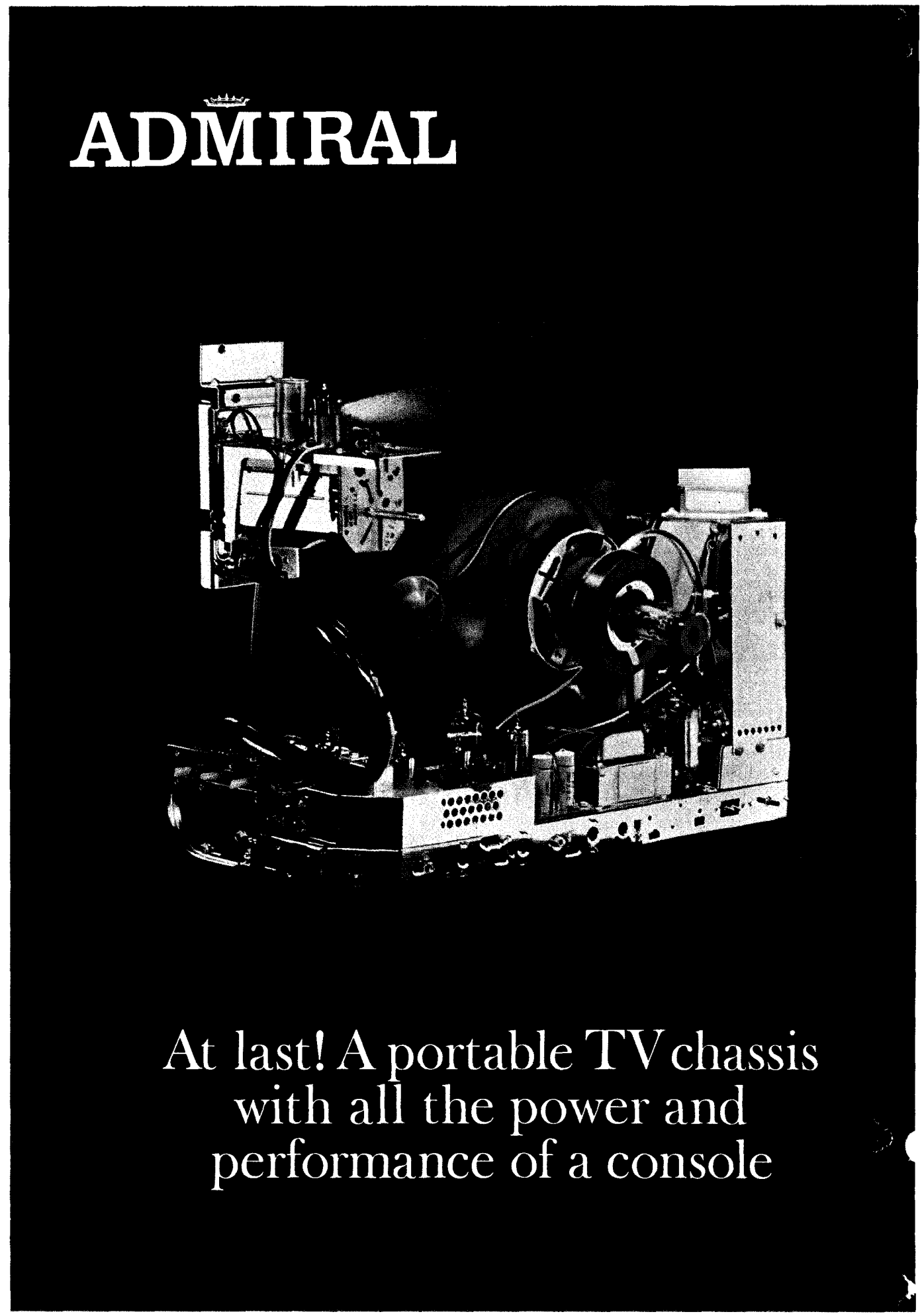
Nonfraternization was starting to break down. American soldiers could not resist giving chocolate to children. And why not, Sean wondered? Were we ever taught to let children starve? And soldiers are men, and men needed women. And they would find them, despite the nonfraternization rule.

General Andrew Jackson Hansen snapped the lamp on, fished for his specs, focused on the clock. Three in the morning. Sean's time was up. He would be reporting in by noon. Would he change his mind? No, sir! He'd march in, walk the thirteen steps, lay his neck on the chopping block and *wham!*

Hansen turned off the lamp and tried to settle down to sleep.

"*General Hansen, I'm not going to commit murder in the name of my country just because orders are orders. . . . I'm sorry . . . I believed in you . . .*"

Hansen kicked off the blanket, turned on the light again, and stared sullenly at his toes. Sean was a rare officer. He had emerged from personal tragedy, assumed



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a vital command, performed with brilliance. In this Army—no, in the whole damn world—there are so few men who will say, "I'll take the responsibility." That's it! No buck-passing, no whining.

What had happened when Sean fired Dante Arosa? General Hansen never knew. Sean merely said, "I'll take the responsibility." Those two had been close friends. What made Arosa resign from the Army? It takes guts to punish a friend.

And even more guts to defend an enemy. What the hell . . . didn't Sean know there were times when every man had to bend a little?

"OK, you son of a bitch," Hansen grumbled, "we go down together."

He picked up the phone. A sleepy operator answered.

"There's an AP correspondent in town. Name is Nelson Goodfellow Bradbury. Find him. Have him report to my quarters immediately."

With that he dressed, went to his writing desk and began to draft the text of Proclamation 26.

It was two hours before Big Nellie Bradbury could be located in Wiesbaden at the tail end of a drinking bout with the Air Corps. He had to be pried loose.

When he arrived at General Hansen's quarters, he was in a suspended state of silliness.

"Got here as soon's I could, general. What's the excitement?"

"This," Hansen snapped, handing him a sheet of paper.

Nellie's great paws turned it right side up. He read:

PROCLAMATION NO. 26

MILITARY GOVERNMENT HEADQUARTERS
FRANKFURT A/M

UPON COMPLETE REEXAMINATION AND RECONSIDERATION, IT IS DEEMED THAT PROCLAMATION NO. 22 (CALLING FOR SPECIAL TRIBUNALS) IS INCONSISTENT WITH DEMOCRATIC IDEALS, THE VISION OF OUR FOUNDING FATHERS AND THE MEANING OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC. EVEN SUSPECTED NAZI WAR CRIMINALS ARE ENTITLED TO DUE PROCESS OF LAW, AS WE UNDERSTAND IT. THEREFORE, PROCLAMATION NO. 22 IS HEREBY NULL, VOID AND RESCINDED.

A.J. HANSEN, BRIG. GEN., USA

Bradbury was suddenly cold sober. "Wow! Can I put this on the AP wire? When did you people decide on this?"

"Us people didn't decide nothing. *I* decided. Frankly, I don't even know if I have the authority. Nellie, you're going to see that this hits the front page of every morning paper in America, while I'm sending it through official channels. So, if it isn't official, you make it official."

Big Nellie knew what he had to do. There was not much time. He folded the proclamation, stuffed it into his shirt pocket. "You're an ace, general," he said.

It was about noontime of the following day, two hours after Proclamation 22 had been nailed dead, that Sean maneuvered his jeep through the rubble-strewn streets of Frankfurt. Supreme Headquarters for Germany had been established in the I.G. Farben building, formerly the heart of the world chemical cartel. It was a huge place, comparable to the Pentagon.

Sean O'Sullivan, a mere major, was lost in the flood of silver oak leaves, eagles and stars. Everyone here walked with a chipper air. Each man felt that he carried in his briefcase a solution to the most important problem in Germany.

After much searching, Sean found General Hansen's office. A lieutenant announced him.

Sean stepped before Hansen's desk and saluted. "I heard the news, sir. I heard about your proclamation when I was driving through Mainz, an hour ago. What will they do to you, sir?"

"Well, I don't think they'll pin a medal on me." Hansen waved Sean to a chair. "So far I've been chewed out by four of Ike's deputies and three people from the State Department. Right now my future is being discussed at the Pentagon and the White House. We might as well play checkers while we're waiting . . . you *do* play checkers?"

Hansen won forty-two consecutive games. It was a long afternoon. Sean was beginning to wonder about dinner when a lieutenant came in and handed a dispatch to the general.

"Just came in, sir. From the White House."

General Hansen read swiftly until he came to the final, summarizing sentence: "The decision to revoke Proclamation No. 22 was correct."

He handed the dispatch to Sean. "You know," he said, "we Americans are lucky. The Lord has granted us a rare privilege—the chance to take a second look at what we're doing. That second time around we usually come out all right."

He reached into a desk drawer for the whiskey bottle and filled two shot glasses.

"We'll drink to it," he said.

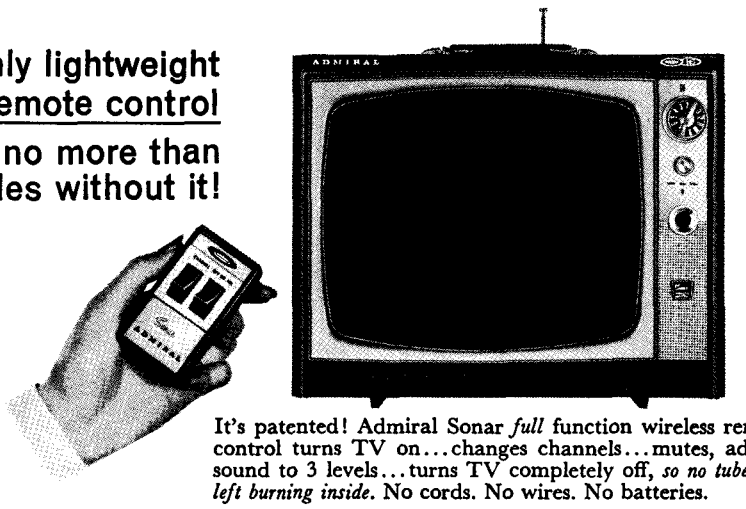
"Drink to what?" Sean asked.

"To American liberty—to justice."

"To my brothers," Sean said softly. "To Tim and Liam. We have brought them honor."

THE END

The only lightweight 16" portable TV with remote control
(overall diag. meas.)
...and it costs no more than most other portables without it!



It's patented! Admiral Sonar *full* function wireless remote control turns TV on...changes channels...mutes, adjusts sound to 3 levels...turns TV completely off, *so no tubes are left burning inside.* No cords. No wires. No batteries.

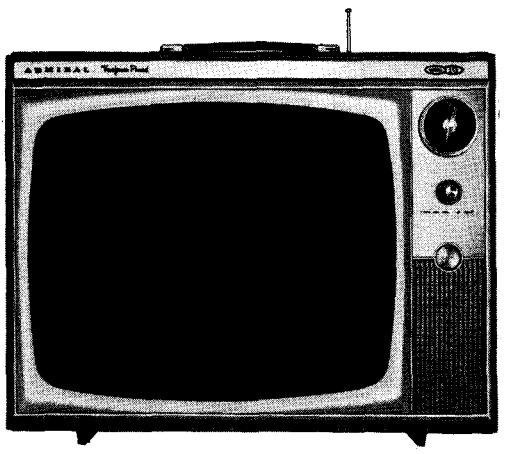
No other portable TV will outperform, outlast the amazing new Admiral

The remarkable story behind the superior performance and dependability of the new 1963 Admiral portables starts with three new revolutionary Admiral chassis.

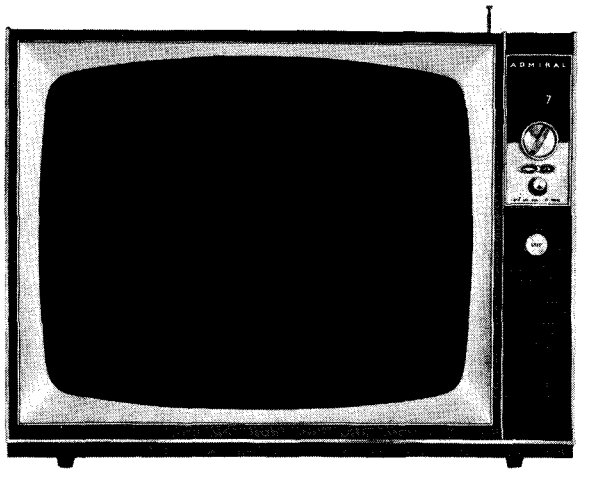
No other portables give you more power...up to a *full* 23,000 volts of picture pulling power. To harness all this power, Admiral precision engineered a new extra-sensitive TV tuner that reaches out and extends fringe area reception further than ever before...pulls in what are unquestionably the finest pictures ever achieved in portable TV.

Shown at left is the new cooler-operating, horizontal 19″ portable chassis—transformer-powered and precision-crafted. Admiral-pioneered precision wiring is so exact it virtually eliminates all service headaches!

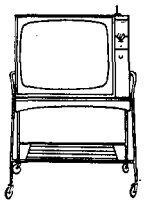
See the brilliant new 1963 precision-crafted 16″, 19″ and 23″ quality Admiral portables now, in a wide selection of colors and finishes, at your Admiral dealer ...starting at $129.95*.



Brilliant movie-square 19″ Admiral picture
(overall diag. meas.)
20,000 volts of power! Sound out front. Telescopic monopole antenna. All-front tuning controls. Costly safety glass faceplate. New extra-sensitive Admiral tuner. P9020 Series.



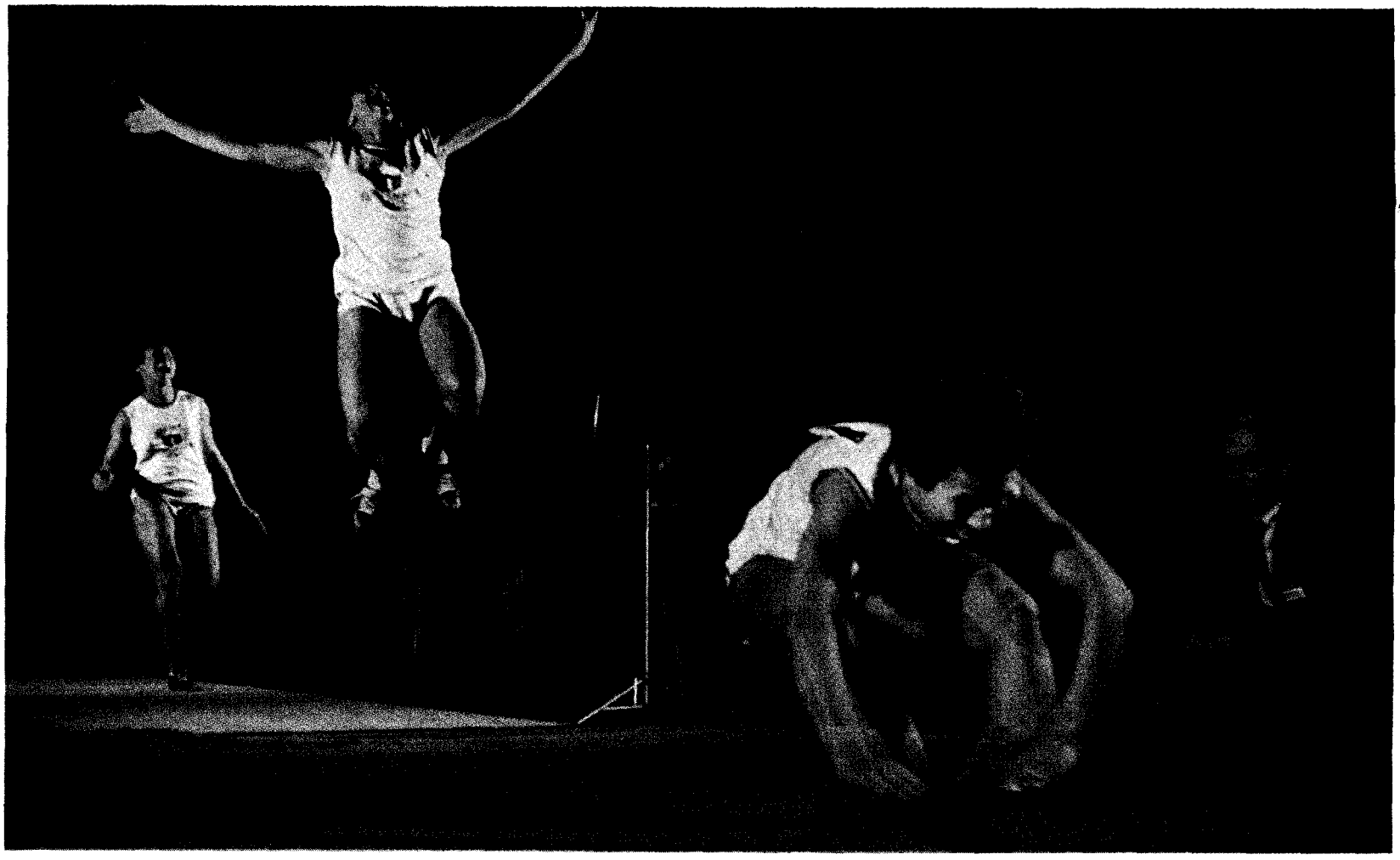
MARK OF QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD
ADMIRAL®



First and only 23″ portable TV
(overall diag. meas.)
23,000 volt console performance in the trim silhouette of a portable. Bonded picture tube. Digital tuning. Finished sculptured back. Roll-about stand available. T3020 Series.

*Mfg. suggested retail price—slightly higher some areas. UHF optional extra. Admiral, Chicago. Canadian Admiral, Port Credit, Ontario

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

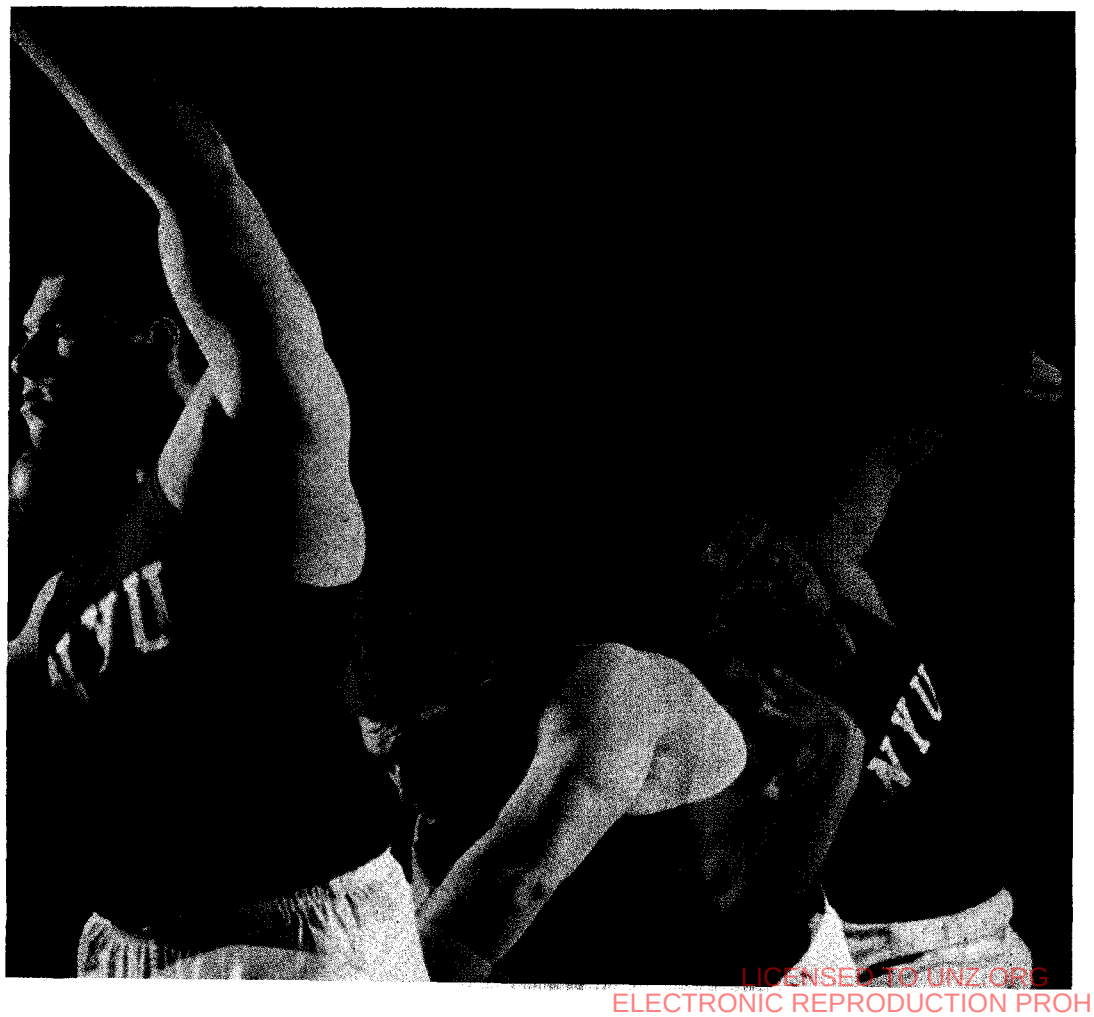


Willye White, 1962 A.A.U. champion, wins women's broad jump at Louisville meet.

OLD SPORT NEW BOOM

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL LEIFER

In a sports comeback, indoor track is showing audiences it can provide circus thrills plus theater drama.



Gary Gubner sets, coils, then begins lunge with shot.

Long the province of buffs immunized to the fumes and aromas of musty arenas, indoor track has been transformed. It has become a crowd-pleaser, a big draw. "Three years ago," recalls an A.A.U. official, "you could buy tickets the night of any big meet without any trouble. This year every important meet in New York was sold out a month in advance." And the phenomenon is national. What's happened to give an old sport new verve? By introducing meets to mass audiences, TV has helped. So has the importing of numerous foreign stars—particularly Russian high jumper Valery Brumel and broad jumper Igor Ter-Ovanesyan, engaged in an East-West struggle with Americans John Thomas and Ralph Boston. The wave of record-breaking, most notably in the fiber-glass-propelled pole vault, is a major factor. When a man outdoes history, the crowd revels.

But there is another explanation. Indoor track has been described as a cross between intimate circus and outsize theater, and the description has merit. Close up, audiences are awed by the muscle men, thrilled by the gravity-defying acrobatics of vaulters and leapers. They find drama in the silence that falls just before a mob of sprinters hurtles down the boards, hardly out of reach from the front row. The athletes also find indoor competition unique. As shot-put champion Gary Gubner testifies, "There is a much closer, sharper reaction between spectator and competitor." In these unusual multiple-exposure photographs Neil Leifer shows some of the exciting action that packs the arenas.

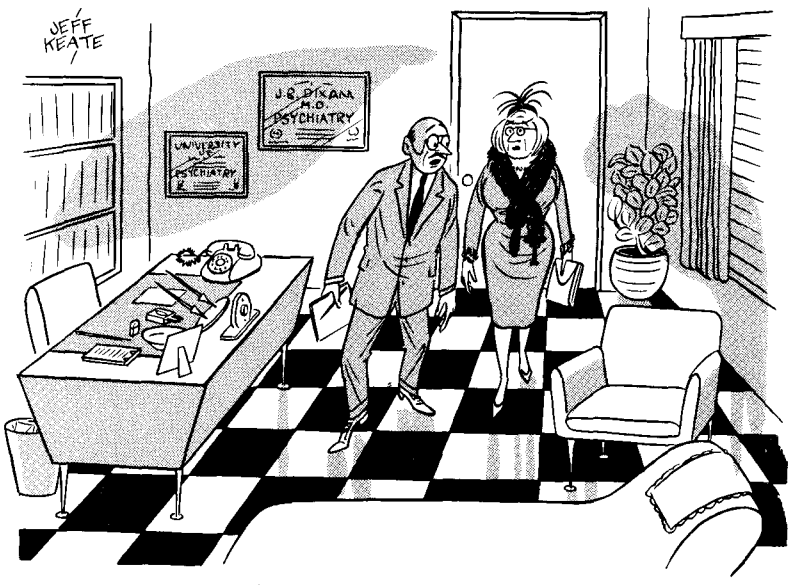
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Multiple-exposure photograph shows pole vaulter Dave Tork, who has cleared 16 feet, riding fiber-glass pole like the tassel at the end of a whip, only to knock off bar set at height of 15 feet, 6 inches.

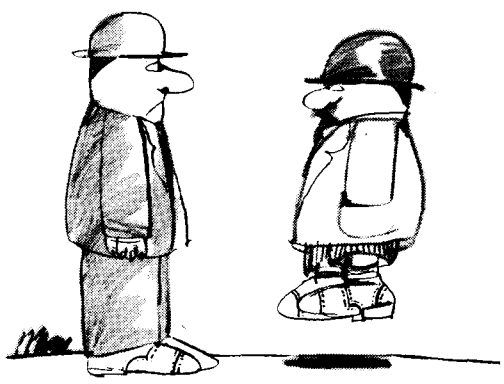
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

post scripts

"Now there's a renaissance man!"



"Oh, oh! Watch it, Mrs. Forsythe—you stepped on one of the black squares!"



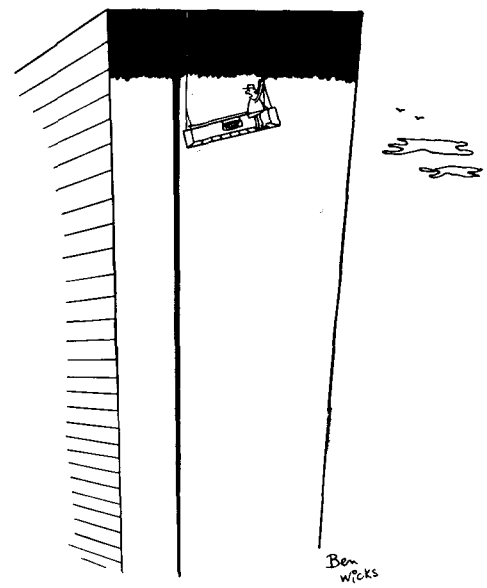
"My suspenders are too tight."

INSTRUCTIONS FOR A BRIDESMAID

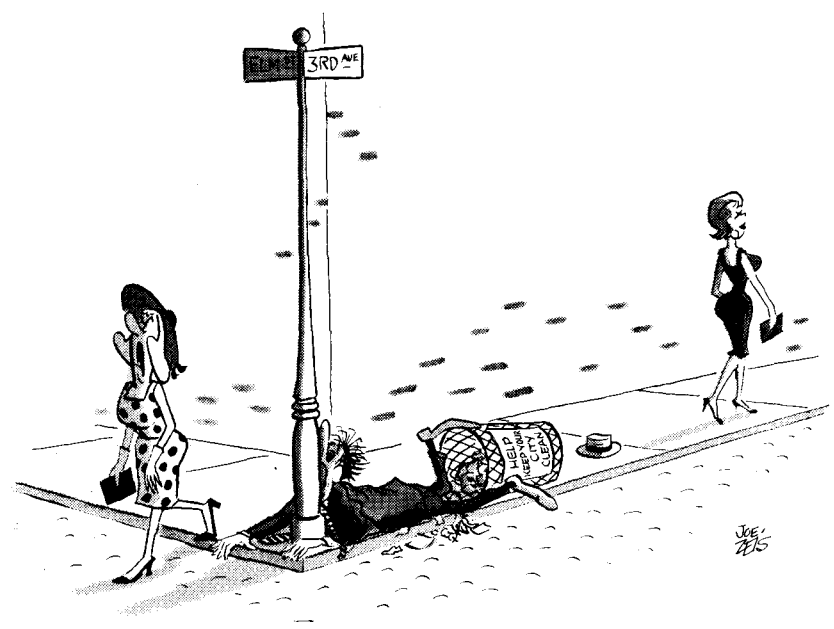
Help pin the wedding gown up
And straighten out the veil,
Help clear the worried frown up,
Be staunch when others quail.

Of flowers hold a fistful,
Your sweetest pose assume,
And try not to look wistful
When gazing at the groom.

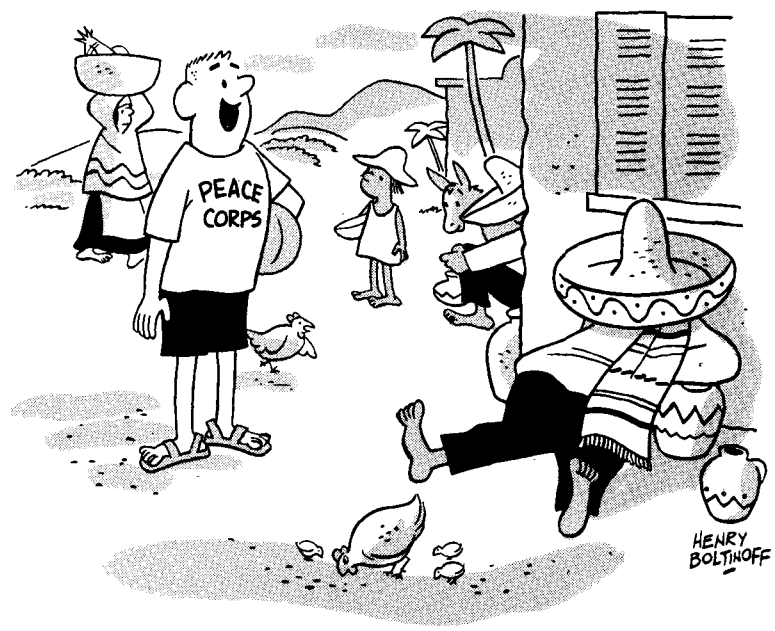
Richard Armour



"Oops . . . sorry, Fred!"

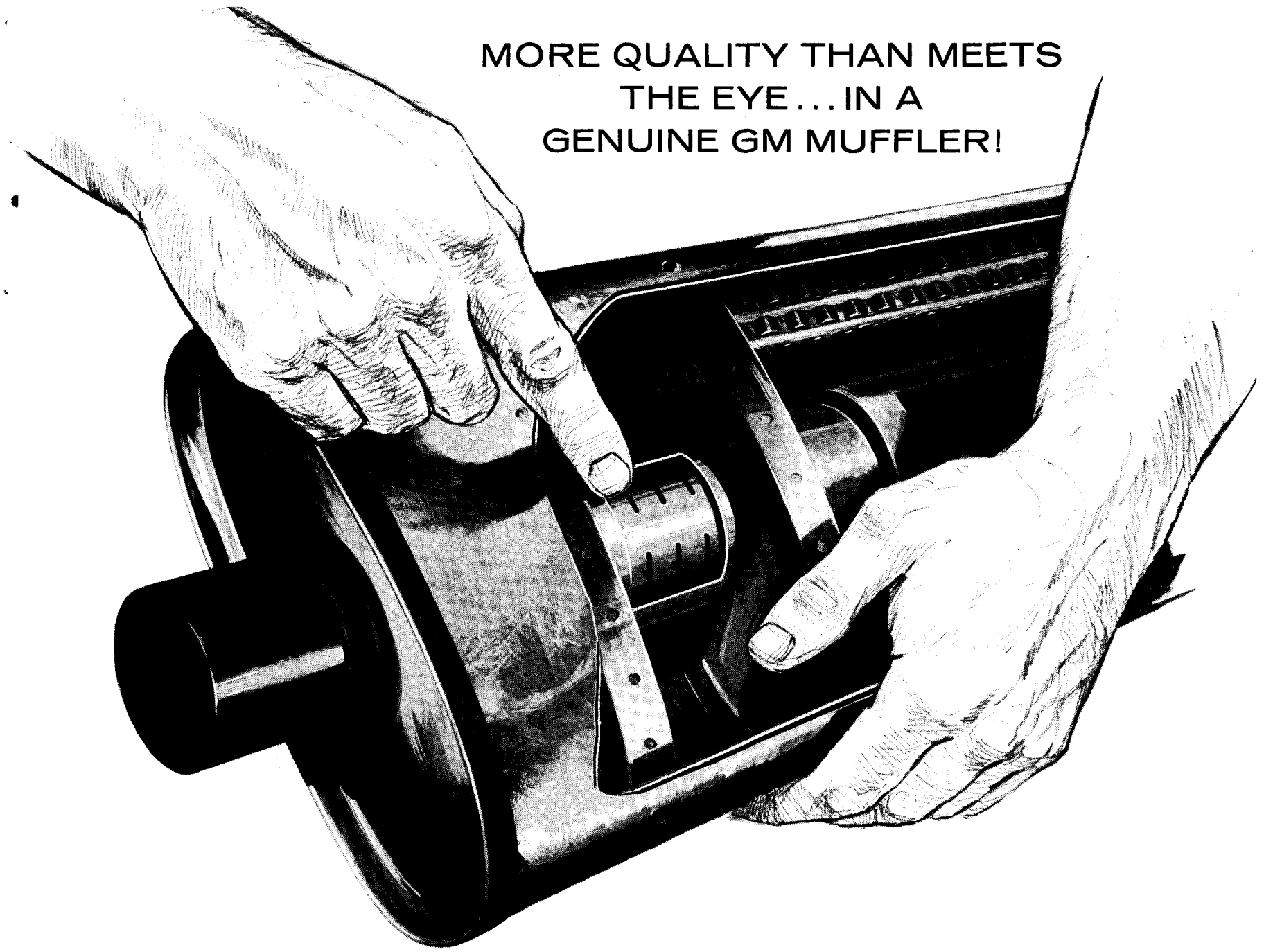


"Well! Did you see the way she looked at you, George?"



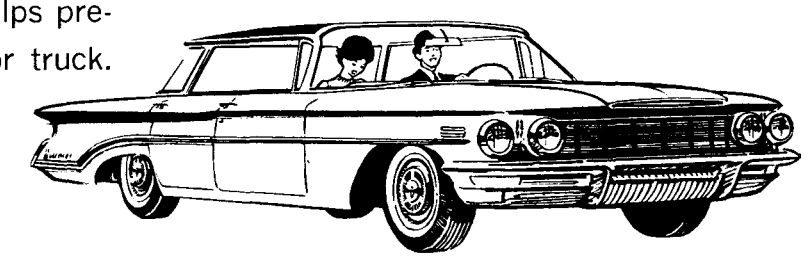
"OK, everybody—volleyball!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



GENUINE GM PARTS... SKILLED SPECIALISTS

General Motors cars and genuine GM parts are made for each other! Take this all-welded GM muffler. It contains three specially engineered, separately tuned resonance chambers designed to suppress vibrations, minimize back pressure and give maximum engine efficiency. It's just one more reason why General Motors cars and genuine GM parts go well together . . . and go together quickly! See your GM dealer for genuine GM parts—built and installed to save you money. His Guardian Maintenance service helps preserve all the quality you've paid for in your GM car or truck.



SEE YOUR GM QUALITY DEALER FOR THE BEST KIND OF SERVICE

GUARDIAN MAINTENANCE

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC • GMC TRUCK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Subjects help Latham Leslie-Moore raise a freedom flag.

■ WITH JUST A BANNER, A TYPEWRITER, AND A FIERCE SENSE OF INDEPENDENCE, THIS AGED ENGLISHMAN DEFIED THE MARCH OF HISTORY.

THE WHITE SULTAN

By CHARLES MILLER

When they write the history of today's African independence movement, they probably won't devote even a footnote to a brief rebellion that took place in M'Simbati, where a dozen-odd natives staged their own independence movement in order to remain a colony. It's rather a shame, for the story is worth at least a footnote.

M'Simbati is a palm-fringed, sun-drenched tropical paradise, basking in the Indian Ocean just a few miles off southern Tanganyika. Don't look for it on a map. Even the largest scale charts are likely to be misleading, for in the strictest geographical sense of the word M'Simbati may not be an island at all. At low tide it's joined to the mainland by a skinny arm of sand and mangrove trees. And politically it's considered part of Tanganyika. The only people who didn't consider it so were a few inhabitants, led by their self-proclaimed "sultan," a 70-year-old Englishman named Latham Leslie-Moore.

The sultan had lived on M'Simbati for a decade or so, after his retirement from the Tanganyikan civil service, and he wanted to remain a British subject on British territory. Early in 1960, when the British Colonial Office announced that Tanganyika would soon be granted independence, Leslie-Moore came out of retirement with a roar. He promptly drew up M'Simbati's own "declaration of independence" from Tanganyika. He also gave the United Nations formal notice of his "country's" secession, raised his own flag over the island and requested that the Royal Navy dispatch a warship to patrol the "straits" between M'Simbati and the mainland.

I had heard vaguely about all this, and during a visit to East Africa I resolved to pay my respects to the sultan. Whenever I mentioned my resolve, however, people warned me to desist from any such plan. "Oh, the bloke's gone balmy," they said. "Completely crackers, you know." "Bit of a hermit, I'm told." "Simply can't abide trespassers. My word, he'd have your tripes for a necktie if you so much as approached the ruddy place." "Actually took his shotgun to an airways Dakota not so long ago. Daresay he thought she was violating his air rights, or something of the sort. Haw!"

One man who knows the Sultan explained his reputation by saying: "Well, the blighter *does* frighten people with his letters. Writes 'em all the time. Bloody insulting too, and sometimes they've as much bite as bark." Once, he told me, Leslie-Moore had sent a furious protest to the Tanganyikan government, accusing a local harbormaster of moving his private dhow while it was at anchor, thus interfering with his mail and demeaning both the flag and the sultan of M'Simbati. "Interfering with Her Majesty's Mail, that's a damn serious matter, you know. Long and short of it was that the harbormaster got an awful great rocket from Government House. Poor bloke actually had to make a formal apology to old Leslie-Moore."

At the native fishing village of Mnazi (Swahili for coconut tree), I made arrangements for hiring a dhow—no one is foolhardy enough to run a ferry service to M'Simbati. A government official suggested that when I landed I send a crew member ahead to announce my arrival.

"Merely a sensible precaution—ah, that is . . . well, I mean to say . . . a formality, you know."

After sliding quietly over the almost imperceptible swells of Mnazi Bay for two or three hours, we found ourselves within sight of M'Simbati. Sloping gently down from a seemingly endless wall of stately gold-green coconut palms, a dazzling ivory beach slipped easily into the turquoise bay. Aside from a few sea birds diving for fish, and an occasional school of porpoises politely breaking the surface of the water with a sluggish grace, the scene was one of absolute, undisturbed peace. Suddenly the dhow's skipper nudged me and pointed to a tiny dot, moving about in the water perhaps half a mile ahead.

"*Bwana*, there," he said.

As we drew nearer, the dot materialized into what looked like an aged walrus, spouting and cavorting playfully, and obviously unaware of anyone's presence. Even when the dhow came alongside—I saw now that the walrus sported a beard and bore a striking resemblance to King Edward VII—he still didn't realize he had company. When I finally shouted a nervous greeting, the potentate glanced up without the slightest surprise.

"I say," he remarked with regal equanimity, as if we had been chatting all the while at a Buckingham Palace lawn party, "you must be a Yank or a Canadian, what? Do come ashore, old boy, and have a pink gin. Daresay you've got the very devil of a thirst after your little voyage. You'll be my guest for a few days, of course." This was scarcely the grapeshot welcome I had anticipated, and I breathed a qualified sigh of relief as we beached the dhow.

"Deucedly sorry I hadn't known you were planning to pop in," the sultan rambled on, leading the way up the beach and along a path beneath the palms. "Could have had the place laid out like the lord mayor's breakfast." He was a towering barrel of a man, stained a deep mahogany from his years under the equatorial sun. He carried a stout cane, and his only clothes were a huge, floppy-brimmed beach hat and a gaudy sarong-like apron which he wore like an imperial toga.

"No missionary bloke?"

"Trust you won't object to my garb," he said. "Haven't worn anything else in donkeys' years. Wouldn't change if the governor himself were to visit. And if the governor didn't like it . . ." He went on to explain in majestically unprintable terms what the governor could do, then suddenly stopped himself short.

"Oh, dear! I do hope you're not one of those missionary blokes. If that's the case, I expect I'll have to guard my vocabulary." I reassured him, and he demonstrated his relief with another detonation of regal profanity.

By now we had arrived at a small clearing in the vast palm grove. In the center stood Leslie-Moore's house, a single-story coral-lime structure of characteristically drab Arab design, nearly buried in a flamboyant explosion of bougainvillea, oleander, Nandi flame and Indian laburnum. From a jackstaff on the roof a flag drooped in the noonday calm. I made out a pattern of three wide vertical bands—green, blue and red—with a small Union Jack in the corner. Assuming that I already knew about his revolution, Leslie-Moore explained the flag's somewhat complicated symbolism.

"Had that made specially in Nairobi and smuggled down here," he said. "Designed it meself. Rather clever, wouldn't you say? The green and fertile island of M'Simbati, separated by the blue of the Indian Ocean from the bloody shores of Africa. And up in the corner"—he pointed to the Union Jack—"one can see where our true loyalty lies. But look here, old chap, we mustn't keep that drink waiting, what?"

If the exterior of Leslie-Moore's house was a dreary pile of masonry, the bright, expansive sitting-room might have been transplanted from the home of an English country squire. It was furnished with Chippendale chairs and deep upholstered sofas. Woodcuts of pastoral scenes lined the walls, and rows of shells—sea and artillery—shared space on the bookshelves with hundreds of well-worn volumes. As we talked, I made some remark about the peace and serenity of the little island.

"Quite," he said. "And I intend to keep it so. Won't have my property cluttered up with yelling Indians, drunken Africans and drunker Europeans. Bit of a flap a few months ago, when some cheeky young pup flew his Dakota over here at tree level. I wanted to have a shot at him. Not to bring the poor idiot down, mind. Merely a bit of a warning, you know. But the bloke was gone by the time I'd fetched my gun. Rotten shame. I expect you've heard a good deal about me: 'Old Leslie-Moore, he's gone 'round the bend. . . . Mad as a March hare.' That sort of thing." He seemed quite pleased with his reputation.

A very old African, garbed in the traditional nightshirtlike *kanzu* of the coast, came in and struck a battered set of chimes to announce lunch, and we went into a large dining room. Aside from the coconut palms and the murmur of surf outside the window, we might have been taking our meal in England. The courses included a roast, a fine breaded grouper—caught just that morning—and an omelet from Leslie-Moore's tiny hatchery. A different wine was served with each dish. As we ate, my host chatted away, and some of the pieces in the story of his monarchy began to fall into place.

The sultan, although brought up on his family's estate in Surrey, must have

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Jumping Junior"

We're talking about a special kind of life insurance for children. It's called "Jumping Junior." And it's perfect for Junior because it jumps in value as he jumps in age. For example: suppose your child is 7 years old, and you buy a $1,000 "Jumping Junior" policy. When he turns 15 it jumps 2½ times to $2,500. And when he turns 21 it jumps again to $5,000, an increase of 5 times in the policy's face amount from boyhood to manhood. Yet the extremely low premium at age 7 always remains the same. Meantime, loan values have built up for his college or career. For full details, see the Nationwide representative in your community. See how you can give your youngster a jump on the future with the "Jumping Junior" plan.

INSURANCE BY NATIONWIDE
LIFE/HEALTH/GROUP

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been born with an incurable case of wanderlust. He left home in his late teens, attended Heidelberg University in 1909, then took a job managing oilfields in Trinidad and Mexico. During the Villa rebellion he served briefly in the Mexican navy ("we tried to blockade the ruddy American fleet, but one might as well sneeze into a ruddy hurricane"). He also made occasional vacation trips to Hollywood, where he played bit parts in the early silent pictures, under the name of Larry Larson. ("They were pleased as punch to have an authentic Englishman about in those days. Simply loved to put me into evening dress and all that.")

With the outbreak of World War I he returned to England, joined the Royal Artillery, became a captain, was gassed at Amiens in 1916, discharged and given the usual six months to live. Hoping a sharp climate would prove the doctors wrong, he went to Newfoundland to manage a lumber mill ("knew nothing at all about lumber, old boy"), and outstayed the six months by several years. Eventually, however, he decided he wanted a warmer country. In 1924 he found himself in Tanganyika.

"I'd planned to start my own farm, but an old chum in government settled my hash on that score. Told me: 'We've put the locals here to planting coffee and we're desperate for assistance. Need instructors and all that. Think you might care to give it a go?' I told him: 'Delighted to lend a hand for a few weeks, old chap.' Spent the next twenty years as an agricultural officer, up and down the entire bloody territory. That's how I came to find this spot. Reckon it was what you Yanks call a case of love at first sight."

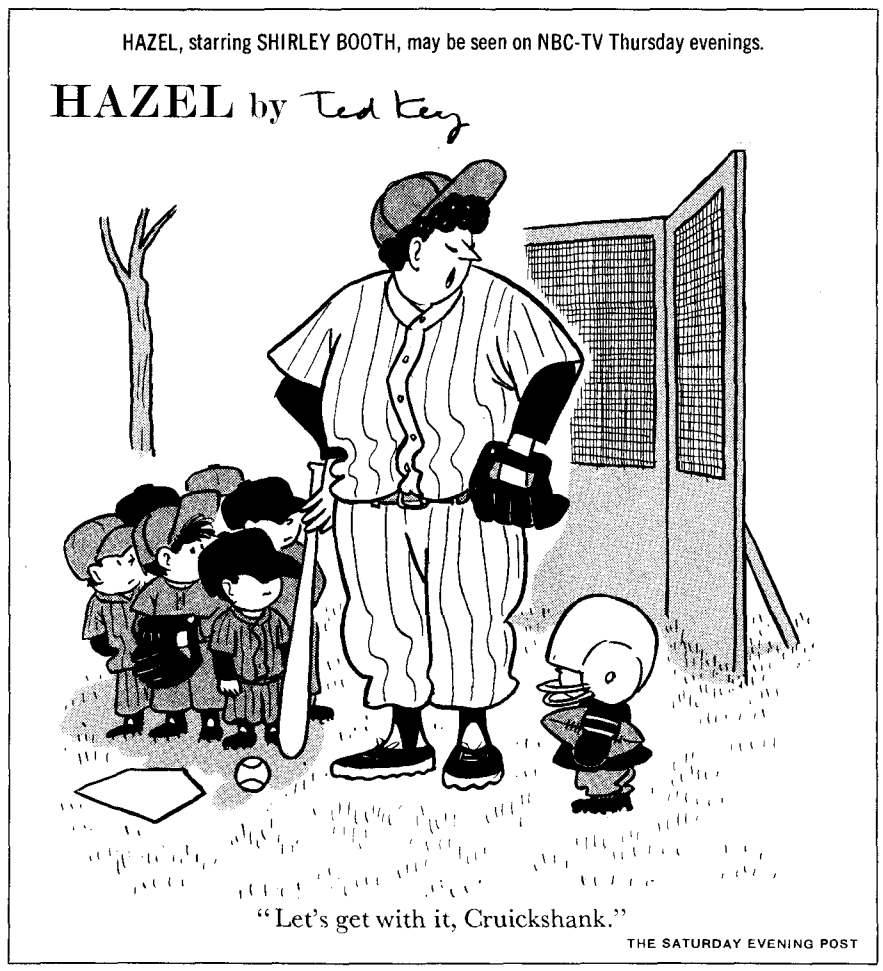
The love affair blossomed into marriage in 1942, when Leslie-Moore bought a square mile of M'Simbati, christened it "Wind's Whisper," dispatched a few lions that had been disturbing the neighborhood, and settled down to what he hoped would be a peaceful retirement. For more than a decade, life at Wind's Whisper was just that. Leslie-Moore started small coconut and cashew plantations on the property; they brought him an equally small income, but more than enough for the microscopic cost of living on the East African coast. Somewhere along the line a stray dog joined the household. There was nothing to upset the dreamlike tranquillity of Leslie-Moore's contented isolation.

Not that he was an out-and-out hermit. Old friends from England would often visit Wind's Whisper for weeks at a time, lying on the beach and reminiscing about an era they must have known was dying. There were younger people too, and Leslie-Moore built a special "honeymoon cottage," smothered in bougainvillea, for the occasional newly married couples who spent their wedding holidays with him. Sportsmen from Kenya, Tanganyika and the Rhodesias often enjoyed his hospitality after deep-sea fishing safaris.

Even without guests, he wasn't alone, for he enjoyed the warmest relationship with his migratory plantation workers and his small staff of African servants (who call him *Bwana Mzee Mdevu*—"*Bwana* Old Beard"). He freely admits that his attitude is paternalistic.

"When I first came out here," he told me, "the African didn't go about smoking cigarettes and decked out like some bloody Cheapside spiv. He was a gentleman—one of nature's gentlemen—and one treated him as such. Perhaps some old chap might be looking for work. He'd approach you—like as not he'd be wearing a goatskin over his shoulder and ruddy nothing else—and then he'd drive his spear into the ground and step to the side. To show he wasn't up to any hanky-panky, you know. You'd palaver a bit, and presently you'd get your head boy to give him a *panga* and let him cut grass. Really too far gone in years even for that, but it would scarcely be polite to refuse the old gentleman, what?"

Nothing infuriates an African nationalist politician so quickly—and understandably—as this kind of benevolent condescension. But it seems to suit Leslie-Moore's household of elderly Muslims, who fought with the British and German armies in World War I. Essentially conservative and suspicious of change, these dignified old gentlemen react with indifference to the youthful nationalism that has spread through Africa. According to Leslie-Moore, in fact, the idea of secession was as much theirs as his.


HAZEL, starring SHIRLEY BOOTH, may be seen on NBC-TV Thursday evenings.
HAZEL by Ted key
"Let's get with it, Cruickshank."
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"When the governor made his broadcast announcing that Tanganyika would have self-government," he said, "we all listened in on my battery wireless, and my old cook went into an awful great flap. My word, he leaped up and shouted: 'By Allah, if Tanganyika can be free, we want our freedom too!' The others agreed, and asked me if I'd get off a signal to the government—none of 'em can write, you know. I said I would indeed, and we had a bit of a ceremony. They gave me a thin silver chain, which I broke, to signify the end of our link with Tanganyika. I also took an oath, on the Persian rosary and a silver Arab dagger, to uphold the laws of the Prophet Muhammad, the Koran and Queen Elizabeth. Then we all celebrated with a feast. The singing and dancing went on till daybreak. Not like your Boston tea party, perhaps, but still a jolly good show."

The secession proclamation was duly received by the governor of Tanganyika, and a special petition to the secretary-general of the United Nations cited the U.N. Charter's promise of self-determination. World reaction to these proclamations was a storm of apathy. This didn't distress Leslie-Moore, who proceeded to refuse to pay taxes to Tanganyika. ("Got off a signal to the chancellor of the exchequer in London. Explained I'd be delighted to pay Britain, but wouldn't give a farthing to the government down here.")

Meanwhile, life went on quietly in the midget monarchy. Leslie-Moore may be a sultan, but he doesn't have much sultaning to do. His day begins at sunrise, when a servant brings him a soupbowl-size cup of scalding tea. After a leisurely inspection of the coconut and cashew trees, Leslie-Moore spends an hour or so at a battered old portable typewriter with a faded red ribbon.

"What I do," Leslie-Moore told me, "is sit down and ask myself: 'Now, who can I be rude to today?'" He then begins to hammer out a "signal" to some unsuspecting victim, often chosen at random but frequently a government official.

With his correspondence out of the way, the monarch feeds several thousand of his feathered subjects, who dine from giant clam shells strewn about the patio. There's a dazzling profusion of birds: carmine and emerald bee-eaters, black-and-yellow bulbuls, long-tailed widow birds, red-eyed weavers with egg-yolk breasts. The sea birds keep to the beach and swoop blizzardlike about Leslie-Moore when he takes his morning swim in the warm waters of Mnazi Bay.

After lunch he usually takes a siesta for an hour or two, then perhaps goes for a stroll up the beach, stopping to chat with native fishermen or to pick shellfish and small octopuses from the coral reefs when the tide is out. In the evening he enjoys a few "sundowners" before dinner and, if he's in the mood, turns on his battery radio for the news broadcasts from Nairobi or Dar es Salaam—to which he adds his apoplectic editorial comments. He may read an hour or so before going to bed, but he needs no sleeping pill. The sighing of the surf and the "wind's whisper" in the coconut palms are soporific enough.

I shared this Shangri-la existence for several days, and I was far from happy when my little dhow finally returned to take me back to the mainland. But few of us can be full-time beachcombers. And, as events proved, even Leslie-Moore's happy defiance could not go on forever. When Tanganyika finally achieved independence in 1962, I wondered how long the new government would tolerate Leslie-Moore's quixotic "secession." It took almost a year, but one day I received a clipping from a London newspaper. Datelined Nairobi, the item read:

> The battle of M'Simbati is over and never a shot fired nor a man lost. . . . An official statement said that [Leslie-Moore] had accepted the government's attitude with good humor and promptly paid all outstanding licenses and taxes due to them. Mr. Leslie-Moore explained that the secession claim referred only to his own 640 acres and anyway he had regarded the whole matter as a leg-pull.

In a "signal" to me banged out on the ancient typewriter, however, Leslie-Moore simultaneously acknowledged and flatly denied acceding to the government ultimatum. The "surrender" incident was real enough, and he did in fact agree to pay his back taxes. But when ordered to strike his colors on the spot, he refused, and did not lower the flag until sunset; even today he keeps it in the living room and displays it proudly to visitors. So as far as I can gather, the Tanganyikan counterrevolution produced a sort of unofficial standoff, with honor on both sides partially satisfied.

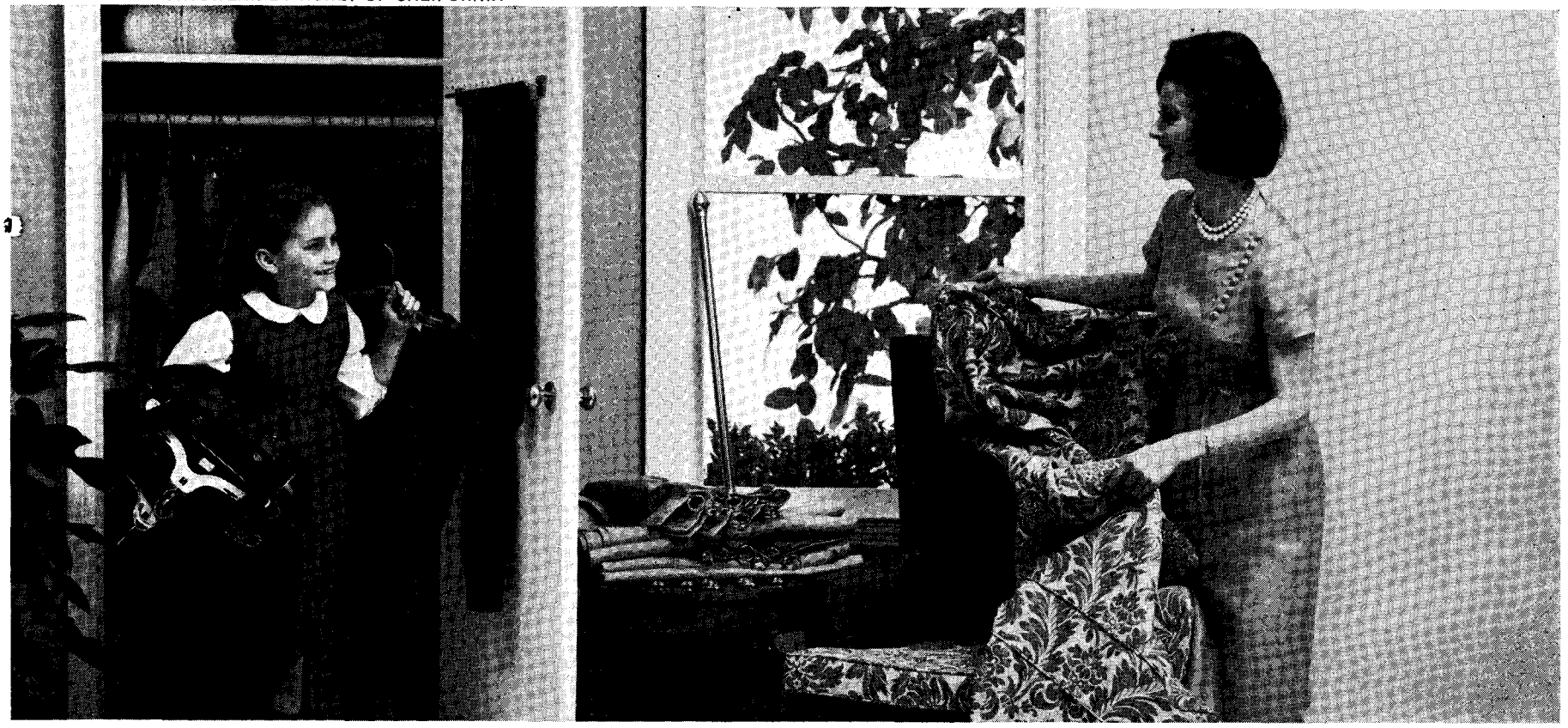
And M'Simbati's idyllic routine has scarcely changed at all. The "signals" mention an occasional somber moment: ". . . Old Popsy, the black-and-white dog, as well as little fat Tumbo, his girl friend, were both taken by a leopard out in the garden. . . ." And another of the few printable passages chronicles a recent visit from an old friend, and how the two shared memories of people and places they knew 50 years ago: "We can both say with pride that we lived under six sovereigns—Victoria to Elizabeth II—and served under them in some capacity . . . which is more than the modern generation can say."

Behind the times? Out of touch with history? Of course. Few people today can share Leslie-Moore's fiery loyalty to an empire which ceased to exist decades ago. Even fewer are likely to accept his paternalistic attitude toward Africans. Those views may be unrealistic, yet the most remarkable aspect of Leslie-Moore's seemingly dated outlook is its similarity to that of the more perceptive African nationalists.

Tanganyika's first prime minister, Julius Nyerere—perhaps the ablest and wisest of all African political leaders today—once declared that no democracy deserves the name unless it can tolerate dissent. If anyone typifies that spirit of pugnacious independence, it's the old gentleman with the fierce beard and the irascible good nature who "rules" the smallest and most thoroughly unofficial nation on earth. Perhaps it's not unreasonable to hope that both Tanganyika and Wind's Whisper—two expressions of man's proudest aspiration—are big enough to live with each other under the warm sky of Africa. THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COORDINATED SPORTSWEAR BY KORET OF CALIFORNIA



Do all your Spring Drycleaning for about $2.00 each 8 lbs.

...in the Westinghouse self-service drycleaner

Everything in this picture—32 lbs. of winter clothes, slipcovers, spreads, draperies—can be cleaned for about $8.00 in the new coin-operated Westinghouse Drycleaner. You save 50% or more—and it's so easy. Just weigh, load, close the door and insert the coins. In an hour you're back home with clean clothes in the closet, clean slipcovers for sofa and chairs, clean draperies for windows!

Ask about the new Westinghouse coin-operated Drycleaner where you see the famous coin-operated Laundromat® automatic washers. Remember, only Westinghouse makes the Laundromat® automatic washer—and the Laundromat® drycleaner. You can be sure . . . if it's Westinghouse.

We never forget how much you rely on Westinghouse

Big demand for moneysaving Westinghouse Drycleaning now offers an excellent business opportunity. For complete information, write: Westinghouse Electric Corporation, Commercial Laundry Equipment Sales Department S-4, Mansfield, Ohio. (In Canada, write: Canadian-Westinghouse Company, Hamilton, Ontario.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hoot mon! Now a Culligan fully automatic water softener for just $198.*

Almost everybody knows that soft water is better than hard water. For shampooing. For hands and complexion. For laundering. But hardly anybody knows that you can now buy this genuine Culligan Mark 1 fully automatic water softener for less than $200. The advantages of a Mark 1 are worth looking into. It gives you unlimited soft water, from every faucet in your home, automatically. It is backed by your authorized Culligan dealer; parts and service are never a problem. It is compact. It filters as it softens. It is available now. So call and say "Hey Culligan Man." Or even "hoot mon." In either case our serviceman will arrive in his regular uniform.

*Manufacturer's suggested list price exclusive of freight or installation. Since market conditions vary, ask your dealer to quote his prices.

Culligan Mark 12 Cabinet Automatic | Culligan Mark 2 Fully Automatic | Culligan Portable Exchange Service

Culligan®...SEEN MOST OFTEN WHERE THERE'S WATER TO SOFTEN

Culligan Inc. and franchised dealers in the United States, Canada, Latin America, Europe and Asia • Home Office: Northbrook, Illinois • Franchises available.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On location before her tragedy, Lee helps boss Dave Garroway make up.

■ Early one morning the pretty television executive was found cruelly injured, close to death. Not until a year later, when a Post writer investigated, did she learn what had happened.

The strange case of LEE LAWRENCE

By THOMAS CONGDON

An hour before sunrise on a Sunday in October, 1961, one of mid-Manhattan's innumerable French poodles began to whine and bark. Its owner, an actor, rose to investigate. Above the animal's fretting he heard another sound, the moan of a human in agony.

The actor lived on the ground floor of a dreary brownstone. Peering into his patio he saw a body, whitish in the gloom. It lay beside his tool shed, the door of which was open and torn almost free of its hinges. It was a woman, terribly battered. When he reached her the actor was shocked and sickened. But somehow he was most disturbed that her head rested on the hard concrete. He ran for a blanket to cushion it, then called the police.

A squad car and an ambulance arrived within 15 minutes. Beyond tall neighboring buildings the sky was lightening, and the patio brightened as the attendants worked, easing the woman onto the stretcher. To one side a policeman questioned the actor. An elderly couple lived just above him, the actor said, and on the third floor a divorced man, a professor. The terrace overlooking the patio led from the professor's apartment.

The policeman climbed to the third floor and knocked on the door. There was no answer. He began to pound. After a full minute the door opened an inch and the professor peeked out. Startled, he tried to shut the door again, but the policeman threw his weight forward, bulling the door open, one hand on the butt of his pistol. The professor staggered back. A thick-shouldered, slow-talking man in his 50's, he was on the faculty of a Manhattan university. Yes, he admitted, there was a woman in the apartment, in the bedroom; he himself had been sleeping on the daybed in the living room. He seemed genuinely shocked when told of the woman in the patio.

A detective arrived, and the policeman returned to the patio and briefed him. The detective knelt by the woman. "Did the professor throw you out?" he asked. "No," she groaned, "no. Where are my children? My children! My children!" She could say nothing else. The detective went up to the professor's apartment and into the bedroom. The windows were caulked shut, but the entrance to the terrace was open. Looking down from the terrace, the detective saw the patio tool shed, its tarpaper roof caved in from the impact of the body. The woman had struck the shed, then rolled off, hitting the door on the way to the ground. Around the terrace was a low metal railing, decorative but insubstantial. If there had been a struggle—if the woman had been pushed—the railing would probably have buckled. Yet it seemed undamaged.

One further aspect presented itself. The shed was not directly below the lip of the terrace but stood 10 feet out. If the woman had merely stumbled off the terrace, somehow leaving the railing intact, she never would have had the lateral thrust to reach the shed. Two possibilities remained. Either someone had picked her up and heaved her out over the railing, or she had leaped. The detective went back into the apartment. He looked at the professor's makeshift bed in the living room, obviously slept in. He looked closely at the professor. Once more he mulled over the two explanations of the fall. Then he made his choice—to drop the case. "Okay," he said, "thanks very much. They're taking her to Roosevelt."

At the hospital doctors began transfusions immediately. The body was a horror of wounds and fractures. Some of the broken bones, including two vertebrae in the small of the back, had been crushed, not merely snapped. Three ribs were broken. The pelvis was shattered. The sole of the left foot was split and the right foot was unrecognizable. The most serious injury was to the left hip; the upper leg bone had been driven through the top of the hip socket. In view of the injuries and the degree of shock, the woman was placed on the critical list. It seemed likely she would die.

Cards in her purse identified her as Lee Lawrence, 38, of Riverdale, an upper-middle-class residential section above Manhattan. A telephone call to her physician, William Zahm, listed in an address book she carried, brought him hurrying to the hospital. He revealed that she was divorced and had two young

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lee hangs from bar to straighten her bent spine by natural traction.

Struggling first against death and then extreme physical damage

LEE LAWRENCE

sons, both of whom were with their father that weekend. She was estranged from her mother and had no other close relatives. Her employer was the National Broadcasting Company.

Surgeons at Roosevelt set the spine, the ribs, the pelvis. So weakened was the patient that doctors felt she would not survive the major operation the hip required. There was nothing to be done except immobilize it with traction. Mrs. Lawrence was now embarked on an extraordinary ordeal which would astound doctors and defy their predictions.

She was placed in Roosevelt's special-care unit, a section for the critically ill, with surveillance around the clock. Meeting the havoc of shock with an exquisitely contrived combination of chemicals, doctors dangled tubes from suspended bottles, and fluids seeped into her veins. Instruments gave continuous readings of vital bodily signs, gauging the spurts, the ebbs, the flutters of struggling life.

One of the first visitors was Virginia Martin, a neighbor and friend. She was appalled by what she saw. Mrs. Lawrence's face was hideously swollen and black with bruises. Ducts trailed from her nose and mouth. Enormous bandages enshrouded her. The limbs were packed in billows of lamb's wool to cushion them against the faintest jolt. But what shredded Mrs. Martin was the screaming. Mrs. Lawrence was in unremitting pain. "My God," Mrs. Martin kept saying to herself. "My God, my God."

Another visitor was Ira Knaster, a public-relations executive. Two days before her fall Mrs. Lawrence had gone to Knaster for help. She was news-and-feature editor of the television show *Today*, presided over until May, 1961, by Dave Garroway. Five days a week for five years she had been dragging out of bed at half-past-three in the morning to get to the studio by four for the telecast at seven. When the show signed off, she started scouting out guests for the next day's show, beat the bushes for feature stories, scanned the news clacking out of the Teletypes, and tried to handle a thousand things on the phone. People exploded into her office shouting demands. Tension rose to shrieking pitch, and crisis piled upon crisis, late into every evening.

From her earliest days in show business she had thrived on the urgency. She was ambitious and competitive and ready to outscramble all comers. But everything changed when Dave Garroway left the *Today* show. To Mrs. Lawrence, Garroway was the show and the show was Garroway. Their working relationship was close. Suddenly he was gone, and she felt desolate. Soon afterward *Today* got a new producer, a man who had worked on the show and had been relieved of his duties at Garroway's request. Mrs. Lawrence happened to be the person who had discovered the error which precipitated the relieving. Now the man was back and making it rough for her. He dismissed her ideas, almost never gave her assignments. She knew she was being forced out. But she couldn't quit, not until she had another job. With two children to support she needed the money. On her own she looked for work, without success. By the time she turned to Ira Knaster she was near panic.

Knaster tried to reassure her. He picked up his phone and made Monday appointments for her with vice presidents of advertising agencies, men with connections in television. He told her to rest over the weekend, and on Monday she'd wow them. On Monday Mrs. Lawrence was in Roosevelt Hospital, a whisper from death. Knaster, anxious to hear how the interviews had gone, phoned her apartment. No answer. He phoned the *Today* set and received vague replies. Finally on Thursday he learned what had happened and rushed to Roosevelt.

The Lee Lawrence he knew was vivacious, one of the liveliest personalities in a lively business. She was a little girl with a big smile in a shining face, with a cheery, chirping voice that everyone kidded her about. But what Knaster saw at Roosevelt was a horribly grotesque caricature of that person. The vibrant creature had been smashed. Knaster visited once a week, forcing himself. Each week she was worse, deteriorating unbelievably. Her weight dropped almost by half, from 112 to 67. She became cadaverous. Her eyes were the most frightening Knaster had ever seen, the eyes of a corpse—glazed, out-of-focus, responding to nothing. He was sure she would die. Convinced he could do nothing for her, he stopped coming.

Doctor Zahm advised Dave Garroway not to visit, but Garroway did not grasp the warning. Impulsively he went out and bought bottles of perfume, a comb, a brush, hair curlers, makeup—all the things he thought would delight a woman confined to a hospital—and loaded them into a box. He arrived late in the evening. The box full of feminine things he had brought suddenly seemed ridiculously inappropriate. He slipped it under the bed and left. Depressed by troubles of his own and still further by the tragedy of his friend, he saw her again several times, then no more.

Visitors came and went; the doctors worked. And within the human wreckage, beyond the dead eyes, the patient's mind reeled. Fragments of outlandish dreams, friends' voices and distorted memories swirled with moments of clarity and the relentless pain. Once she dreamed that she was reading the New York *Daily News* and turned to a photograph of the rear of the brownstone. There was an "X" on the ground where her body had been found and a heavy dotted line leading to it from the terrace above. (No such picture, nor any mention of the incident, appeared in any newspaper.)

When, near Thanksgiving, doctors began to say Mrs. Lawrence might survive, her friend Virginia Martin decided to do something, somehow, to reverse Mrs. Lawrence's weight loss. She hit upon Metrecal and with doctors' permission managed to get Mrs. Lawrence to take small sips of the nourishment. Mrs. Lawrence began to gain, first a pound, then several. By late December she weighed 85. With the weight came flickerings of response. On an early visit Garroway had brought a television set. Mrs. Lawrence ignored it. Then one day she turned her eyes toward the screen. And when Howard Barker, a close friend and co-producer of the musical *Little Mary Sunshine*, came to visit in an outlandish fur hat, she gave him a wisp of a smile.

In January Mrs. Lawrence's mother died. A driven, destructive woman, she had laced her daughter's life with emotional poison. When Mrs. Lawrence was a child her mother repeatedly told her that she hadn't wanted a baby, that she'd tried to abort by throwing herself downstairs. "And when you were born," the mother often said, "you tore me. You hurt me terribly."

Mrs. Lawrence had no savings, and her only medical insurance, a group policy through her employer, was quickly exhausted by the enormous expenses. When bills began to go unpaid and there were murmurings that perhaps Mrs. Lawrence should be transferred to a municipal hospital, Mrs. Lawrence's mother had pleaded poverty. Only the intercession of friends kept Mrs. Lawrence at Roosevelt. But when the mother died lawyers disclosed that she had had money and that when the will was probated Mrs. Lawrence would inherit a considerable sum. Doctor Zahm, Mrs. Lawrence's close friend for many years, thereupon began to persuade the Hospital for Joint Diseases to receive Mrs. Lawrence as a patient. She had come off the critical list and taken a tentative hold on life, and treatment of her mind now became as important as treatment of her body. A staff member at Joint Diseases, Doctor Zahm could take personal charge of the case there.

Life seemed hopeless

In late March Mrs. Lawrence went to the new hospital. She had now struggled from an almost catatonic state—blank, numb, responseless—back up through the films of oblivion. She was often conscious and aware of her surroundings. But the awareness had penalties. Now she was confronted by the horror of her plight. She was shriveled and deformed, and her growing realization of this amounted to a fearful assault on her "body ego"—that essential image of self upon which each human hangs his personality. After a half year in the hospital, most of it in a vegetable state, the prospects of picking up life again seemed hopeless. And so in despair she became morose and bitter, a pathetic kitten until touched or spoken to, and then a screaming fury. She lay rigid in bed, refusing to move although now, freed from her body cast, she could. To move was to admit that the body was hers, a thought too anguishing to bear.

By the time Mrs. Lawrence arrived at the Hospital for Joint Diseases her left foot had healed. But her right foot had not. It was crumpled, mummified, and it was seriously infected. Another alarming matter was a four-inch decubitus ulcer on her spine, the result of months in a cast. Such ulcers, very difficult to heal, can be fatal. Doctors felt both foot and back would be helped by medicated baths.

Mrs. Lawrence cried and protested as orderlies put her on a stretcher, cried again when they brought her to the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lee has made an "impossible" recovery.

hospital's physiotherapy wing and held herself taut as they lowered her gently into a tank with softly circulating water. But it is almost impossible to stay rigid in water. Involuntarily the stiff limbs, the frozen trunk, very slightly relaxed. Laurie Selman, head of physiotherapy, supported Mrs. Lawrence in the tank. The cloth covering her body slipped off, exposing her entirely, but although she saw it floating away she made no attempt to clutch it back. Selman recognized the lack of modesty as a sign of rejection of her body. The body wasn't hers, so why should she care about it? *There's not much we can do for her*, Selman thought. *She'll never stand, let alone walk. At best she's a permanent wheelchair case.*

Each treatment minutely lessened Mrs. Lawrence's rigidity. In late April four doctors appeared in her room—three orthopedic surgeons, and Doctor Zahm. "Lee," asked a surgeon, "have you ever tried to stand up?" The thought appalled her. Her right foot was useless and her left hampered by a shortening of the heel cords. Contractures of the thigh ligaments bent both legs forward from the hips at a sharp angle, and the left leg was further restrained by the hip and pelvis injuries. The spinal injuries also served to bend the trunk forward. In no uncertain terms, Mrs. Lawrence let the surgeon know what she thought of the idea of standing up.

"Man isn't meant to be horizontal anymore," he replied patiently. "It's taken thousands of years to bring him upright, and now that's the way he's supposed to be. You don't want to ruin all that hard work, do you?" All four doctors lifted her until her left foot touched the floor. It was the first time in more than six months that she had been erect, and her body throbbed with pain as blood rushed to adjust to the sudden change. Quickly the doctors assessed her posture. When the legs were vertical, the trunk pitched forward 45 degrees. It seemed hopeless.

The following day attendants took Mrs. Lawrence to the physiotherapy gym. Laurie Selman was waiting for her. A handsome, well-built man in his early forties, Selman is British Guianese and speaks with a soft British accent. During the tank baths Mrs. Lawrence had been so concerned with her fear and pain she had barely noticed Selman. But this time, as he introduced her to the parallel bars and explained how she must support herself on her arms between them, she sensed his warmth and gentleness. The scowl never left her face, but grudgingly she began to cooperate.

"Lee," Selman said at the end of the session, "since your left heel stays about three inches off the floor, I want you to wear the highest-heeled party shoe you have tomorrow, to support the heel. And wear your prettiest dressing gown." Mrs. Lawrence, as part of her body renunciation, had insisted on the shapeless hospital gowns. She had, in fact, ignored her appearance altogether. But after a week in physiotherapy, seeing Selman every day, she asked the nurses to help her comb her hair and put on lipstick.

It was a turning point, one of several. Another occurred when Mrs. Lawrence, her bad foot wrapped in thick foam rubber, took her first hesitant steps with the walkerette, a portable aluminum framework, waist-high, on which the patient leans as he shuffles along. From across the room a man yelled, "Hey, Lee, smile!" Mrs. Lawrence turned toward him. So intent had she been on her own ordeal that she hadn't noticed there were other patients in the gym. The man who had yelled was one of them, Harold Gentner, a young father. Even though paralyzed from the waist down by a spinal tumor, he was unfailingly cheerful. His wry good humor was infectious, and Mrs. Lawrence soon found herself smiling whenever Gentner called out, "Lee, there's that sour look again!" Gentner was working extremely hard at his rehabilitation, exercising endlessly, mastering his full-body brace. His example fed Mrs. Lawrence, and she started to try.

By June the doctors had given up on Mrs. Lawrence's right foot. The infection was worse. By every criterion, amputation was indicated. She accepted the verdict, but after the operation her courage fled. Since girlhood she had found reassurance in the knowledge that, whatever the merits of the rest of her, her legs were good-looking. Now it seemed that, in coping with a world in which women are judged heavily on appearance, her prime asset had been destroyed. The idea of appearing with a mechanical device instead of a lower leg terrified her.

Her first day back in physiotherapy Mrs. Lawrence seemed as glum as she had months before. Then she came upon Susie Lee. A tall Negro with a regal face, Mrs. Lee had lost both legs from a diabetic complication. Like Mrs. Lawrence, she was suffering from stump pain. Yet she smiled. "You'll be surprised how you'll learn to love your leg," Mrs. Lee said, patting one of her artificial limbs. "They get to be like old friends."

The encounter forced Mrs. Lawrence to recognize that her plight was not the ultimate in human tragedy. Just before dawn the next morning, lying awake and thinking about Mrs. Lee, she was lifted by a surge of clarity. *Look*, she said to herself, *you're all right. You've got a head and a body, and your mind is whole.* From that moment her attitude changed, completely and once and for all. She initiated conversations, not merely speaking when spoken to, and she even pretended romance with an elderly male patient. It was the half-tender sort of horseplay that lifts spirits in a hospital and makes time pass.

Along with cheerfulness, Mrs. Lawrence discovered the telephone. Among the first she called was Dave Garroway. "Well, I'll be damned," he said. "You sound so great I'm coming right over."

More and more friends came to see her. From the visits she gained some slight confidence that the amputation, so dreadful to her, made little difference to others. One day, as if to settle the matter, she asked a visitor point-blank, "Does this make me repulsive to you?"

"Lee," the visitor said simply, "I've known you for many years."

Still, when the new leg arrived and she began to wear it, she was anxious, especially concerning her sons. Doctor Zahm had told them about the amputation, and they'd seen her right afterward—in late spring her ex-husband had finally

Learning to walk after amputation, Lee spends hours on the parallel bars.

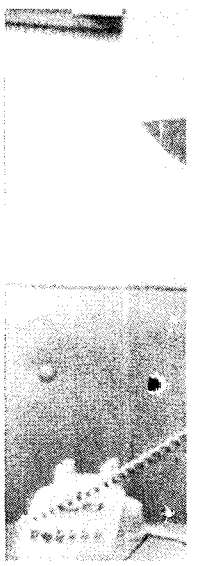
Lee does the difficult backbend that amazed a therapist.

Joseph Wilder, the surgeon who amputated, tells Lee she's ready to go home.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Home in her apartment, Lee is now busy on new projects.

Teen-age sons Steve (left) and Johnnie take their mother out to dinner.



consented to letting the boys visit. But continuing hostility from her ex-husband, with whom the boys were living, made her worry about their reaction. She decided she had to clear the air. When they arrived she was in her wheelchair, facing away from the door. "Hi, Mommy," said Steve, her 14-year-old.

"Hi, boys," she said. "I've got something I want to introduce you to." She spun the chair around and straightened her leg, bringing it up into view.

"Hey, that's great," said Johnnie, age 13. "We told you you'd be better." That was that. After a quick inspection of the device and a few questions, the boys' curiosity faded, and they turned the conversation to other matters. The incident so enheartened Mrs. Lawrence that a few days later when her friend Howard Barker paid his regular weekly call she was able to poke fun at herself.

"Howard," she said at the end of the visit, "hand me my leg, give me your arm, and I'll walk you to the elevator."

Learning to walk with the leg was unusually difficult for Mrs. Lawrence. Because of the injury to the opposite hip she could not swing the prosthesis easily. The injury thrust her trunk forward, yet she couldn't compensate in the normal way, by leaning back, because of the injury to her spine. The surgeons began to hint that further operations might be necessary, one on her hip and one on her spine. The operations would mean at least six additional months in the hospital. The possibility shocked her. "Laurie," she asked physiotherapist Selman, "what can I do to avoid this? Aren't there exercises that would straighten me out?"

Selman replied that exercises might help but that the chances of changing the pathological situation were slim. And there would be pain. But she persisted. Every day she begged for exercises, and she mastered every exercise shown her. Selman was impressed. "At the rate you're going," he said, "you'll be able to do this one someday." He sat on a low stool, anchored his feet, and leaned back until his head touched the floor.

"I can do that right now," she said, sitting on the stool. Slowly she arched back. First her hair, then her head touched the floor, and everyone in the gym, patients and therapists, let out a cheer. Physiotherapists have observed that most patients, once they have attained slight mobility, stop trying for improvement, content to hobble. Mrs. Lawrence was never content, and she never stopped trying. Degree by degree her back began to straighten, her contractures ease, her walk grow more natural.

"Mrs. Lawrence," a surgeon said one day, "I've got to hand it to you. From your X-rays I would have said that what you've accomplished was impossible."

"You mean that I don't have to have the operations?"

"Perhaps not. Not immediately, at least," he replied. As she had many times before, Mrs. Lawrence breathed a prayer of thanks to Saint Jude, succorer of incurables. Though Jewish, Mrs. Lawrence had borrowed Jude from Christianity and come to rely on him.

In late September Garroway called and said, "Lee, how about coming out to dinner a week from Monday? I've talked to Doctor Zahm, and he says it's OK." She looked at her calendar. By coincidence Garroway had selected October the eighth, one year to the day from that morning the ambulance had taken her broken body to Roosevelt Hospital. Garroway hired a limousine for the occasion. Mrs. Lawrence entered it easily, but getting out at Garroway's apartment house she needed help. Garroway himself has a bad back. As he reached in and drew her out it failed him, and the two of them tumbled onto the sidewalk. "Now we're both cripples," he blurted out in confusion, and then covered his mouth, afraid his words had stung. He looked at her and she looked at him, and they burst out laughing at themselves, a well-dressed twosome sitting on the sidewalk on 63rd Street.

The evening was Mrs. Lawrence's private debut. Her public debut was a month later, at the bar mitzvah of her son Johnnie. She was determined to go. Missing Johnnie's bar mitzvah was unthinkable. But she'd been in the hospital 13 months. Her body was drastically changed, her face still showed the ravages of the ordeal, and she walked uncertainly on an artificial limb. On top of the emotion of seeing her son declared a man, there would be the trial of appearing before dozens of people who hadn't seen her for more than a year. Her ex-husband would be there with his wife, once her own close friend. She would be sitting near her former mother-in-law. There were steps and a long aisle. Already she could almost feel the pitying glances.

The day of the ceremony a dozen nurses came to help her dress, chattering like bridesmaids. Her escort, Howard Barker, arrived punctually and conducted her to a taxi. Twenty minutes later they were starting up the temple steps, he beaming with a confidence he did not feel, she trembling. Up the steps, through the foyer, down the aisle. When the ceremony began everyone stood, and Mrs. Lawrence stood too. The rabbi motioned to Barker that she should sit.

"He says you can sit," Barker whispered.

"I will not!" Mrs. Lawrence replied, releasing Barker's arm and standing straighter than ever. Suddenly Barker felt superfluous. She was carrying it off, all by herself. Afterward, with no help, she navigated the long, curving flight of stairs to the reception and a few minutes later was on the dance floor, dancing with her son. She drank champagne, gabbed with her friends, and later danced with Barker and Doctor Zahm. She returned to the hospital victorious.

How it all happened

I met Mrs. Lawrence in the hospital in December, visiting her at the suggestion of a friend who felt the story of her remarkable recovery, if told, might bring hope to many others. She was pink-cheeked and bursting to talk about the projects she was working on—a column on physical rehabilitation she hopes to write for a newspaper syndicate; a format for a film based on a children's book; a prospectus for a TV spectacular starring a well-known comedienne. In the course of the visit the conversation turned to her injuries and their cause. She and the professor, she told me, had gone to a football game on the seventh of October, 1961, the day before her fall. She remembered leaving the stadium and driving with him down West Side Drive. Across the Hudson the sun was setting, and that sunset was her last memory. Her next recollection was Christmas at Roosevelt.

I talked with Doctor Zahm. Mrs. Lawrence, he said, is suffering from retrograde amnesia, a memory blackout of events not only subsequent to the fall but immediately preceding it. He said that some time after the fall he had attempted to get in touch with the professor but that the professor would not talk with him. A physician with a busy practice and a patient on the critical list, Doctor Zahm had let the matter drop. He felt, however, that information on that blank period would facilitate treatment and hoped I would tell him anything I learned. I paused to take stock. Certainly there was a story in Mrs. Lawrence's physical comeback, but there was also a mystery. What really happened in those hours between the football game and dawn the next morning? What precisely brought her to the professor's apartment, and what occurred there? Until Mrs. Lawrence knew, the shadowy question would cloud her recovery.

Police records were no help. There was only an "aided" card—a record of the fact that police had been called to the brownstone to assist a badly injured woman. As for the professor, he still refused to talk. Then commenced routine legwork, the interviewing of tenants, the janitor, the landlord, doormen, merchants—anyone who might know anything about the event. Near the end of the second week things began to break. Police officials, aroused by the inquiries, unearthed the investigating detective—whose identity, they had previously declared, was "unknown"—and made him available for questioning. And the professor, reconsidering, suddenly decided to cooperate.

He had gone to Mrs. Lawrence's apartment that October Saturday, he said, to pick her up for their football date and found her weeping almost hysterically. Between sobs she explained that she had just packed her sons off for their regular weekend with their father. She dreaded those lonely weekends—this one seemed especially sad; there had been a conflict with her ex-husband during the week—and she had burst into tears the minute the boys were gone. To compound the misery, her mother was due on a plane the next day. Encounters with the older woman were always bitter, and anxiety rose in Mrs. Lawrence as the arrival approached. Finally there was her job crisis, the antagonism of the new producer, her extreme exhaustion. Her whole world, professional and personal, seemed to be collapsing.

The professor succeeded in calming her and persuaded her that the football game—the fresh air and sunshine—would do her good. During the game she did appear to relax and enjoy herself. After the game, however, in the automobile on the way to a party, she fell asleep. The professor, realizing the party was now out of the question, took her to his apartment and fixed supper. After the meal they played several games of Scrabble. All the while the professor wondered what to do with his guest. Again she was falling into a stunned, trancelike state. Should he put her in a taxi and dump her in her dark, empty apartment? Remembering her condition that morning he decided that would be dangerous. Instead he gave her his bedroom, which led out onto the terrace, and took the daybed in the living room for himself. At one in the morning he heard screams. He got up, went to the bedroom and found Mrs. Lawrence distraught. It took him half an hour to soothe her. The incident was repeated at three. This time he gave her a half tablet of phenobarbital. He went back to bed, and the next thing he knew it was daybreak and the police were at his door, demanding to know if he had a woman in his apartment.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lee sometimes works from wheelchair.

After the police left he went to Roosevelt Hospital and asked about Mrs. Lawrence. She was in Emergency, he was told, in critical condition. He phoned the hospital several times during the week, and the answer was always the same. Then he had second thoughts. Should he be involving himself? There was certainly nothing he could do for her. He had nothing to hide, yet the incident could be made to appear scandalous. And scandal could hurt him. The professor, a quiet, cautious man, turned his back on the whole matter. When Doctor Zahm called him he declined to discuss it. Not until I came along, full of questions which threatened to reopen the matter, did he speak. I passed along what I learned to Doctor Zahm, and carefully Doctor Zahm told Mrs. Lawrence.

"I simply don't remember," she said to me later. "It's as if it happened to someone else. Anyway," she concluded with a flick of her hand, "I'm too busy doing what I'm doing." By then she had left the hospital, assured by her doctors that further operations were unlikelier than ever. She moved into an apartment on the Upper East Side, compact and convenient but large enough for her most important project—having her sons live with her again. Her friends, who had cleaned the apartment and moved in the furniture, threw a small party her first night home. In mid-evening Dave Garroway appeared and asked to see Mrs. Lawrence privately. They went into another room, and when they came out her eyes were shining. He had asked her to join his television production firm, Once More, Inc., a name with significance for them both. Mrs. Lawrence would be chief of development and research.

"Lee's the world's best researcher," Garroway said. "If you ask her for information she'll tell you it's unobtainable, unknowable and not really what you needed anyway. At the same time the other side of her brain is coming up with the answer, which she casually slips into the conversation.

"Last fall, that first night I started visiting her again at the hospital," Garroway continued, "I told her all my problems so she'd have something to think about besides her own. I even made some up. You know, after a while she convinced me those made-up problems were real. She even convinced me she'd solved them for me. As a matter of fact," he added thoughtfully, "it's pretty close to the truth."

Mrs. Lawrence smiled. "Just part of the job," she said. THE END

Defying all predictions, Lee Lawrence walks today, her broken body now erect.

Having vanished for a year,

Lee now must start a new life and launch a whole new

professional career.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDITORIALS

The Curtis Commitment: a progress report

Last December in an editorial entitled THE CURTIS COMMITMENT we set forth the purposes and objectives of the new management of The Curtis Publishing Company. We intended, we said, to act as a conscience—as an abrasive—for the competitive-enterprise system. We would point with pride to the achievements of that system, and we would relentlessly expose its failures and its weaknesses.

We live in an extraordinarily difficult era. The danger to our society is mortal. We have grown so fat, so lazy and complacent that we are peculiarly ill-equipped to respond to the challenge. We are preoccupied with the frills, with TV sets, extra cars, cabin cruisers and other appurtenances of an affluent society. The signs of moral sickness are all around us: crime, dope addiction, juvenile delinquency. The economy is stagnated. Unemployment continues to rise. The legislative branch of our government, grown old and arthritic, is unable to cope with our problems. Urgent domestic business, such as adequate housing, adequate schools and medical care for the aged, goes unattended.

As a national magazine *The Post* has a responsibility to prod, to goad, to do what is necessary to awaken people to their responsibilities. *The Post* has an enormous power for good, and we intend to use it. If we infuriate individuals or make them uncomfortable, that will have to be.

In recent months we have examined in depth the external and internal threats to our society. We have studied the European revolt against American leadership and the collapse of President Kennedy's Grand Design. We have taken a close look at the confused, viciously bloody war in South Vietnam and have probed the meaning of the Chinese Communist invasion of India. Closer to home, Stewart Alsop and Charles Bartlett, in a celebrated article, dissected the Kennedy Administration's handling of the Cuban crisis last autumn. More recently Alsop journeyed to Latin America for a definitive report on the impact of Castroism in that critical area.

Here at home we have run the gamut of internal problems from the critical need for greater safety in the air to the questionable activities of Igor Cassini. We have exposed quack marriage counselors, pornographic paperback books and the Air Force's mistreatment of Airman Gerald Anderson. Contributing editor John Kobler focused public attention on Youngstown, Ohio, where crime runs rampant. The civil-defense mess was examined in detail by associate editor Don Oberdorfer, and columnist Roscoe Drummond spoke out on the critical need for the Congress to modernize itself. Former President Eisenhower surveyed the internal threats to our democratic way of life in DANGER FROM WITHIN. More recently Admiral Rickover in THE DECLINE OF THE INDIVIDUAL studied the factors in our society that have conspired to diminish the freedom and dignity of the individual. *The Post* has covered the integration story thoughtfully and deeply with such penetrating pieces as Joe David Brown's report on Birmingham, Alabama, deputy assistant secretary of state Carl Rowan's THE TRAVESTY OF INTEGRATION and a thoughtful study of the Negro hate group, the Black Muslims.

Nowhere are our nation's moral standards more confused than in the field of sports. *The Post* has analyzed fixing and recruiting in basketball. It has reported the Wally Butts-Bear Bryant telephone conversation before the Georgia-Alabama football game last fall, and explored mobster control of the boxing business.

We have reported the good with the bad, the successes with the shortcomings. The portraits of David Sarnoff and Continental Airlines' Robert Six and the thoughtful article on peaceful integration at Clemson College in South Carolina are stories where we came not to blame but to praise.

Because we realize that talented fiction writers can sometimes illuminate our society more effectively than the news itself, we have concentrated on improving the quality of the fiction in *The Post*. Through the work of such gifted writers as John O'Hara, John Updike, James Jones, Irwin Shaw, Graham Greene, Garson Kanin and dozens of others, we have brought our readers the best fiction being written.

In its efforts to provide its readers with provocative, stimulating articles, *The Post* has been accused of courting sensationalism and seeking to increase its circulation by means of a shrill editorial product. The "circulation" charge is patently absurd. Circulation of *The Post* (more than six and a half million a week) is right where we want it. Its vast bulk is in subscriptions, which fluctuate very little with individual articles.

As for the charge of "sensationalism," the standard of *The Post* is simply this: Does it matter and is it right? Nothing is too big or too small. As long as a story meets these tests, that is all that matters.

Thank you, Denver Post, we like you too

The following editorial appeared in a recent issue of THE DENVER POST:

Something's been happening at *The Saturday Evening Post* lately. And since that publication has been one of America's grand old institutions, it is entitled to some notice in these columns.

Of course, most people are aware that things have been happening at *The Post* for several years—most of them bad.

Several years ago the magazine started hitting the skids. It had gotten old and tired. It started losing money. The competition from television gave it fits. Its owners began to get nervous. The operators of the magazine began a desperate chase after circulation.

The talk among people in the publication and advertising businesses was not whether the magazine would fold up, but how long it would take.

Things weren't helped any when, in 1961, new people moved in and decided to pitch the magazine to what they thought Madison Avenue—the advertising-agency people—would like.

The result made long-time *Saturday Evening Post* readers wince. The magazine was turned into a collection of billboards and hokum. You couldn't tell the ads from the editorial content—if you could dignify the editorial material with the term "content."

After that, even we in the hinterlands started to ask how long it would be before there was no more *Saturday Evening Post*. Before long, even that was no longer an interesting question. We just stopped reading (or looking through) *The Post* and let it go at that.

Then, without our noticing it, a new and more important shake-up took place at Curtis Publishing Co., *The Post*'s parent organization. It got a new boss, a dynamic, young-looking businessman and former ad salesman named Joe Culligan, who had the simple idea that if a magazine is sufficiently interesting to read it can make money.

We were not aware of the new philosophy when it took hold last summer, although we did have called to our attention here and there an interesting article or series. But we were brought up short, as a good many other people were, by the now famous "eyeball to eyeball" issue of last December 8, the one in which Stewart Alsop and Charles Bartlett took a questionable look into the Cuba-crisis deliberations of the inner circles of the Kennedy Administration.

Thereafter came more pieces that couldn't be ignored, among them the inside stories on the Cuban prisoner purchase, the Air Force's handling of the enlisted man accused of killing another airman's wife and the ghostlike business activities of multimillionaire Howard Hughes.

This past week we were impressed by the Hanson Baldwin article criticizing Robert McNamara's handling of the Defense Department and the article showing how Europeans view American leadership of the Western Alliance.

The Saturday Evening Post, in short, has once again become a vital and compelling thing. Once again, it can't be ignored—and not because of some kooky design tricks. Once again it has Content. And that is, in the long run, good for the investors as well as the readers.

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

America Fore Loyalty Group has changed its name to THE CONTINENTAL INSURANCE COMPANIES. The change is a natural one.

Actually, the name *Continental* has been with us for more than a century. First, it is the name of one of the largest and best-known companies in our group—The Continental Insurance Company. Next, it is the name of our well-known trade mark, the Continental Soldier—the symbol of professional insurance protection which our companies provide for individuals and businesses.

So now when you see the Continental Soldier think first of dependable insurance protection, then of us! It's only natural—*Continental* Soldier . . . The *Continental* Insurance Companies.

Consult the Yellow Pages under Continental Insurance or America Fore Loyalty.

The CONTINENTAL
INSURANCE COMPANIES

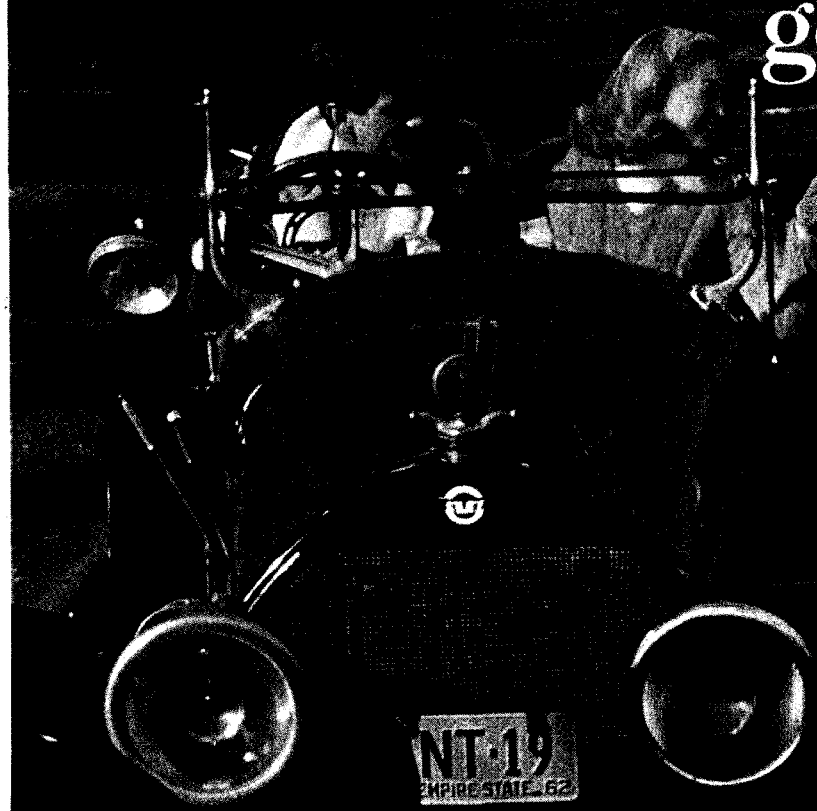
The Continental Insurance Company • Firemen's Insurance Company of Newark, New Jersey • Fidelity-Phenix Insurance Company • Niagara Fire Insurance Company
The Fidelity and Casualty Company of New York • National-Ben Franklin Insurance Company of Pittsburgh, Pa. • Milwaukee Insurance Company of Milwaukee, Wis.
Commercial Insurance Company of Newark, N. J. • The Yorkshire Insurance Company of New York • Seaboard Fire & Marine Insurance Company
80 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK 38, NEW YORK — HOME OFFICES — 10 PARK PLACE, NEWARK 1, NEW JERSEY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Viceroy's got

the taste that's right!

ALSO IN NEW "SLIDE-TOP" CASE



Smoke all 7 filter brands and you'll agree: some taste as if they had no filter at all . . . others filter the fun and flavor out of smoking. But Viceroy tastes the way you'd like a filter cigarette to taste!

not too strong...not too light...

Viceroy's got-the taste that's right!

© 1963, Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED